

The Flight of Stairs

BY LINDSEY JONES

There stood a young man, intelligent and curious, peering into an open doorway. Inside the door was a long flight of stairs towering high, and then turning into another segment of stairs. He started to climb. He kept climbing, one flight after another, and another, and another. Steadily upward, he climbed. Flight after flight, after flight. Time went by. He climbed still. Weariness had begun to overcome him—still he climbed, determined. He rested a minute in-between flights. Two people passed him, coming down the steps—not looking, not speaking. There was a remote expression on their faces. He started his journey once again. Looking upward. Step by step. Must reach the top.

A beautiful young girl passed him. Tears streaked her cheeks. She looked as if she had failed a test, long studied for. She didn't

speak—just passed by. What could it be? The young man trudged on—climbing the seemingly never ending staircase. Determination pulled onward. Another figure passed him. This time an experienced-looking man. Something about him was different. He gave an ironic laugh and greeted the young man, and passed by.

Upward. Upward. The top! He must be reaching the platforms between the infinite flights of stairs. He had reached the top! He stood breathless on the platform and gazed unbelievably around. He looked off the side, and down. Down into the depths of where he had begun, and saw the first step. He was alone. He had reached the top! There was darkness around him and the same scene of his whole journey upward. Standing on a platform, in the middle of nowhere, but on the top. He had accomplished . . . what?

-:- Evasion -:-

"I say, Tom, wouldn't it appear that a nasty old cop is following us?"

"I would indeed. Yes, I most definitely would say that a cop is following us, shame forever rest upon his brow."

"Can you imagine anyone having the slightest suspicion of two fine lads like ourselves?"

"Well, Billy boy, I do believe it is time to give him the brush-off. Not that I have anything against him personally, you understand; it's just that his bubble gum machine makes me nervous and that blip-blip radar irritates me."

"Being as how the law is with us, since we're only doing thirty-five, let's have some fun."

"Fire away."

"Well, you drop to twenty-five and I'll pull ahead. We'll sorta split his interests. If he passes you, go hide, and I'll stop and bore him. If he doesn't pass you, I'll hide, and you bore him by adjusting some obscure part of your motor."

"Rather clever, but what next?"

"After he abandons the idea of this needless persecution, I'll meet you at the Castle in fifteen minutes."

"A capital plan, but I'm afraid I have some bad news for you."

"Prithee, do enlighten me, Thomas."

"Yon cop found us dull company and poor revenue and has disappeared already."

"The kill-joy. Denying us such capital sport."

Desperately Needed

Immediately

Photographer For

Remainder Of Year

Not Such an Unusual Town

BY LINDSEY JONES

Once there was a town, not such an unusual town. It was deep in the woods, yet was still noticed by everyone. In this town, there were many houses, and everyone had a cat, or a dog, and people. There were houses of red, orange, green, blue, yellow; but never white. Not one house was white. The floor plans of the houses were the same, but they were all different. Different colors.

There were dogs and cats, but no chickens or roosters. All the dogs chased the cats, and all the cats climbed trees. The dogs and cats were different. They had different colored collars.

Then there were the people. The people were like the houses, cats and dogs. The clothes, toys, cars, etc.—were the same, but different colors. They all belonged to clubs. They all belonged to a

society. They all belonged to a church and a school, or had a job, but they were different. Their hair and skin were different colors, but their clothes were the same. Everyone walked down the street in a single file, one following the other. Except the dogs—they chased the cats.

Then a new person moved into town. She painted her house white! She wore different clothes! Didn't have a cat! Didn't have a car or a dog! Refused to belong to a club! Didn't go to church! The town was in a turmoil. What a disgrace to society!

All had finally quieted down within a week. All the houses were white; all the clothes a different style; no one owned a cat or a dog; no one belonged to a club; no one owned a car; but everyone still walked in a single file.

The Smoke

BY LIZ MARROW

A slick and slimy slug crawled over a stone.
A slick and slimy slug climbed over a stone.
The acrid factory smoke blew down from the hill.
The slug's smooth skin was covered up with salt
That made it writhe in pain, curl up and die.
Still the smoke fell heavy on the town.

A child's scream pierced the thickening city air,
And then the child was no more with the earth.
A tree dropped leaves and shriveled up and died.
A bird smashed into a window-pane
Still the smoke well heavy on the town.

An now came many cries and frantic feet
Were running, never walking, fearing death.
Then all was silent, all the people gone,
And all the trees and slugs and even the factory.
But now the smoke rose thick and heavy
Over the town.

Pickled Test

Continued from Page Four

- d. there isn't a jar living that can hold a pickle
- 6. According to the mutation theory:
 - a. left-handed pickle-wart snippers should snip pickles with left-handed warts only
 - b. left-handed pickle-wart snippers could probably snip pickles with both left and right-handed warts
 - c. right-handed pickle warts are probably homogenized
 - d. right-handed pickle warts couldn't possible be homogenized
 - e. none of the above can be considered directly
- 7. According to Darwin:
 - a. pickles have probably been around for quite a while
 - b. you'd never guess what the first pickles was like
 - c. a sea cucumber went AWOL and St. George's dragon had a hot dog for lunch
 - d. sea cucumbers don't go AWOL
 - e. St. George's dragon always skipped lunch.

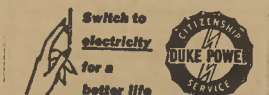
Whirlie Golfers

Continued from Page Seven

Atkins, Scott Streigel, and Vance Wicker, the number of state championships could rise to four in a row. At any rate, one can be sure that they will be giving it everything they have to obtain that goal.

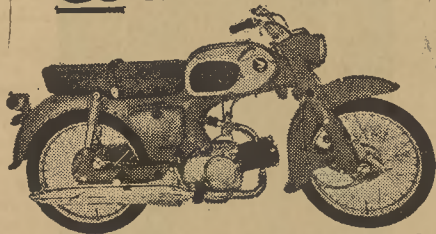
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