

# A Real Library

A sense of awe grips one when he walks into a large library, for he knows that many of the great thoughts of the ages are here stored within the books.

People study as they should without interruptions, since everyone speaks in a whisper, although no-one tells him to. There's something in the atmosphere that warns one not to talk aloud.

In the North Carolina section of the library at Cjapel Hill, there is a special room dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh. It is furnished with antique furniture that came from the homes of his time and a bust of Queen Elizabeth, who encouraged his interest in colonizing America.

From there one goes into the reading room. A collection of Thomas A. Wolfe's writings are stored in wired book cases. No one can use these books without special permission.

## Honor Roll

Students making the honor roll for the first reporting period are:

GRADE 12  
Peggy Liles

GRADE 10 B  
Elsie Eatmon

GRADE 9 A  
Peggy Braswell  
Lane Farmer  
Mary E. Glover  
Audrey Joyner  
Louise Wells

Tanya Glover, senior, missed the roll by absences.

## MALENE EATMON

This collection is just one of the many in this room. Also the furniture is a very beautiful mahogany. It was all donated by John Sprunt Hill.

Next are the colonial rooms. These are very beautiful too. In them are antique furniture, and the floors are made of boards that were taken out of some colonial homes in New Bern, North Carolina. The lighting fixtures are amazing. When the lights are turned on they shine through the windows as if it were day light.

Because of the limited space in the reading room itself, there are stack rooms filled with writings by North Carolinians or about North Carolina.

Everyone would have a different opinion of a library other than what he already has, if he could go into a large library just once.

## GRADE

(Continued from page 11)

V. PRES.--Phillis Manning  
SECRETARY--Kay Thompson  
TREASURER--Randolph Finch

## POETRY IN THE BEGINNING

RACHEL PERRY, a student in Mrs. Paschall's class wrote this poem.

### THE PUMPKIN

I saw an orange pumpkin  
As large as could be.

My mother picked it off  
the vine  
And made a pie for me.



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