

THE HOT SEAT

—Buddy Foster

Death row, waiting room for the patients of a cure-all with no fee, is not a cheery place. Here men cling to the hope of an eleventh hour reprieve. I don't even have that hope. Tonight is my night; Harry Conner's night. Here comes the priest now.

"Hello, Father!"
"Confession? Sure I'll tell you what happened. I shot two people. I lost my temper. This is why I did it."

"The first person I shot was my best friend. He stole my wife, but I forgave him. He also borrowed my car to take a trip in and wrecked it; but it was insured. To top it all, he borrowed my Sunday paper before I got a chance to read it, and when he returned it, I found that he had lost the funnies. So, I shot him."

"My lawyer said that I could probably get off with justifiable homicide for that, but I again lost my temper and shot another person. He was a liar and I don't like liars."

"We were in court and everything was going fine. The prosecution called me all sorts of names and, of course, my lawyer objected. The prosecution said that I was a rat, that I didn't support my wife, and that generally I was no good. I let him get away with that because he could prove it; but when he said that I had bribed a jurymen, I couldn't control my temper. I shot him, too."

"Imagine him saying that I bribed a jurymen! I only tried to bribe him. After this my doom was sealed. The jury found me guilty, and the judge sent me to the hot-seat."

Here I go down the last mile. There's the chair. I'm strapped in it and the warden is pulling the switch!

"Harry! Harry, wake up. You are sitting up as stiff as a ramrod."

"Huh! Oh! I was dreaming about that movie I saw last night."

"Yeh! Harry, that imagination of yours will be the death of us both yet."

Ed. Note—Since the following two articles are fiction we deemed it plausible to put them on the literary page.

New Plans Revealed for Graduation

A.P. Flash—The advisor for the Senior Class of Lexington High School calmly laid forth her plans for the removal of said one hundred sophisticated seniors of the class of '49 when she revealed her plans to a well chosen committee of one dignified senior. The advisor took every precaution to break the shocking news to her feeble-minded subject little by little so that she could explain the benefits of the reconversion.

"It has become a custom," she explained, "to make graduation a quiet and dignified event when really this should be the time to rejoice. Instead of having students filled with tears, we should have them filled with cheers, for graduation is one of the happier events of life."

With this as an introduction to what she was driving at, she began to lay the foundation for her well-designed plan, hoping it would meet the approval of her one-man committee, Pimmy Jlott, who, incidentally, needed five points in English to pass.

"As I said before," she continued, "I find it's time to break away from the old customs of a quiet and heart-touching graduation. My plan is to allow every senior to participate in the ceremony. Instead of the ancient notes of "Largo," arrangements have been made for the high school band to play. This will provide louder music and an easier mode of moving the music as the students move since a piano is not easily carried. With the high school band to lead, the seniors will calmly and quietly assemble in front of Stamey's Barbecue Stand to begin their procession of dignity and honor."

"My plans are for the parade to go up through the alley until they come to third Street; here they will turn, proceed to Main Street, and with heads held high, march down Main Street while the band plays "We're Loyal!"

When they have finished their gallant march down Main Street, they shall again unite and sing "Stardust". When this touching ceremony is completed, they shall scatter to all parts of the square; this is designed to give everyone an equal chance to find a comfortable seat on the pavement.

We shall do away with our class valedictorian, as this sometimes causes confusion as to who should speak, and, instead, the class will hear a speech by Dr. I. C. Blabbermouth, noted wind bag. His speech shall be on the international subject which is of profound interest to all graduates, "Why Teachers Should Get More Pay." After Dr. Blabbermouth has spoken, we shall have a brief outline of "Macbeth" for the benefit of the underclassmen sometimes known as Juniors. These features should be of interest to all who will attend commencement.

"Because of the high cost of living and the need of the Red Cross for money, diplomas will not be given this year; instead each senior, when his name is called, will step forward, present a dollar bill, and will receive a Red Cross sticker with these words on the bottom—"Class of '49".

"This completes the first part of our program, after which the class shall again unite and march along behind the band to Cecil School playground, where a large bonfire composed of Macbeth contracts will be lit to celebrate the passing of another class. And what do you think of my plan?" she asked of the committee of one as she picked up her grade book. "You are to present the plans to the class."

"Magnificent," he said with a smile of consolation in receiving his five necessary points. "Absolutely magnificent."

"And," she concluded, "I forgot the most important thing. The date for commencement has been changed from June 7 to April 1!"

"Magnanimously magnificent!" gasped the Five Necessary Points as he fainted.

(Editor's note: Just then a gun fired four times, and the teacher had a heart attack—) "High Point Enterprise"—Copyright, Jimmy Plott.

A FOOL'S FANCY

Yes, it's football weather. When we think of football weather we quite often think of football. When we think of football we inevitably think of the annual football clash between the Quill & Scroll—girls vs. boys.

This year the rivalry is keener than ever. Despite the fact that the girls ran rough-shod over the stronger-sex last year, the boys are confident of an easy victory. And why not, with that piston-legged, bullet throwing, explosive dynamo, Jim Redwine raring to go? Then there's that monstrosity of a tackle, Jim Dillon, who

was only last year a ninety-seven pound weakling. There are many other stars in their field, among which are: "Cowboy" Beck, triple-threat back; "Bouncing Butrem" Foster, utility man; and, of course, that wonderful "Choo-Choo" Peeler.

Speaking of stars, the girls have a few heavenly bodies (yak-yak) on their side. There's that heavyweight full-back, Jo Ann Blackwelder, who is expected to rip the "laddies' line" into shreds. Naturally Harriet Leonard, who last year was selected "All-Sorority" by leading coaches of the state,

Honesty

—Elizabeth Clodfelter

The boy sat dejectedly on the bench in the park. His head was bowed upon his hands and he seemed immune to the loveliness of the park. Birds were singing merrily and squirrels ran up and down the trees, talking to themselves as only squirrels can, but the boy heard nothing.

It seemed as though the boy believed the world were coming to an end. Suddenly there was a musical voice saying kindly, "Surely there is nothing that can cause you that much misery." She smiled kindly, and somehow the world seemed brighter.

In answer to her silent inquiry he said, "Tomorrow we play the most important basketball game of the season. We have two boys injured and I almost have to play and yet I just can't." He hesitated for a few seconds and then continued, "You see, I cheated in my English exam today and I don't feel as though I have the right to my suit." The misery crowded back into his face.

The girl began to speak softly. "The only thing to do is to go to Coach Jameson and explain. He will understand, I'm sure of that. Life is full of struggles and we have so much hard work before us. If we meet it gallantly, all will be well. Coach Jameson will see that you get another chance to make good, but you must first prove that you deserve it by admitting your wrong."

With this she struggled to get to her feet. The boy jumped to her assistance and stood silently as she slowly walked away. The girl was encased in braces from the waist down, and, watching her struggle to get ahead by patiently bearing all the pain, the boy's shoulders gradually drew back and he turned to do the deed before him, even though he knew how unpleasant it would be. He smiled and fervently promised himself that he would find the girl and thank her for putting him on the road to that which was right—the road that led to honesty, both with himself and wit his fellowmen.

is up to previous form. She's a sure starter at end. Coach Peggy Hedrick was reluctant to give information on her charges because of the keen rivalry that reigns in this mad fracas. Therefore we are hesitant in printing more information about them.

The proceeds from this game go toward the construction of the new Scroll Bowl stadium here in Lexington. We hesitate to forecast a winner—we'll call it a toss up! See you at the Scroll Bowl.

(Ed. Note: The writer of this article wishes to remain anonymous.

Ed. Note—This is the poem Harriet is having put in the National Anthology.

NEAR EASTER DAY

—Harriet Leonard

I walked in the garden
One early spring day.
The scene was so lovely
I just had to stay.
There lilies, and pansies,
And sweet bluebells grew—
Bright jonquils and tulips
And violets too.
And the birds in the trees
All seemed to be glad
They looked so joyful
I couldn't be sad.
And the message that they
Were all trying to say
Was, "Be happy, be gay,
'Tis near Easter day."

THE LORD GOES ON FOREVER

—Don Leonard

The wind may come and the wind may go;

The Lord goes on forever.
Sorrow and sin may enter in
To hinder the heart's endeavor;
But the gates of heaven are open wide;
The Lord is standing by your side;
And like the wind and like the tide—
The Lord goes on forever!

As we go on from day to day,
The Lord goes on forever.

We should strive to choose the way that's right

And turn from his guidance never.
God is great and God is strong;
God will guide our steps along;
God will help choose right from wrong,
The Lord goes on forever.

So go on striving to do the right;
The Lord goes on forever.
The easy way Christ did not take
During His life's endeavor.
So let's choose a path that's free from sin,

And in the end we're sure to win;
Then heaven's gate we'll enter in—
And live with the Lord forever!

APRIL'S FOOL

—Bonnie Leonard

A small boy sat on a dunce stool,
And wished he were far from the school,

Since this was his day,
He wanted his way,
For it happened to be April Fool.

