



HIGH SCHOOLERS WHO RECENTLY VISITED THE CAMPUS

Thoughts Of Winter

By
BILL ABERNATHY

The deep stillness of earth asleep under its blanket of snow,
Enjoying its much deserved rest and privacy,
Awakened only now and then by the wind,
Shifting its cover of snow.

Scantly dressed trees shivering,
While sympathetic pine trees embrace snow,
The naked trees showing despair,
While the green of the pine whispers hope.
An outland wind stealing the morning paper,
Scattering the pages in hopeless disarrangement,
Then rushing on to grab some man's hat,
And roll it gaily down the street,
As a small boy would do with a hoop.

The emptiness of the vacated bird's nest in the rose bush,
With thorns guarding it to no avail against the rollicking wind,
Which moves and strains and tears above it,
Trying to loose its structure of twigs and hair.
The lonesome howl of wind calling for someone
To come and share its coldness,
Pleading as it whines through screen doors,
Gone for awhile but always coming back like breakers on a beach.
Snow-flakes never bumping each other,
Gliding noblessely to the ground.

Weaving themselves into a smooth blanket
That paints the landscape white.
Bubbling brooks struggling against the cold,
Finally being gripped to stillness and ice,
Imprisoned, its wanderlust at a standstill,
Until a friendly sun frees it with warm rays.
It will sing all summer at having been loosed from winter.
Symmetrical beauty of icicleed daggers hanging without hands,
Some loosened by unseen hands,
Drop like live sun rays to the ground.

The crunch! crunch! of walking boots in the snow,
Leaving tell-tale tracks that look like links of a chain.
Dumb snow men standing, looking,
Oblivious of all their surroundings,
Like statues out of place in the snow.
Paper that has burned itself black,
Trying to heat a frozen pipe,
Lying as an ink blot on the snow.
Smoke winding upward from a chimney,
Telling of a friendly log fire,
That begs you come in and sit by it.
The sharp excited laughter of children,
Watching the first snow of winter arrive
As one of them blows his frosty breath and says,
"Look! I'm smoking."

The crisp cleanness of a morning,
That seems born of a virgin nature's womb.
Lasting thoughts of beauty and cold,
Which with days of thinking you could not have foretold.

Students From G-W Help Take Census

Sixteen students from Gardner-Webb helped the First Baptist Church of Shelby in taking a religious census. Those who were taking part were a part of Miss Starnes' class in Church Organization.

Those taking part were as follows: Margaret Jackson, Alva Beck, Eunice Haas, Eleanor Cogdill, Frieda Moss, Nadain Cowah, Marianna Vance, Joan Bridges, Rachel Smith, Beth White, Frank Haddock, Jim Trant-ham, Troy Bridges, and Robert Bock.

Citizen—"I've nothing — and my watch has only sentimental value."
Robber—"Fork it over. I feel like a good cry, anyway."

Dill—"He has a head like a door knob."
Gill—"How come?"
Dill—"Any girl can turn it."

Wally—"I has to make t living by my wite."
Sally—"Well, a half a living is better than none."

High Schoolers Visit Campus

Twenty-seven members of the Beta club, high school graduates of 1951, accepted an invitation by Miss Mabel Starnes, dean of women, to spend the week-end on Gardner-Webb campus. They arrived on Friday afternoon.

Activities planned for the young ladies included the Variety Talent Show presented by the Freshman class on Friday night. Saturday, Dr. Robert Dyer, director of guidance, gave inventories and vocational guidance tests. Saturday afternoon was devoted to a tour of the campus and personal interviews with faculty members.

The following accepted the invitation for the week-end: Miss Martha Vance and Miss Grace Erwin, Canton; Miss Lucy Luffman and Miss Frances Burcham, State Road; Miss Frances Royal, Miss Martha Regan, Greensboro; Miss Dorothy Canipe, Miss Carrie Belle Barton, Hendersonville; Miss Betty Clary, Miss Aurelia McGraw, Mooresville; Miss Billie Sue Richardson, Miss Pat Lowe, Miss Jean Suratt, Miss Jean Thomas, Miss Margaret Noblin, Bessemer City; Miss Robeara Gribble, Miss Faye Bumgarner, Gastonia; Miss Kaye Wells, Miss June Wells, Jonesville; Miss Sue Vance, Miss Doris Love, Vlas; Miss Joyce Hamrick, Miss Ellen Baucom, Winston-Salem; Miss Mary Catherine Sloan, Startex, S. C.; Miss Rebecca Luffman, State Road; Miss Sara Hamrick, Bessemer City.

A Country Spring

By
"BUN"

The sun rose in splendor to awake a world,
A rooster crowed, a window blazed with light,
A lamp was lit.
The farmer's wife rose to a day of toil and joy,
The mares woke up, the birds sang a song of summer,
Smoke curled up.
The moon withdrew to a warm, invisible world,
The stars fled, the fall of an ax was heard,
The dew sparkled;
Where it lay on the young green grass.
The rich, warm spring day was born to live,
Till better night.
On the dusty road a cloud of dust rose up.
A pick-up truck, a farmer, up earlier than some,
Hurried to town.
"Woo, Haw," another shouted to his mule in the field,
He was plowing his cotton with a single foot plow,
The sun was hot.
Now from every home the people came to the fields,
With a large straw hat and in one hand a hoe
To chop cotton.
These had nothing and were happy still, they laughed;
For the joy of the fields and nature was theirs; better,
Nature and God's.