

STUDENTS OVERWHELMED BY WEEKEND AT CLARKE FARM

by Lynn Bernhardt

During the fall break, nine students representing all four departments at NCSA were privileged to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Clarke at their farm in Fairview, N. C. Those attending were Laurie Randolph, Lynn Hedrick, Tina Menzies, Barbara Hanson, Tom Cavano, Richard Buckley, Gordon Minard, Charles Vanderpool, and yours truly, and accompanied by Tom Kenan of the Board of Trustees.

Perched on the side of a high mountain, Hickory Nut Crop Farm is a beautiful old stagecoach inn dating back around two centuries. The farm itself consists of the huge inn; a smaller house where the housekeeper and cook, Nanny, lives; another small house occupied by the Clarke's oldest daughter; several outbuildings including a spring house; stables for the six horses; and other buildings housing livestock. There is a large apple orchard, a dairy, and several acres of farmland woods, and rolling fields. By virtue of the many foods supplied by the farm itself, the place is virtually self-supporting.

Arriving in a heavy snow around suppertime, the students were greeted by Mrs. Clarke, a warm and personable individual who smokes a pipe. After being shown to their various quarters, everyone retired to the living room, enjoying tea and

cinnamon toast before the roaring fire in the huge fireplace. (The whole farm is heated primarily by these fireplaces which are found in almost every room.) After much tea and more conversation, dinner was served in the dining room next door. The dishes provided are too numerous to list, but the menu was headed by a twenty-pound pork roast which was almost totally devoured. The meal was ample demonstration of Nanny's culinary ability and set the tone for the fare to be enjoyed during the rest of the visit.

After supper, the group gathered gradually in the study, a small booklined room where there was further conversation and entertainment by some of the students. A few, however, as a result of excessive eating, remained relatively inactive for a time, contenting themselves with simply absorbing the almost unbelievable atmosphere of the farm until bedtime.

By a prearranged agreement, about seven the next morning, several adventuresome individuals arose early for a pre-breakfast ride on horseback through the snow. After a very cold but thoroughly invigorating ride around the side of the mountain, everyone gathered in the dining room for breakfast. Again a hearty meal was waiting, inducing this student into such a state of

frenzy that he consumed six pancakes five eggs, bacon, coffee, orange juice, and milk. (It should be noted here that the result of such eating was a gain of six pounds, a rare accomplishment, indeed!)

Later in the morning, the rest of the group girded themselves for the weather and sallied forth on the horses for their own go at the horse trails. During this period, Lynn Hedrick, Tom Cavano, Richard Buckley and yours truly again spent an hour pressing four gallons of apple cider on an old hand turned press. This was distributed among the students upon leaving, with gentle admonitions against allowing it to become a little too tart. After a large lunch, most members of the group proceeded to their respective quarters for a brief rest, which for more than one became a rather extended nap. Others, more vigorous perhaps, rode to a neighboring farm to play basketball in a hay loft. Yes, basketball.

Late in the afternoon, when the somnolent ones awoke, Mr. Clarke, who had been away previously, returned to meet the students and, over dinner, discuss many of the issues and problems plaguing the minds of the students at the School of the Arts. Following supper, the entire household joined together in the music room to sing hymns, a past
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MOMENT IN MAINE

The sea laps at the rocky shoreline, the fog horn droans on Half-Way Rock, ten miles out in the bay. I stand on Deer Point listening because there is nothing to see beyond my own outstretched hand. Remnants of a seagull's feast litter the premises and crunch under my feet. Crouching down, I peer into the gurgling grey depths; a hypnotic rhythm grasps my attention as grey waves sleep seaweed against a stoney grey shore. Accenting nature's stillness is the clumsy clanging of unseen bellbuoys spotted about the bay. I sigh, shuddering as I rise. The air, heavy with salt, is clammy and leaves me shivering despite a heavy sweater and raincoat. Picking up a shaving of rock, I send it skipping across the water, and when it has disappeared, I turn and walk away.

