

"Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her."

## Carolina's Autumn

Autumn. . . .  
When Carolina dons her  
Robe of burnished gold,  
And her stately trees cease  
To whisper and begin to sigh.  
Dappled, sun-flecked leaves  
Flow softly down to earth's  
Warm breast.

Fields. . . .  
With moist bosoms newly  
Bared by the silvery teeth  
Of the steel plow, lie giving  
Nurture to a seed that  
Sired by the sun and rain  
Will grow to lush, green  
Beauty to grace  
Carolina fields.

Cottonfields. . . .  
Lie empty, bleak, and lonely;  
Robbed of their snowy robes,  
Decaying stalks droop in  
Dew-filled sobs of self-pity—  
Sapped of their vitality.

Rivers and creeks. . . .  
Broad River, Sandyrun,  
Cornstalks — all have lost  
Their merry, rippling  
laughter, for having  
Gained mightier force,  
They rill ever onward-onward  
With a deeper, fuller chuckle.

"And Pharoah dreamed. . . .  
And behold, seven good ears  
Of corn came up, upon one  
Stalk, rank and good. . . ."  
So the corn of Carolina  
Clings upon the stalk,  
Golden and rich and good.  
Its grains firm and hard,  
Its husk,  
Tender and mellow.

Alfalfa. . . .  
Alone retains its true, green  
Luster, flowing like dipping  
Ocean waves; dotting Carolina's rolling hills,  
With soft, clear beauty—  
Like emeralds in a  
Sea of gold.

Hayfields. . . .  
Stand like seas bared  
Of their roaring waves;  
Yet they glory in majestic  
Haystacks, standing somberly,  
And silent like miniature  
Egyptian pyramids along  
The Nile.

Carolina's Autumn. . . .  
Her golden harvest-time  
Of contented toil.  
The abundant replenishment  
Of the immortal hour.  
The royal crowning of a God-made Queen  
The golden-rod of all  
The year.  
The season of love and laughter.  
The smile before the age of tears.

—Mary Philbeck

## On Seeing The Brookgreen Gardens

Wanderings innumerable have my footsteps echoed to memory  
Some to forgetfulness by choice of recollection to recall.  
Yet with a rapture unsensed in sights real to memory,  
Visions of fantasy return with their breezy call.  
Lakes of flowers known only by perfume breathed within,  
Unseen, yet in friendly numbers recognized. All  
Sweet, but not so as the blooms in fair Brookgreen  
Garden. Our Olympus, in reality, a Paradise to be seer.

Among the majestic stillness to wander enthralled, yet not  
alone.  
But as one who stands in dwelling forsaken, yet among wel-  
coming toll;  
Hearing a humming and buzzing of busy bees, their tireless  
toll do tone.  
Brookgreen, and its companions of a beauty expressed from  
the soul.  
Beauty preserved in forms and shapes of a grandeur mag-  
nificent,  
Still and august, yet in acquaintance warmly whole,  
As if the artist whose symphony stands serene  
Were himself the life that abounds in this vernal Brookgreen.

—John Elliott

## A LONE ROSE

"Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone

All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone;  
T. Moore

A lone rose,  
Born unwillingly, unwanting  
Existing barely, weeping unseen  
Withering bewilderingly  
Crouching in crimson fear  
Within the leaves.  
Its petals dry and crusty.  
But the rains came, the  
blessed rains  
And quenched the parching  
Thirst, giving life  
The petals grow, the flower  
Bloomed  
The leaves breathed in the  
Fragrant moisture  
But alas! On silent, stealthy  
Feet came the snow, death  
Disguised.  
And just when the rose  
Had begun to live,  
It died.

—Mary Philbeck

## THE NEED FOR . . .

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of view is tremendous and man has barely scratched the sur-  
face, but with all the great strides in scientific education man  
has only placed himself in a more precarious position than  
ever before. Politically, we have already seen the day of the  
statesman pass and the day of the politician take over. Eco-  
nomically, the needs of the ratifics of the world have been the  
same for centuries. No nation under the sun has been as free  
hearted as America; yet, we can barely meet the onrushing  
demands of a few of the many nations of the earth in giving  
them financial aid and agricultural needs. Sports have done  
much to bring about good-will in the world at different times  
in our history, but we have seen that politics govern this area  
of life; therefore, they must be improved first. We can reason  
from these facts that the education which is needed for a bet-  
ter world cannot come from outside of man, but must come  
from within.

"We learn from history that we learn nothing from history  
about the basic problems of man" is a quotation from one  
truly great thinker of today. We cannot say that man has no  
way in which to solve the problems of hatred, prejudice, greed,  
and such mental attitudes, but we are compelled to say that  
man must practice a little of what he knows. "Do unto others  
as you would have others do unto you" is the aim in life that  
every nation must take or strife is inevitable regardless of the  
advances of education in all other fields. — MASON H.