

Home Is Where The Heart Is "Jamerson Is My Hometown"

By Ann Harris

I suppose we all have the same feeling about our home town. That is, we almost always feel that there is no place like home. A person who has grown up in a typical American town, established friends, and made a home there is sure to feel a sense of security. The one thing that draws him closest to his home town is "the necessity of leaving it". If and when this may happen, he will want nothing more than to return again someday and live there, perhaps in his old age. A home town in America may be a small, quiet community, a bustling commercial port, or a smoky industrial center. It may be just an ordinary place usually referred to as Hometown, U. S. A. Whatever its size, climate, or industry, the hometown represents a strong emotional bond between itself and the average American.

I know and understand this bond in its best form. I was forced to move away from my hometown. The town in which I grew up is a perfect example of Hometown, U. S. A.

It was my senior year in high school and a cold day in December when Father announced to Mother and me that we were going to move

away from Jamerson. As the realization of his words began to register, I began to wonder if this could really happen to me. Father's father and his father before him were born, lived and died in Jamerson. Now we were the first in the family to move away.

In the busy days that followed—the days of checking, recording, and packing—the shock of leaving was upon me. I noticed more about Jamerson than ever before. The petty, everyday affairs of a town of 5,000 people began to appear more important. Every time I drove down Main Street or passed by the church, the thought would occur to me that this might be the last time I would see these familiar places for a long time. I found myself not wanting to leave. Most of all, I hated to leave my friends; for friends are what give a little town character and a feeling of warmth and happiness. It seemed so sad to leave it all behind.

Moving day came. The excitement and promise of a new home and new friends helped me to dry my tears and keep a smile on my face during the trip, but the smile did not last long. The new town was big, dirty and cold. As I drove with my family to the apartments

where we were to live, I saw strange people, strange buildings, even strange license plates on the cars. (We had moved not only to another town but to another state). I did not see a sleepy, little town at dusk with folks hurrying home after a hard day's work. I did not see the stores, and empty parking lot. I did not hear the chiming of evening vespers from the church. What I saw were stores that never closed, streets that were always full of cars, and homes that looked like dark forbidding palaces. Everywhere, everything was big. This, then was the city where I was to live, my new home.


The inside of the apartment was soon looking like our home in Jamerson. Our furniture made us feel like we were home again. We had a great task before us of becoming adjusted to a new way of life.

Now, we are settled. We have lived away from Jamerson for almost a year; but every day I dis-

cover something new about the strange place where I live. I still feel like a stranger. I constantly compare situations in my new home to similar ones in Jamerson.

Every time I get a chance, I go back to visit Jamerson. As I walk down its familiar streets, pass its familiar buildings, and hear its mill whistle at 5 o'clock, my mind becomes filled with memories and I begin to wish I still lived there. I discover myself bursting with pride whenever Jamerson is mentioned. I am quick to announce that I used to live there.

When I think of the future, I think of many wonderful and unreal things that I would like to do. But somewhere in every dream is the desire I have of moving back home. It has been said that home is where the heart is. My heart seems to be in the broad oaks that line a sleepy street, a small candy store on a corner, a local high school football game, and the warm quaint cottages that radiate good cheer and well being. There is a bond between Jamerson and me. Jamerson is my hometown.



CAFETERIA

YOUR KIND OF AN EATING PLACE

422 N. CHERRY ST.
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

For Nice Things To Wear and Relaxed Suburban Shopping

Visit



THRUWAY SHOPPING CENTER

Home of LANZ Dresses and Smart Sportswear Coordinates

Open 'Til 9:00 P.M.
Mondays thru Fridays
Sat. 9:00 A.M. To 5:30 P.M.

ARTISTIC FLOWERS

Thruway Shopping Center

278 S. Stratford Rd. Phone PA 5-8516

FOR ANY BEAUTY PROBLEM—CALL



Thruway Shopping Center — Phone PA 5-8081
Mezzanine Robert E. Lee Hotel — Phone PA 2-8620

NEW ASIA RESTAURANT, INC.

Our Chinese and American Family Dinners

Are The Talk of The Town

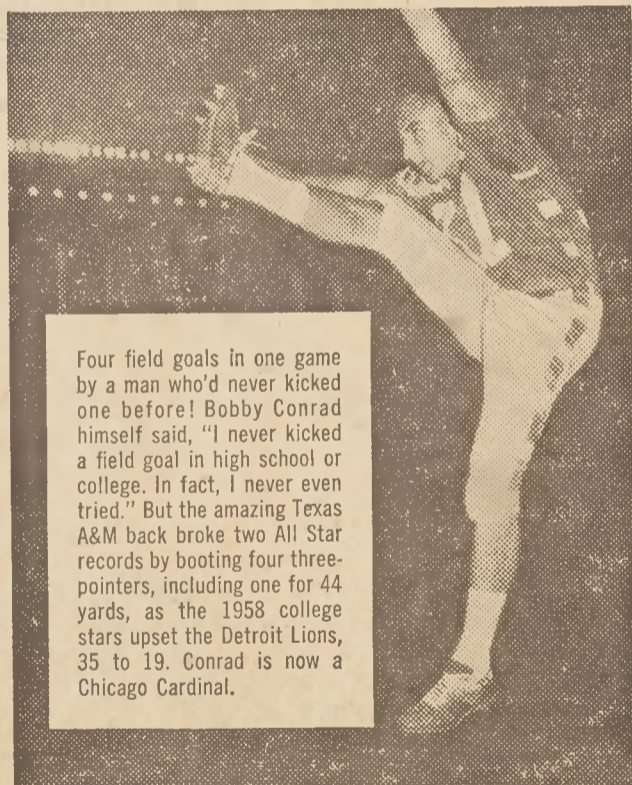
| | |
|--------|-----|
| LUNCH | 65¢ |
| DINNER | 95¢ |

W. D. TARN, Manager

Phone PA 4-1356 315 W. 4th St.

Orders Prepared To Take Out

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE - BUT TODAY'S L&M GIVES YOU-



Four field goals in one game by a man who'd never kicked one before! Bobby Conrad himself said, "I never kicked a field goal in high school or college. In fact, I never even tried." But the amazing Texas A&M back broke two All Star records by booting four three-pointers, including one for 44 yards, as the 1958 college stars upset the Detroit Lions, 35 to 19. Conrad is now a Chicago Cardinal.

Puff by puff **Less tars**
& **More taste**

DON'T SETTLE FOR ONE WITHOUT THE OTHER!

Change to L&M and get 'em both. Such an improved filter and more taste! Better taste than in any other cigarette. Yes, today's L&M combines these two essentials of modern smoking enjoyment—less tars and more taste—in one great cigarette.



Light into that Live Modern flavor!