

PLOWBOY

By THAD DOWDLE

Never in my life have I been opposed to a great amount of strenuous labor, but I thank God that I know the satisfaction found in the experience of hard work.

Of all the days in which I did during manual labor, I look back with the most satisfaction on those when I followed the plow. Perhaps few of my fellows will ever know the satisfaction of following a pair of plodding beasts and watching a heavy plow roll the crumpling earth like a wave upon a great ocean. Few of my fellow have ever known the joy of having their shoes full of crumbling loam rolled back from the plow. If I felt no other call in life, no other duty to mankind, I believe I would be happy to follow the plow all my days upon earth.

Did you ever smell the fragrance of freshly plowed earth? Did you ever watch the clay roll from the wing of a heavy plow which you guided with your own hands? Did you ever hear the chains rattle and the collar squeak around the bodies of a pair of laboring beasts? Tell me, did you feel the strong, sweaty smell of a horse at work and remember that he was doing it all at your bidding? Few people today have known this experience, but the privilege has been mine. I will try to relate with as much accuracy as my memory, time, and space will permit, such an experience.

The air was full of the fragrance of spring one morning as Dad and I caught the pair of little grey horses from their stalls. Fred, the bay horse, was a quiet fellow now after the days of hard work. He had been a bit nervous at first but now he settled to his task. The other was a brown mare—I believe we called her Dixie—was a nickel's worth of nerve,

as a bit of females are. She was a bit impatient with gentle old Fred, but they usually worked well together. We drove into a field which had been partly plowed the day before, and soon I was moving the handles. Earth was rolling free and easy from the steadily moving plow and I was happy. Soon Dad had finished that small field and had dragged the plow across the highway to another field where we worked until noon. This meant climbing to the back of one of the sweating horses and plodding to the little barn where Fred and Dixie would get water, corn, and hay. It was almost washing part of the dirt from my hands and face and sitting down to a delicious and much appreciated meal. It meant resting on the porch after dinner or taking a nap on the couch to rest from my labors.

Soon we were riding the patient beasts back again to the field. The afternoon was rather warm as I remember, and sweat must have rolled freely from my brow. Do you know how refreshing cold, clear water can be to a laborer? Have you ever with a trembling dirty hand, held a fruit jar full of it to your lips and watched the sun sparkling on its freshest?

The day was almost over as I moved the warm back of one of the horses and headed for the barn. Fred was I, but happy, hungry and with a trembling dirty hand, held a fruit jar full of it to your lips and watched the sun sparkling on its freshest?

Of all the things of this life I would choose first to be a child of God. I was, but this day, with the help of God, I had kept calm almost all day.

Next I would like to be a simple, dirty-faced, humble plowboy.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

By: HOWARD D. DAVENPORT

Out of the Korean war came many stories of valor. Most of these stories seem fictitious, but to the men who lived them, they are so very real. To try to put yourself in their position and to distinguish yourself as they did is truly an exaggeration of your imagination. To be in the certain battle, patrol, mission, or what have you, is then another story. In your own way, you can appreciate their sacrifices and can be proud of your comrades in arms.

December 8, 1954, was the night a young boy became a man and had to die. He died in such a manner that they bestowed upon him the nation's second highest award—the Navy Cross. He so distinguished himself that newspapers in every part of the United States, as well as foreign countries, carried the glorious story.

Sergeant Lloyd B. Smalley, a United States marine, treasured life as any other man but unselfishly sacrificed his own that another might live. Lloyd Smalley was a muscular, handsome marine from New York City. He had attained the highest grades in high school and had successfully completed two years at New York City College. Many would say he had a radiant personality and was liked by everyone. I sometimes wonder just what the mystery behind his personality and capabilities could have been. He always wanted to do things for others and never wanted anything in

return for his favors. He concentrated on winning friends and giving the most he had to his fellowman.

To know Lloyd was to love him; he inspired so many with his carefree attitude towards serious matters. Observing him in combat was watching a man cool, but deadly serious, on the immediate situation. Most of the time you would have to caution him on his reckless and driving tendency to "mix-it-up" in close with the enemy. You could easily see what he was destined to become a hero.

Eight men, with a mission to take a Chinese prisoner, were deep behind enemy lines in the cover of darkness. Lloyd and the rest of us were tired of walking in a frozen stream and moved onto the flats of rice paddies and the comfort of resting on dikes. We were sitting in a circle acting as a covering force for other men of the patrol checked a bunker for the enemy. Suddenly, to our rear, on the same dike on which we were sitting, a group of men—twenty or more in number—appeared and the darkness was lit. It couldn't be, but facing reality we knew we were trapped. We freed first, dropping many, but being behind their lines they added more men to the fight. It was impossible to determine just how many had us trapped and surrounded. We fought the fight of our lives but with few men and low ammo. And we didn't have a chance for victory.

"I'm hit," a wounded marine murmured of the mass of blood-thirsty Chinese soldiers. Three Chinese soldiers had jumped him, machine gunned him, and dropped a hand grenade to finish the job. The Chinese tried to pick him up to take as a prisoner. Knowing a man was out there wounded caused Lloyd Smalley to shout the heroic cry, "Take it easy, kid, I'm coming after you."

The risk of death for Lloyd was a certainty. His chance of reaching the wounded marine and dragging his body to cover was hopeless. Lloyd Smalley knew a buddy needed his help; no hesitation was seen in his action. Crawling forward, he grasped the wounded marine's hand and literally took him from under the Chinese. The marine was blind, along with arm and internal injuries. Lloyd dragged him to a cut in the rice paddy for cover and the surety happened. A bullet pierced Lloyd's throat as he held the wounded marine's hand. He was paralyzed and dying. The wounded marine was able to utter a simple "thank you." The appreciation of a man giving his life for you cannot be expressed. Just what you just can't express your emotions.

Sergeant Lloyd B. Smalley so gallantly gave his life for a buddy—truly uncommon valor. Like a marine he lived, like a marine he died—proud and unafraid.

A hero to everyone was Lloyd Smalley, but why such a hero to me? I was that wounded marine.

"LIVING IT UP"

Say here we are again and ready to please the public opinion with bits of the latest—it seem that few of our boys are finally waking up and taking notice of some of the females around campus, which they could have been doing long ago. . . . Hugh Wease and Cynthia Covington look nice together. . . . Howard D. and Nancy L. are a cute twosome. . . . Shirley R. is making headway with a guy from State—of our alumni too. We'd like to say congratulations to Betty Eaton and Eddie Hudson for the splendid performance in "Romeo and Juliet," also to the entire cast. . . . Flash—Grace R. and Henry F. are a new steady this month—good going kids. . . . Say does Phil B. look snowed? Myron R. come on

and give the girls a break; you too Ed. Scruggs, Mac Hill, and Dean Tipton. Betty Jo W. has that gleam in her eyes, wonder who her? John McG. and Bobby S. are a new addition this month. . . . Out come of the month is BILL NORRIS AND BETTY BARKER. . . . Gay Fisher still has eyes for Jack. I suppose Billie Sue B. and Ray J. are a new couple also Othella C. and Bob T. Bill Boverder and Ray Crawford are two shy guys but we love 'em just the same. Claude H. has a certain freshman snowed, right? . . . Clyde Gibson and Frank Johnson say life is made for fun. . . . Gerry and Johnny B. haven't paid much attention to the girls this year; don't give up girls. . . . Matt and Ed—Bill Jones and his girl, but

they sure do look cute. . . . Joe Saunders says that Public Speaking is just not his first love. . . . Larry Reed, Von Cannon is still bushing, wonder what for? . . . Miss Barbara W. Leaks happily at her left hand in hopes that He will soon be near. Ernie—by the way, have you not found your little desk? Dr. Bob says his classes love him for sentimental reasons, but Dr. Dyer says is the only psychological thing to do. The girls of Gardner-Webb campus would like to say that if the boys don't like to see the girls with their socks turned up, to please don't look at them, but to occupy their time with other troubles. Mr. Stacy says that you just have to be a little lucky. . . . Matt and Ed—Bill Jones and his girl, but

A COMMON EVENT

By: THAD DOWDLE

"I know old man Smith," the heavy man with the rosy face was saying to the crowd gathered around the large store in the country store; "he's about the tightest fellow in these parts. He would skin a flea for his hide and tallow." The big fellow was chewing away on one of the juicy apples when he had brought in the large bag of groceries that set by his side. "He's got his living holed up."

"I don't know what I am going to do," said a pale, thin man who sat in the corner. "The table here is pretty bare for the last few days and I don't have any way of getting any more rations."

"If you wait for people like old man Smith to help you, you and yours will probably starve out," the big man called loudly.

"What do you get most?" inquired a young man who was standing on the other side of the store. "Just rations," the thin man said quietly.

"Give him what he needs; I'll pay the bill," the young man told the merchant.

"You are very kind," the pale man said. "I'll try to repay you."

"Say, who are you?" the big man asked, looking at the smiling young man.

"I'm old man Smith's boy," the young man said still smiling, but looking sternly into the big man's eyes.

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