

FEATURES - FEATURES



"SEZ PEONY'S PA"

Pumpkin Center, N. C.
November 16, 1937.

Our dere Peony,

Your Ma axed me if I wouldn't sit myself down and writ you a letter to anser all them letter you have writ us since you bin away to bording skool. So now I take my quill in hand and send you these few lines.

We has all been mighty busy working in tobacecky and I have about soled all the crop I made cept the sandlugs and they don't sell fer much. I think I dune purty good this here yere, bettern last. Your Ant Mahalie, who you know is a widdy since her ole man done an died an left her on my hands to feed with her 5 younguns, well, she an her kids helped out a big sight with the grading, so I didn't have to have no hired help. Your sister Clarabell shore was disappointed cause she was a hoping she could get herself a man outn them like your sister Grace Charity done last season.

Glad you is cumin home Thanksgiving. We is going to kill that big turkey gobbler, so you kin get a square mele of vitals. The big fault I find with this catin on such days as Thanksgiving is that everybody eats so much that they git the stumakake that lasts till Christmas, and thin we eat to much agin an stay sick till plantin time. Thin during the green apple season the youngins keep the stumakake till the water-melons come along and I git mighty little wurk outen em on the farm. We is glad you is cumin tho, and if you wants to, you can bring along one of youre girl frens from the city if she would be satisfied with the cuntry. We wont make you do none of the milking while you is here, cause Ant Mahalies eldest son do that now a days.

You better tell them city boys who is cuming wid you to be careful when they drive up the lane to the house. That goat of your Unkle Jakes tries to but every kar that comes in the gate. He butted the preacher's kar last Sunday when your Ma axed him to dinner and the preacher cum nere loosing all his religion.

Well, there ain't no news cept we is all well and hope you is the same. Ain't gitting many eggs nowdays, but we is gitting plenty to eat. Hopes you get this fore Thanksgiving; if you don't come on jest the same and bring a purty girl wid you.

Luve,
Pa.

TRIP-TRIP-TRIPPING ALONG

My lovely new shoes were the start of it all. Of course, if the stairs hadn't been there I couldn't have fallen down. But who am I to begrudge the architect his stairs? The beginning of this major catastrophe happened on the sort of day when one goes around singing "God is in his heaven and all's right with the world." The deans had consented to allow me to make "Whoopee" for one whole day and I was leaving for home with that "local girl makes good" feeling. Nose in the air and heels uncomfortably perched on two-inch black patent leather spikes, I gaily tripped down the steps — and when I say tripped, I mean tripped.

As I slowly wound my way back to consciousness through a maze of stars and twittering birds, I realized I was sprawled on the floor clutching the heel of my beautiful new shoe in my fist. Although my wits had returned, everything remained black. The reason, I was soon to discover, was that my hat had been squashed over both eyes.

At this point, the flood gates opened. The suppression of tears was far beyond my power. The girls, aroused by the disturbance I had created, rushed from their rooms to find me impersonating a small hurricane in the height of its fury. They shoved my clothes in the suitcase, pushed my hat on the back of my head, and

LET'S REFORM

To most of us today, Thanksgiving is that time of year which we look forward to for so long since we're going home to see our best boy friends, buy new dresses, and eat as much turkey as we want, or maybe go to the football game. For weeks we worry about whether we should cut both our Friday and Saturday classes, or would it be better to cut Tuesday's and come back Friday? We usually end with "I might as well cut both Friday and Saturday, and take a chance on passing, because after eating so much Thursday I wouldn't be a bit of good in classes Friday, and if I go to the dance that night I'd never be able to keep my eyes open Saturday."

We say that it's perfectly natural for us to have this feeling toward Thanksgiving today, or after all we don't get home every week-end and have good turkey dinners. But after all, Thanksgiving doesn't come but once a year either, and haven't we almost gotten away from the original idea of it? If it hadn't been for the fact that our Pilgrim fore-fathers many, many years ago decided to set aside a day in which to thank God for everything he had done for them, we wouldn't even have a holiday in which to go home.

So many things, football games, parties, etc., have come along now, that they have taken our attention and time away from Thanksgiving itself. We probably have wonderful intentions of going to church that morning, but when the time comes, you just can't roll out of bed, and the family goes off without you.

It used to be that Church was the main part of the day, and I would take the pennies Mother and Daddy gave me and proudly put them in church. I'll never forget something I saw happen once. The collection plates were being passed, and there was an old woman wearing ragged old clothes, sitting near me. She had been crying during the service. Everyone else put in some change, but when it came to her she put in a dollar bill which I know was the last thing she had in the world.

Don't you remember how in grammar school and high school, everyone brought fruit, vegetables, or something else, to put in a basket to take to a needy family? and remember how good it made you feel to know that you'd done something kind for someone, even though it was just a little thing? There are still a lot of poor people right around us today, practically at our very doorsteps and just a kind word or some little gift, would make them happier. Why not take just a few minutes off while you are at home to run down and take some fruit to the poor family who bring flowers around to your door. And why not take a nuhor off to go to church. You'd be surprised how good it makes you feel, for after all, Thanksgiving only comes once a year!

stuffed me into a taxi.

Here ends the first episode.

The bus trip home was as usual except for a headache, a dirty face, and a rapidly swelling ankle. But these were only minor calamities in my young life. Most of the time I spent dreaming of the Prince Charming I was going to meet, I hope, I hope, I hope.

After a storm of kisses and "My but how fat you've gotten," I found myself established in my own dear bed. The sleepy-eyed doctor crudely bandaged my ankle and hastily left to catch up with his forty winks.

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and glorious, much to my disgust, for I felt anything but bright and glorious. My cheerful cherub attitude had sunk as low as a snail's left hind leg. Round about one, mother calmly strolled in with a heavily laden tray of turkey and all the trimmings. Woe is me, of cruel fate. This may be your idea of a fine Thanksgiving, but not mine.

Now that I've told you my experiences, Mary Jane, how about telling me yours? Oh yes, before I forget, remind me to wear oxfords next time.

TURKEY VS. EAGLE



Recently, a group of people devised the idea of having as our national emblem the turkey instead of the eagle. Of course the eagle is of strong, dignified appearance, but is not the Turkey also? Another point in favor of the gobbler is his general friendliness as compared to the fierceness of the eagle, who swoops down viciously on its prey. Isn't friendliness symbolic of our government's attitude, rather than a glinting fierceness?

There has been discussion as to just how the general public would feel about eating the national bird, if the Turkey were adopted. As it is thought that some people might have scruples against such a thing, this point would be worthy of full consideration; for if public opinion should turn against eating Turkey there would be possible injury, or perhaps entire extermination of the Turkey raising industry. Also, what would we substitute for this conventional Thanksgiving dish? Eagle would be almost too tough.

These pros and cons of the interesting idea have been presented to the public, but the question remains, of course, unanswered. Turkey or eagle — which do you advocate as our National bird? Well, whatever we eat on Thanksgiving Day, with mine — "I'll take cranberry."

"REVERIE ON A BUS"

"7121 — Alice Clewell, please, right away" — Have fun — Eat enough turkey for me — boxes with strings — porter — "check these through" — crumpled tickets — lost checks — "Could I sit here, please?" — Ten minutes late already — Gosh! he's pushing me off the seat — This hat box is falling down on my head — Unh! my foot! — sitting over the wheel again — The ventilator under my foot — blister on heel — new shoes — scuffing the toes — That "Liberty" on the floor — "2 Minute Story" — Oh! — just missed that car — Glad it wasn't a Cord! — That man snoring — That hat too tight — too becoming to take off — gloves — cigarettes squashed in pockets — no matches — "Could you give me a light, please?" Oh Lord! he's started talking now — where from? — er-I go to college — your niece went to college? Oh! I'm so sorry your grandmother is ill! Are you really an architect? Oh! I've got my foot caught under the seat — snagged stockings — Humph! we're stopping — "Pardon me, lady, you're sitting in my lap" — "S' quite alright!" jolting again! dusk and "dimmers" — murky twilight — filling stations — jovial bus driver — chicken salad sandwiches — made of the very highest grade of veal — coca-cola in paper cup — slushing in my face — cigarette — another light — (he's off again! wearily "Is she really ill? — so sorry!") How much longer? Pasty lipstick — compact — lavender Kleenex — gloves gone again — where are my checks? Bus stops — front teeth cracked on seat ahead — Pardon, please, is that my hat box with the top off? There are my golashes — the ones melting by the hot pipe — Oh, there's Dad — So glad to see you! Please get my bags — oh, I lost the checks — That doesn't matter — You always can get 'em anyway — Dad, has Jim called me? — So good to be home — Thanksgiving!

There is a man who never drinks, nor smiles, nor chews, nor swears, Who never gambles, never flirts, who shuns all awful snares — He's paralyzed.

Why does cream rise to the top? A. So the people can get it.

MY HOLIDAY SPIRIT

Golly! Today is Friday, and if I am going home Wednesday for the Thanksgiving holidays, it is high time I get ready. Of course I want to look pretty good for the family, but I believe Ed would appreciate the effect of a new outfit just as much as they. I should stay at school and study this afternoon, but since Thanksgiving comes but once a year, I believe I will truck off to Susie Salem's Sfore for Salem Susies, and look around.

"Hell, Susie, can you help me find a snappy little evening dress to wear to the Thanksgiving Dance next week! And I want shoes, bag, and flowers to go with it. Feeling pretty ritzy today, so bring out your latest models."

Where in the world did she find that job? Looks like Granma with her bustle — and why did she drag in the hoop-skirts? They wouldn't be very cozy in a rumble seat — I want a Thanksgiving dress, not a Christmas tree — How sweet! Wonder how I'd do as the "S S and G" type? Too late to fool him now, though . . . Sophistication plus is what that number calls for, so that lets me out . . . Bring out the carving knife for that one. I'd look like a turkey in it . . . Oh! that is beautiful! Costs a little extra, but maybe I can drag her down on the price. Fits exactly right, too.

"Now let me try something for my hair" — I definitely do not like grapes hanging down my forehead. They make me feel like Eve — with these red feathers resting on top of my curls, I really do look like a turkey now. Pardon me while I gobble . . . I wanted something "Thanksgiving-ish," but not to the extent of having pumpkins, nuts, and pineapples play fruit-basket 'round my ears . . . Pink gardenias are all right in their place, but I don't think their place is on me — I believe I will just buy one of these veils with the butterflies on it, and let it go at that. Now I look like a rose-bush! Goody-goody.

All I want in life is a pair of flat-heeled slippers and she brings out Paris models with three inch spikes. She must be nearsighted . . . Nothing in stock to fit me except some old summer sandals and \$8.95 silver slippers . . . I already have some silver sandals, but these are too lovely to pass up.

"Yes, I'd like to make an appointment to have a permanent and a facial, and while I'm at it, I may as well get a manicure . . . and please send up the evening bag in the window with the dress."

Oh! I feel so good! All ready for Thanksgiving. Now I'm right in the spirit of things . . . Speaking of spirit — the general idea of Thanksgiving is supposed to be something

THOUGHTS ON THANKSGIVING

Priscilla — John Alden — early classes — tight waves — tapping feet — fraternity pins — football games — chrysanthemums — dances — harvest moons — turkey — cranberry sauce — elegant jams — charlotte russe — egg-nogg — cigarettes — that full feeling — light talk — relatives — cold, clear, crisp air — frost upon pumpkins — stark, leafless trees — rustling of dead leaves — fur coats — Scotch plaid hats — bright mittens — Carolina victory — Virginia defeat — "Work The Sound" — fraternity buffet suppers — blue and grey band uniforms — "I am a Tar Heel bred" — wind blown curls — wee, small hours — syllabub tea dances — little hats with veils — gobblers filled with gum drops — Wrigley's — white gloves — vanity cases in pockets — powder on lapels — white ties and tails — snow-laden skies — silhouettes — football helmets — hot coffee — waffles and steak late at night — chimes — pictures of open fire places — horn of plenty — mince meat pies — bowls of fruit — oyster stuffing — harvest moon — good-nights — busses jolting — fellow-passengers — little buzzes — that last mile — Reynold's building lights — ivjed desolation that futile feeling — clean, cool sheets — unpacking — bells — toast and coffee — chapel — carry on!

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR

Clara J. Denton

I'm glad that I am not today
A chicken or a goose,
Or any other sort of bird
That is of any use.

I rather be a little girl,
Although 'tis very true,
The things I do not like at all,
I'm often made to do.

I rather eat some turkey than
To be one, thick and fat,
And so, with all my heart, today,
I'll thankful be for that.

like, "It's better to give than to receive, much better" and I haven't thought of a thing to take the family . . . Well, we all love candy, so I may as well buy them a nice large bag of my favorite peppermints. Maybe I will even eat a few of them on the way home.

Now I feel good all over. New clothes and a kind heart certainly do give one a better outlook on life. I really feel like the spirit of Thanksgiving now.