

# Resolution Committee Reports

We, your Resolution Committee wish to make the following report:

1. That application blanks be provided for new clubs wishing to affiliate with the Federation; and that instructions for becoming federated clubs be mimeographed and put in the hands of the state organizers.
2. That the state Constitution be revised.
3. That the president be empowered to appoint a "Sergeant-at-arms" to enforce the time limit for reports and to see that the meetings are prompt and orderly.
4. We recommend that some recognition be given the District with the largest increase in clubs—both adult and youth.
5. That cards be provided at the registration desk to be filled out for deceased members of the club.

6. That the Executive Board work out a more co-ordinated organization for the youth department.
7. We recommend that the applicants for scholarships qualify with high scholarship and character; and that this scholarship be offered for four years, if the student proves worthy; also that the number receiving them be determined by the amount of funds budgeted for scholarship.
8. We recommend that local clubs send more news to be published in the journal and that these reports be brief, and more publicity through the newspapers.
9. We ask that efforts be made in our high schools to discourage illegitimacy; that these unwed mothers not be regarded honors at graduation.

The Resolution Committee

## Warrenton Reports Progress

A summary of the activities carried on in the club during the year 1957-58.

Our first meeting was in October. The president brought greetings and gave a very interesting report on the state meeting held at Palmer Memorial Institute, Sedalia, N. C.

Three new members joined, Mrs. Nancy Green, Mrs. Portia Barnes and Mrs. Ophelia Davis.

A bridal shower was held for our corresponding secretary. A dinner was planned to raise money to swell our treasury. The dinner was very successful.

During the year we donated to the children's ward, Cancer, Red Cross, March of Dimes, T. B. Drive and the Blind.

We gave a gift to a graduating student at Hawkins High School. A contribution was sent to the Braille Magazine. A small spring donation was sent to the children's ward since the convention.

Cards of convalescence and condolence and flowers were sent to the sick and deceased.

Our regular meeting was held in June. The president told of the happenings at the convention which was very interesting. We closed out until September 1958.

Mrs. Laura E. Plummer  
President  
Mrs. Ella M. Christmas  
Secretary

Club officers: Mrs. L. E. Plummer, President, Box 478, Warrenton, N. C.; Mrs. E. M. Christmas, Secretary, Route 1, Box 328-A, Norlina, N. C.

Number of meetings held this year—6. Number of active members—13. Number of deaths—1.

Such thoughts as these, delightful, too,  
Keep hours, nocturnal, far from blue.

How fortunate am I, forsooth,  
That I have not one aching tooth,  
And that the rent is paid besides—  
I'm quite the luckiest of brides.  
My potted ivy's flourishing,  
And though our bird won't talk,  
he'll sing.

What's more, my towering teenage son  
Is an outstanding sugar bun,  
And though sometimes he's fresh as paint,  
I'd worry if he were a saint;  
So I maintain I'd be a creep  
To squander time in wanton sleep  
When I can brood on quelque choses  
Like these assorted sweetheart roses.

—Margaret Fishback Antolini

## Flower and Art Club News

After the wonderful experience of sharing the responsibility of host to the Annual Federation Convention we turned to our outing. It was most enjoyable.

We traveled by a five-car motorcade to Raleigh taking one guest per member with us. There we visited the beautiful Museum of Art where a guide showed us around the first floor and told us something of the origin of the museum. Then we were left to prowl for a while. Dinner was next in order, so we spread our picnic lunches at Chavis Park. Soon we folded up our baskets and drove to the Raleigh-Durham Airport. There we saw the large planes come and go. This was fascinating for almost none had had this experience before. The greatest thrill came when we were allowed to go upon a plane just arrived and leaving for Chicago shortly. It was surprising to see how comfortable they are and like a train on the inside.

The members are all deep in plans for the Annual Community Flower and Handicraft Show sponsored by our club. The dates are September 13 and 14. It promises to be the best yet as each member is pledged to solicit displays from at least three non-club people of the community. The show will be open to visitors, Saturday afternoon and night, also Sunday from three to eleven.

Fannie Kee Maggette  
Secretary

### THE WEAVER By Chesta Holt Fulmer

Dear God, I snarled the living threads thou gavest,  
My weaving had been careless and untrue;  
I sought the threads of scarlet and of silver,  
And cast aside the skeins of somber hue.  
My hands had been too eager and too thoughtless,  
They grasped at selfish need and lighter tone;  
They broke the threads meant for the deeper background  
And strove to weave for mirth and joy alone.  
I prayed forgiveness for my careless weaving,  
I asked new threads, more brilliant ones to add;  
And found that I must weave with what thou gavest,  
And make my tapestry with what I had.  
I took a thread of pain and one of pity,  
And thought them somber colors till they lay  
Between the threads of scarlet and silver.  
My tapestry is beautiful today!

## Poetry Corner

### The Man In The Looking Glass

When you get what you want in your struggle for pelf,  
And the world makes you king for a day,  
Just go to the mirror and look at yourself  
And see what that guy has to say.  
It isn't your Father nor Mother or Wife  
Whose judgment upon you must pass,  
But the fellow whose verdict counts most in your life,  
Is the guy staring back in the glass.  
He's the fellow to please  
Never mind all the rest,  
For he's with you clear up to the end.  
And you've passed your most dangerous and difficult task,  
If the guy in the glass is your friend.  
You may be like Jack Horner,  
And chisel a plum,  
And think you're a wonderful guy,  
But the guy in the glass says;  
You're no good at all  
If you can't look him square in the eye.  
You may fool all the world  
Down the pathway of years,  
And get pats on the back as you pass,  
But your final reward will be heart-ache and tears,  
If you've cheated the guy in the glass.

### You Tell Me I Am Getting Old . . .

You tell me I am getting old.  
I tell you that's not so!  
The "house" I live in is worn out,  
and that, of course, I know.

It's been in use a long, long while;  
it's weathered many a gale;  
I'm really not surprised you think  
it's getting somewhat frail.

The color changing on the roof,  
the windows getting dim,  
The walls a bit transparent and looking rather thin,  
The foundation not so steady as once it used to be—  
My "house" is getting shaky, but  
my "house" isn't ME!

My few short years can't make me old. I feel I'm in my youth.  
Eternity lies just ahead, a life of joy and truth.  
I'm going to live forever, there;  
life will go on— it's grand!  
You tell me I am getting old? You just don't understand.

The dweller in my little "house" is young and bright and gay;  
Just starting on a life to last throughout eternal day.  
You only see the outside, which is all that most folks see.  
You tell me I am getting old?  
You've mixed my "house" with ME!

—Dora Johnson (88 year young)

### Now I Lay Me Down to Wake

A cross I often have to bear  
Is wakefulness, but why despair?  
It may not put me in the pink,  
But I get extra time to think  
Of pleasant things. And furthermore,  
To hear my lord and master snore  
Enchants me, for it proves my dear  
Is where he ought to be—right here.