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# The Rebel

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Spring, 1958

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## The Contributors

David Lane is a senior from Asheboro. After his story was accepted he was appointed Managing Editor of THE REBEL.

Hugh Agee is a senior from Petersburg, Virginia. He has three contributions in the first issue of THE REBEL.

Carolyn Upchurch is a sophomore originally from Nashville, Tennessee and Raleigh. She now lives with her husband in Greenville.

Joe Swartz is a freshman from Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Kaye Whitfield is a junior from Manteo.

Jean Bowles is a sophomore from Beaufort.

Lewis Newsome is a junior and resides in Greenville.

John Hudgins is a sophomore from Charlotte.

James Hardy is a junior from Greensboro.

John Quinn is a junior from New York City.

John Butler is a junior from Petersburg, Virginia. Next year he will be Book Review Editor of THE REBEL.

David Patterson is a senior from Raleigh.

Bryan Harrison is a junior from Asheville. He is one of the co-editors of THE REBEL.

## Letter To The Editors

Dear Editors,

I thought it appropriate to write this letter before the first issue was published for what I have to say doesn't concern the appearance or the material included in the magazine, but it does concern the idea of a literary magazine on campus. I feel that it is one of the finest ideas developed at East Carolina in its fifty years of operation at a college. I would like to congratulate the person, or persons, who thought of the project.

I have read that your policy is to accept only student writings. I think this is a fine idea, for so many college literary magazines accept faculty stuff and sooner or later it turns into merely a faculty journal. I hope that The Rebel will become a true organ for student expression, for certainly we need one here.

Sincerely,  
Lewis Gordon

ABOUT THE COVER—The cover is an ink sketch of Ernest Hemingway by staff artist Billy Arnold. See Hugh Agee's critical essay of one of Hemingway's works on page 5.

*Congratulations "The Rebel"*

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# The Rebel

Spring, 1958

VOLUME 1

NUMBER 1

Published by the Student Government Association of East Carolina College, Greenville, North Carolina. Created by the Publications Board of East Carolina College, as a literary magazine to be edited by students and designed for the publication of student material to be selected on the basis of quality and good taste.

Co-Editors ..... Billy Arnold, Bryan Harrison  
Managing Editor ..... David Lane  
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NOTICE—Deadline for material for the next issue of THE REBEL is September 11, 1958. Editorial and business offices will close May 9, 1958 and reopen September 11, 1958. Contributions may be submitted in person to the editors or by mail: Box 1420, ECC. Manuscripts and artwork submitted by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope and return postage. The publishers assume no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

## *The South and Revolution*

When one thinks of "rebel," one generally thinks of two things: The South and revolution. And both of these connotations have, in a loose sense, a real meaning for the beginning of this magazine.

If the reader examines the first issue he will find, not too carefully hidden, the Southern point of view. This apparent limitation was not necessarily intended by the editors, but for its presence there is a logical explanation.

In almost all Southern writing there seems to be an acute, passionate awareness of place. And, almost without exception, the best writing is written by people who are describing and writing about the land and people they know best. Hence, the Southerner, who usually loves the South, usually writes about the South, and most of our contributors are Southern born.

However, when the reader reads carefully he will notice that the student writers have not entirely confined themselves to their geographical area, but are striking out to write of a world of new things and places. Certainly there is no editorial restriction on subject matter, so long as the material is generally interesting and fundamentally sound as good writing.

And in a sense we may be launching a sort of revolution. Responsible leaders of government, industry, and education have continuously pointed out that our colleges and universities are not producing men and

women who are able to cope with the demanding intellectual problems of the atomic age. Freshmen entering college are less prepared than their fathers. Their education and society have emphasized the importance of "making a living," and they have already chosen a specialized field which leaves little room for Darwin or Shakespeare.

Their desire is for specialized training and they have no time for academic theory or for that matter, for any form of intellectual activity. Consequently, schools have been compromised to satisfy this desire. It is possible these days to go to a liberal arts institution and learn plumbing.

Present day emphasis is on specialization and materialism. Narrow psychological preoccupations have replaced basic doctrine in art, science, and philosophy. It is no wonder that mediocrity is becoming more and more apparent in college graduates.

And it is not surprising that an indifference towards intellectualism permeates—and in many cases dominates—the general atmosphere of our colleges. And this is the sort of thing against which we hope to rebel.

We hope the magazine will stimulate thought, create a variety of opinion, and provoke an interest in a highly developed and highly important art form. We believe that the achievement of these goals would constitute a revolution on any campus.

## *A Farewell To War*

By HUGH AGEE

Ernest Hemingway's prose has made him famous; Hollywood has made his rich. With the re-make of his *A Farewell to Arms* presently touring the cinema circuit, this writer would like to reconsider the novel, and thereby challenge the reader to a more meaningful evaluation of the film version from the standpoint of theme and characterization (and perhaps to read the novel, if he has not yet done so).

In this book, we find an interplay of love and war as Frederic Henry, an American ambulance driver on the Italian front in World War I, suddenly finds himself in love with Catherine Barkley, an English nurse. Wounded by a mortar burst, Lieutenant Henry is transported to a hospital in Milan, and Catherine follows him there. For the gallous Henry (I think I can justly call him gallous, for he has not yet been softened by the intensity of his love for Catherine), the arrival of his girl friend is significant. Herebefore, he has thought of their relationship as "a game, like bridge, in which you said things instead of playing cards," but once the war becomes a menace to his own being, something happens that alters his outlook. When she comes to his room for the first time in Milan, he is aware of it, at least partly. "When I saw her I was in love with her," he says. "Everything turned over inside me."

What follows is a period of love that is highly idealized simply because the immediacy of war demands that it be so. In reality, they are strangers who meet under the most unorthodox circumstances. From the beginning, however, Catherine Barkley has an almost uncanny vision of the end, "You will be good to me, won't you?" she asks. And then adds, "Because we're going to have a strange life." She becomes pregnant, but there is no shame. Their love has transcended the limits of the world around them. We get the full romantic treatment as Henry offers to marry her; but Catherine declines for fear that she will be sent home and thus parted from her lover.

The war, which will not be denied, again makes demands on the lovers, and Lieutenant Henry, recovered now from his wound, returns to the front. The stage has been set within the man, however, for the rebellion against arms that is to come. He is no longer satisfied to be a part of the action. It is in the confusion of the retreat from Caporetto that he makes his final farewell. With the risk of being shot as a deserter

hanging over him, he makes his way back to Milan. There he realizes that the war is over for him; yet he has "the feeling of a boy who thinks of what is happening at a certain hour at the schoolhouse from which he has played truant." There is a certain naivete about Frederic Henry that shines through in spots, and, indeed, it does fashion him as the errant boy.

Once he is reunited with Catherine, he makes arrangements to flee to Switzerland. Since a conventional entry is impossible, they row across a lake at the border and manage to get provisional visas from the Swiss authorities. Their stay in the mountains waiting for the baby to come passes quietly. Hemingway exhibits himself as a master of small talk in these pages. They amuse themselves with talk of the baby, of Frederic's beard, of skiing, of Niagara Falls and the Golden Gate of San Francisco. They are unique in that they always get on so well together; there is only happiness for them, it seems.

But in the sense that we have had the futility of war treated as a major theme, we find the futility of love added to it. The baby is born dead, and Frederic Henry learns that Catherine is to die, too. His reaction is bitter and realistic. "You did not know what it was about," he tells himself. "You never had time to learn. They threw you in and told you the rules and the first time they caught you off base they killed you. . . . Stay around and they would kill you."

Henry then uses an analogy that sums up his feelings as he recalls throwing a log covered with ants on a fire. He remembers how they swarmed about trying to escape, but only fell off into the fire. Here was a chance to be messiah and lift the log off the fire, but he threw a cup of water on the flame instead, which, he felt, only steamed them. Now, as he waits for Catherine to die, he experiences a similar ineffectiveness.

Catherine dies not fearing death, only hating it. We recall what Lieutenant Henry has said earlier, for in the death of Catherine it finds meaning. "If people bring so much courage to this world the world has to kill to break them, so of course it kills them. The world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of

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these you can be sure it will kill you too, but there will be no special hurry."

These words have meaning for everyone. One truly wonders if war is simply a method that men have devised to expedite the end. Certainly Frederic Henry conceived of this.

In a novel where rain and gloom have an important role in accenting the mood, there are passages where Hemingway displays his ability to capture the natural beauty of mountains and mountain villages. He relies on his descriptive powers for expert transitions. Hollywood, with its mastery of color photography, will do well to match the sensitive artist's eye.

Frederic Henry and Catherine Barkley, along with the interesting but less important doctor, Rinaldi, are, in effect, ordinary peo-

### Three Poems

By JOHN HUDGINS

The black boy lay  
facing the ground  
jumped up, spun around  
then he  
zigzagged, crisscrossed  
leaped and ran complex  
perplexed he stopped  
impatient sentinel  
saw a leaf falling  
stalked it and plucked  
it from its fall  
elastically grew tall  
held it a yard away  
rubbed it against  
his cheeks, next his nose  
retraced his steps  
placed the leaf where he found  
it falling  
"stupid fool!" i yelled  
he did not hear  
laughing silently  
he reached to feel the world.

ple. Perhaps this is what makes the novel so challenging to the mind of the reader for there is a plane of identification within its bounds—a universality which must be present in any great book.

Frederic Henry is a robust, man-of-the-world type (so much like Hemingway's other heroes); yet, in spite of the fact that he proves his manhood with Catherine, the writer feels that he is strangely sterile (not in the sense that Jake Barnes is sterile, but from the standpoint of effectiveness). Catherine is gentle to the end, always warm and considerate. It is the sheer power of her gentleness that sparks Henry's revolt. In the end, after her death, one wonders if Frederic Henry is stronger after having been broken.

"Folly," said the preacher,

"Disgusting," said the teacher  
of the new car.

"Fast," said the playboy to his girl.

"Cool," chimed the rock and roll commercial

"Yep," said the dealer, "It's a whirl."

"Cheap," said the student  
of the French car.

"Economic," stressed the president  
of the school.

"Profit," beamed the maker as  
he touched it.

"Gidup," said the farmer  
to his mule.

fancy fell with a fizzle  
fleeced of all its glamour  
gluttony gnawed the god  
all that blarney fell flat  
with Eros chewed up  
how bare love looked  
lying lucratively  
like a lizard  
the narrow bed squealed  
sounding liberal love  
my fat violent virgin  
restoring vain vespers

## Short Story

### Homecoming

By DAVID LANE

"It's been two years," said Emmy as they sped past a bleached city-limits sign. "It's been two years, at least . . . seems more like a hundred—just ages. Oh, it's gonna be fun . . . being back and all."

Christ, thought Bill. Why doesn't she quiet down? You'd think it was Fair Week or something.

Bill's neck and back felt rigid. The long drive from home had tired him and Emmy's talking did nothing to relieve the tension. He repressed his antagonism and vented his feelings on the car's accelerator. The increased pace eased him. His mind was numb to all but the thrill of the speeding car.

"Don't drive so fast, honey . . . slow DOWN, you're liable to hit someone," said Emmy invading his senseless pleasure. "There's all that homecoming traffic today."

Bill floorboarded the accelerator, passed car and squealed through a curve. The shrieking tire noise excited him. His ears felt hot and his palms sweated making the steering wheel feel slippery. Cautiously he wiped one sweaty palm at a time on his greyannel pants. Just as methodically he put his hands back on the wheel, gripped it hard, and was pleased with the improved grip.

As they crept into town, the monotony of the traffic overcame them after the speedy ride on the open road.

"You don't have to come," said Emmy abruptly. "You never cared about anybody in my crowd anyway . . . always criticized them."

Bill, still grated by Emmy's constant talking turned and glowered at her.

"Okay, I won't go! I'll get out at Main Hall . . . I really don't give a damn about seeing all those 'old pals' of yours."

The two drove on in silence. The small college town was filled with excitement. Large floats in brilliant reds and yellows were parked along the streets of town which were chaotically littered by bits of torn colored paper. The homecoming parade was over. The narrow sidewalks were hidden from sight as people milled about waiting for things to happen. The excitement did not penetrate Bill's Chevy. After a monotonous stop-light-to-stop-light drive, they cleared the campus. Bill halted the car in front of Main Hall, pulled up the handbrake and opened the car door. He looked past his wife's face out of the far window of the car and frowned.

"Pick me up at . . . uh . . . let's see—no . . . I'll meet you at four o'clock at the Pad.

You remember it's that nice little place on the corner of Summit and Grant."

Bill stepped back from the car. Emmy drove away without looking back. The car's engine strained to pull, the transmission thought for itself. He crossed the street, ran up the thick granite steps and quickly pulled open the door to the old building. The same musty odor he had come to know so well in his college days surrounded him as he walked in. He heard a laugh and an embarrassed couple stepped out of the shadow behind the door he had opened. They clung to each other and quickly turned down the hall. Bill laughed to himself.

Not so long since I was carrying on like that, he thought.

He stood and looked around. Once oriented, he went to the stairs and began the climb to the fourth floor. He didn't hate the climb as he once had. It was only a minute or so and he was walking down an old familiar corridor. His footsteps, though hurried and hard, echoed and diffused into the silence of the old building. He passed a row of offices and stopped at a familiar one. The door was open.

Things haven't changed much, even for Dr. Frederick, he thought . . . same old rough shelves . . . straight chair . . . one window . . . just one window . . . nothing to excess or without a purpose.

The afternoon sun, shining over the half drawn shades, fell carelessly on the floor blending into other shadow forms making a rambling abstract silhouette. Bill moved into the shadow.

Funny, how you associate color with a place or something . . . ol' Frederick's office has always seemed brown . . . except on rainy days . . . even more gloomy then, everything in pastels of grey . . . used to call this his cubicle . . . same two desks . . . always littered with papers and books. Poor Dr. Smith . . . don't see how the two of them find room for everything . . . place makes you feel cramped . . . like a trapped animal. Guess that's what I was too . . . never came in here that I didn't feel tense or caught.

His mind wandered back to Dr. Frederick and his college days.

Don't let anything keep you back, boy. Anything! This is good work. For god's sake, Bill, don't stay here. Go some place where you can breathe. You've a chance to be somebody if you leave here. Believe me, I've seen it happen before. I've seen good students, trapped in stifling surroundings, literally turn sour and . . . Bill, for your own sake . . . for me if not for yourself, go and do something and let the world be the judge of it . . . not just one narrow-minded little school. This place is the most uninspiring

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I've ever seen.

You've really got it . . . you shouldn't let anything secondary, ne paused abruptly . . . women. Don't lose sight of your potentialities . . . don't be like the rest . . . don't . . . don't . . . be a Pavlov pup all your life.

Is it really that good, asked Bill?

It's not perfect, continued Dr. Frederick, but you've mastered yourself. I can see you're not like the rest. Be glad you're different, Bill. Don't tie yourself down to conformity . . . be alive . . . be original . . . escape while you can. Escape . . . that's the way it is Emmy, it's not escaping from you, it's nothing like that. It's just well . . . I don't love you any less when I'm writing, but damn, Emmy, it means something to me. It's my calling. I've got to write—at least try. Do you understand?

I understand, honey, she said vaguely. I guess I'm just being selfish to want you all the time.

That's good. I hoped you would.

No, you don't see, he thought. You can't and you never will. You're an obstacle that keeps me from being myself.

I love you, Emmy.

I love you too, Bill.

That's a dichotomy for you, he thought. You love what you see, or at least what you want to see. That proves my point . . . maybe you'll always love me . . . you'll never really understand how things are with me . . . not really . . . and, until you do, you'll never really know me and you'll just go on loving what you see. I guess I'm safe on that point. Safe! Boy, what had Dr. Frederick said about that.

Safe are you? You've got to get away from that notion, Bill. None of these points you've made are ever really safe—never for sure.

Dr. Frederick walked to the window.

Look down there on campus. Those are your safety conscious. Those are the ones who are satisfied with everything as it is. What one does the others do. By following the leader they're satisfied. They're like a bunch of animals all caught up in the college corral. They just run from one side of the corral to the other whenever a bell rings. Just look at them . . . a bunch of sheep, sunning themselves complacently just wait-

ing for the shepherd to ring the bell.

He was right . . . the bell rings and the sheep respond . . . just run . . . run, run, run . . . be like everyone else . . . don't think . . . run together. How well everything seems to run when you don't interfere . . . I wanted to be creative once . . . not any more. Every individual is a neurotic now . . . But, that's being civilized.

Bill idled back to the window. He stood for a few moments, turned and with monotonous movement did the job of walking again. He glanced at his watch. It was three forty-five.

I need a drink, he thought.

He walked down the long hallway, went down the stairs, and out the door he had entered. He began walking to town. His thoughts were far away. He walked mechanically insulated from the world around him, until a belligerent horn honk brought him to his senses. He jumped back quickly.

My automatic pilot isn't working so well . . . used to be pretty good at getting around like that . . . guess it's all this extra traffic.

Caught up in the wave of excitement, Bill began to notice the student's colorful clothes. A red and white convertible filled with screaming students made a light swishing sound. He was in a better mood when he finally entered the tavern. He even spoke to someone he remembered from his school days. Once in the solitude of his drink, however, his mind returned to its thoughts. He turned to the bar stool and looked about the room. A group

of students stood undulating around a blaring juke box.

"Play J6, man," one of them said.

"But you already heard it three times," said another.

"Man, you can't beat it, you just can't beat it. Your ol' daddy knows a good u when he hears it. Anybody that don't like it is a square."

"They've got it down to a science now," someone said laughingly. Bill glanced quickly to his left.

"Why Dr. Smith, how are you?"

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"Weak but still wary! How've you been, how's life treating you?"

"Well enough, I guess . . . can't really complain." Bill's thoughts halted momentarily.

"My wife . . . I . . . I'm waiting for my wife . . . she's late."

"Well, well, finally settled down."

"Those students," said Bill changing the subject . . . "the last time I saw them they were out sunning. Remember? Remember how Dr. Frederick used to call them sheep, always kidding . . ."

"He wasn't kidding, they're always basking in one complacency or another," said Dr. Smith. "They don't have the guts . . . they're like the new cars . . . they don't build students like they used to, I suppose."

"I guess we all love security even if it means conformity," said Bill.

"Sure we do," said Dr. Smith. "Sure we do. Glad to be back?"

"In a way. It's been two years you know. Guess I'm just sentimental."

"Well, that's easy to see—you can get attached to a lot of things. I even love that old car of mine."

"Do you think we'll win?" interjected Bill, fighting the oncoming mood.

"Win the game? Maybe so. What have you been doing lately, Bill? Do you write any?"

"Write? Oh, no-not-uh-say, how's Dr. Frederick? Don't tell me . . . weak but still wary." They laughed and talked until Emmy came into the tavern.

"This is Emmy, Dr. Smith. You remember . . . English 3."

"Oh, yes. How are you? Are you teaching, Emmy?"

"Yes, and I just adore it. It's so . . ."

"Late," interjected Bill. "We'd better be going."

"Don't go now, Bill," said Dr. Smith. "Maybe Dr. Frederick will come in."

"No, I . . . couldn't. That is . . . I . . . I'd like to see him, but we have to go."

"I understand," said Dr. Smith. "See you next year."

"Yeah, next year," said Bill. "Maybe I'll get to see Dr. Frederick then. Good-by."

As they walked down the narrow sidewalk, Bill searched out the color in the town. It was a momentary escape from the routine-ness, the monotony, the colorlessness of the life he was leading. They turned and walked down one of the many one-way streets. His wife walked beside him, head up, smiling at people as they passed. He looked at her. Her counterfeit face stared back at him. Night was beginning to fall. Bill and Emmy walked through the ink-wash shadows of town.

"Why were you late, Emmy?"

"You didn't want to see the game or them," she blurted. "All you wanted was to talk to some old professor."

"Emmy."

"Huh?"

"I love you."

"I love you too," said Emmy.

It was almost dark then.

## A Short Story

### Mr. Robbie

By DAVID PATTERSON

When the snows melt in the mountains, the springs become flooded and fill the creeks. And the creeks merge near Rosman and the river, narrow and muddy, begins to wind through the valley between the hills. After the thaws, the river floods and covers the little valley, depositing rich, black soil in the fields; and when the water returns to the river the ground is easy to plow. The men who work the fields in the valley plant tobacco and corn. And in the summer the corn is high and green.

The trucks filled with cattle on their way to the stockyard rumbled down the highway every Friday; and the drivers gazed at the long rows of corn in the bottom land. On the other side of the valley the coal-burning engines hugged around the slopes of the mountains, dropping coal along the tracks, and the smoke from the engines settled on the river.

Also, in those days, the Negro women would come to the bottom to pick black berries along the river bank. Overalled boys on their way to swim in the rock quarry would venture down the highway, across the concrete bridge, and down the railroad track, waving at the engineer on the train. And the men who worked in the mill at Woodfin would trudge up the highway, across the concrete bridge, and up the dusty road to home in Bingham Heights.

And in the cool summer evenings, when the great red sun sat poised on the opposite hill, the frogs would begin to croak in the ponds deep in the woods of the bottom land. And as the night engulfed the valley, the mimosa leaves would close and the mist would rise from the river and the river smell would float across the valley and up the mountain. And Mr. Robbie and I often sat in the dark and listened to the frogs and smelled the river.

Nestled between two bends of the river, five hundred acres of the valley belonged to Mr. Robbie. Most of it was woods and pasture, but Robbie grew a lot of crops with

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## Six Brief Sketches

### Stumptown Saturday Night

By JOE SWARTZ

Stumptown was wide awake, and I hated passing through on Saturday night. There weren't many whites around except a few red-faced farmers pulling up in their trucks in front of the liquor store.

The overalled, stocking-capped Negroes stood chatting and laughing and greeting their brothers, who rattled up in their Chevies and Fords. They patted backs and shook hands and grinned like cats.

"Hey, Jawdon, they out of Bourbon Springs."

"What you mean out of Springs, Queball. I don' get no other kind."

"You late, Jawdon. Whiskey under two dollars long gone."

"Lawd, Mister Richard. What I gonna do?"

I hurried on down the hunched and jubilant street. Past Do Drop Inn, a tavern for Ladies and Gents, past the Emporium Pool Hall and Harrison's Barber Shop and Calhoun's Hat Blockers, where eight little burly-heads whipped at the shoes of their king-like customers, wearing pin-striped suits and black derbys and smoking nickel cigars.

I was conscious of their stares. A white man didn't walk down Eagle Street on Saturday night. I remember when I was in high school some of us used to drive down in our cars, to go "nigger knockin." We'd holler "snowball" at the blackest Negroes in Stumptown and throw firecrackers at their porches.

Often the boys would try to get a Negro girl to get in the car with them, saying, "Come on, Pinkaninny." Sometimes the girl would get in, but most of the time she would shout back, "Po' white trash," or ignore them with a hanging head.

I shuffled on past the theatre where the colored boys with loud golf hats and tweed overcoats were ushering in their dates to see the Saturday night double feature, *The Invisible World* and *Monster from the Deep*.

I could hear the young ones shouting, "Hey, man, ain't you going to the flick? How come you cutting out?"

"Hey, Oscar. How you making out?"

I walked past the drug store and the filling station and the Olympia Hotel. I stopped at the white square building deco-



rated with red hearts and diamonds and the big rectangular sign, "The House of Prayer for All People." Tonight it was empty, but tomorrow it would be full of dancing, shouting Negroes. This was Daddy Grace' Church. Daddy Grace wore an ermine coat and had a white wife. All the Negroes for miles around came to hear the "word" from the great black father, and to get him to show them "the way."

I left the pool halls and the beer dives; the rinky-tink of the piano floated into the still, dark night; and suddenly Stumptown was hushed and silent. I walked down Jan Street watching the smoke pour from the chimneys of the tin-roofed shacks, bringing with it the smell of fried fish, possum and chitlins.

I thought to myself how funny it was that colored folks named their streets with first names, and when they moved they always took their house numbers with them.

The wind rattled the tin roofs and curled dust around my feet as I stood on Richard Street looking into the vast network of dirt roads winding in and out, jungle fashion through the deep dark mysterious world of the Southern Negro.

# Memory Chapel

By LEWIS NEWSOME

The sun rays, finding their way through the heavy wisteria, settled on the quiet little brick building. Centered in the old Confederate cemetery and almost obscured by dogwood was Memory Chapel. It stood like a sentinel in the cemetery surrounded by a rusted wrought-iron fence that once was fancy with filligree reminiscent of years.

The narrow winding path leading up to the chapel was guarded by marble tablets marking the final resting place of the Confederate soldiers. Some were fortunate to be remembered by their families long enough for the monuments to be erected. Others were not remembered at all. The only markers they had were the miniature dime store Confederate flags placed at their feet by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The flags almost whispered as their tattered ends flapped in the soft summer breeze. The graves were covered with pale yellow dandelions that grew in profusion between the mossy bricks covering the final resting places.

Here and there between the plots, bird baths of molded concrete appeared to be standing on bases of deep green foliage. Often they were filled with debris placed there by the thoughtless urchins who played in the bamboo thicket behind the chapel.

The bamboo thicket seemed almost mystical amid the tall oaks and blossoming dogwoods. One of the dogwoods leaned far over the fence toward the arch-shaped windows. Its blossoms were beautifully tinted by the sun's reflection from the darker-than-lavender panes of the chapel windows.

The ivy-covered chapel had red-orange bricks peeping through in places. Once, the bricks of the building had protected the graves of the brave men who rested near by. The only entrance was a great pine door held together by wooden pegs. Above the door, set in the brick, was a cross of rough stone. The third stone in the shaft above the cross-arm bore a nature-sculptured face of Christ.

The door swung freely open on great black wrought-iron hinges. Beside the door hung a large tarnished brass key. The door was never locked.

As the strong door swung open into the sanctuary, the chapel was lit only by the remaining rays of the sun streaming through the two stained-glass windows. The only furnishing was a simple prayer desk of dark mahogany resting in front of a natural cedar altar. To the right of the altar was a bronze plaque of the same geometric design as the windows. The inscription read, "Dedicated to those who

have worthily lived and courageously fought for the right."

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the help of one hired hand, whom he affectionately called his plowboy. He usually kept a plowboy a long time, but towards the end they would stay for shorter and shorter durations, for Robbie was growing old and cross, and the boys would get enough of the old man's ill humour. Even though he was without a helper, he would go about his work as usual, and if Jim, my brother, thought that the work was too much for Robbie he would march down the asphalt driveway to the foot of the mountain and give the old man a hand. Often they would work late in the night hauling manure in the shaky old wagon with a pole for a brake, or bringing in the cattle with Jack, Robbie's German shepherd, nipping at the heels of the animals.

One hot Saturday morning I rushed fresh to the fields and found Robbie puttering around the barn. He was stroking a strange dog. "Hey, Robbie," I called out. He grunted something at me and, stepping back, he called to the dog, "Up Doc, hyah boy."

"Who's Doc," I asked? He looked at me as if I had said something outrageous and replied, "Well, everybody in the country knows that I've got one dog and his name's Jack and if I get another dog and call him Doc then I reckon he's Doc."

"I reckon so," I said. "Are you going to the pasture today, Robbie?" I asked a little later.

"Yep."

"Are you going to take the wagon?"

"No."

"Are you going to take the sled?"

"No."

"We're going to walk."

"If we ain't going to take the wagon and we ain't going to take the sled, then I reckon we're going to walk."

"I reckon so," I said.

And so we walked and I really didn't mind, for even though I liked to drive Maud, the old draft horse, Robbie would get cross when I mishandled him. We shuffled through the grass and sand towards the river and immediately I got into some stinging weed. I began to dance like a nigger in a water-mellon patch and looking up at Robbie I saw that he was laughing at me. "What's the matter with ya," he asked?

"I believe it's stinging weed," I was almost crying.

"You mean this," he reached down and pulled a handfull of the ugly weed out of the ground. I looked on with horror as he rubbed it against his face. He laughed at me and soon I was laughing too and the

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## Waterfront

By JEAN BOWLES

Along the seawall securely-tied party boats with their hatches closed and their deck chairs covered, ride out the long winter months until spring when they will be pampered by their masters with glossy white paint, new manila ropes, and engine overhauls. The southeast wind blowing in from the Gulf Stream is light and unusually warm for December. Occasionally a slight shift in the breeze brings to the nostrils an indescribable odor—similar to that of collards stewing with a dash of salt added and intensified several times.

Taking advantage of the calm sunny day, a black-haired young fellow with a sun-bronzed complexion repairs a net in the stern of the "Capt. Puck," which has not yet gone south to Key West, Marathon, or Campeche. On a nearby dock two wrinkled-faced old men sitting on wooden fish boxes whittle with slow deliberate scrapes and reminisce—the catch of a white marlin off Frying Pan Shoals, the hurricane of '36, their days in the Coast Guard, and the town's centennial jubilee last summer. During a lull in their speculations on next season's catches, they follow, through squinted eyes, the course of a churning and puffing tug out in the intercoastal waterway as it creeps southward against the current, towing a

barge loaded high with pulpwood.

Occasionally two or three Negroes from the menhaden crews amble along the waterfront. Their black hip boots folded down to the knees cause their gait to be slow and laborious. Their deep resonant voices carry on the quiet afternoon breeze, but their Louisiana and Mississippi dialects make comprehending them difficult.

Even the sea gulls change their habits in winter. They stick close to the docks looking for food and rarely venture out to the inlet. If food is difficult to find, they go clamming. With slow majestic flaps of their wings they sweep along the shore, and when a piercing, always roving eye perceives a clam, a gull banks and glides to it. Then off he flies with the heavy clam in his beak to a bridge on which he drops it to break the thick shell.

To the Florida-bound New Yorker, who chortles down and steers his yacht from the channel into the yacht basin to dock for the night and take on supplies, the stillness is depressing. But to the natives everything has its season. Swimming, fishing and colorful, noisy tourists belong to the summer months. Winter is an interlude of quiet rest between summer rushes—time to sit propped against a piling on a dock and lazily watch bits of trash drift by on the tide.



# John Gaskill And The Sea

By KAYE WHITFIELD

John Gaskill had always loved the sea. When he was small his mother had to watch him very closely to keep him from wandering down the beach. It was impossible to tell him how dangerous the ocean was. He felt like the water was his friend and thought that it could never harm him. During the vicious northeast storms when the water was at its peak of violence, John could be found on the beach laughing at the sound of the breakers.

As he grew older he could almost always be found on the beach. His father taught him to swim and like most boys on the coast he began to learn to handle a boat while he was very young. He began to fish with his father earlier than was usual because of his skill in handling boats. By the time he was in his teens he was the best fisherman in the village.

He never lost his love for the sea while he was growing up, but gradually grew away from spending all his time on the beach. In high school he found that he was a born leader of his classmates. But occasionally when he was in the middle of a crowd he would slip away for a few minutes to go to the beach and watch the waves break on the sand.

Then came World War II. John Gaskill enlisted in the Coast Guard the day after he graduated from high school. All his friends wished him well and knew that he would be a success and he was. He gained promotions rapidly because of his skill in handling men and his seamanship.

Some time after he had left the village to enlist, he came back for a short visit, his last for perhaps some time, he said. He told his parents and friends that he had been transferred to sea duty and that his ship would patrol the coast off the village. He was glad because again he would be on the water.

He soon wrote home and said that he had reported to the ship and liked it very much. He said that occasionally his ship was close enough to the village for him to pick out several of the houses and landmarks. It made him feel good inside, he told them.

One night a few weeks later the villagers were awakened by the sound of an explosion from the direction of the ocean. Many of them rushed to the beach to see whether they could find out what it was. When they got there they saw two fires, far out on the water. They knew that a ship had been

torpedoed or that a submarine had been discovered and sunk, but they didn't know whether it was their ship or one belonging to the enemy. They stood on the sand dunes and watched until the fires disappeared and then went back home, some of them to spend a sleepless night.

The next morning just before dawn, John Gaskill's father walked along the beach picking his way through the debris from the burned vessel. Just as the sun came over the horizon he saw what appeared to be a framed document washing up in the surf. He went over and picked it up. It was a wooden frame containing his son's last promotion papers. The sea, which he had loved so well, had announced John Gaskill's death.

## Petersburg, Virginia

By HUGH AGEE

The history of Petersburg may be traced through Blandford Cemetery where soldiers of this country's major wars lie. The city had its beginning as a trading post, established about 1675 by Peter Jones, and it is from this man that the city gets its name. It is told that in the early years of Virginia's existence a quantity of merchandise had been ordered sent to Petersburg from England, but through a misinterpretation of Petersburg's location, the merchandise ended up in St. Petersburg, Russia.

Petersburg is best remembered for its part in the Civil War, particularly during its ten month siege by Grant in 1864-65. In Blandford Cemetery one will find the graves of 30,000 Confederate dead and see the Memorial Arch erected in their honor.

The first attack on Petersburg by Federal forces was made June 9, 1864. The town was completely unguarded when news of the impending assault spread through it like wild-fire. A force of about 125 old men and boys hurriedly rallied around an old Mexican War veteran who led them out Sycamore Street to take positions in the path of the some 2,000 oncoming Yankees. Although most of them were killed or captured, the small groups delayed the advance until reinforcements arrived to repulse the attackers.

The strategic importance of Petersburg is reflected in the recorded struggle that ensued for possession of the city. On one hand, it was the backdoor to Richmond, a prize that had heretofore been unattainable for the men in blue. On the other hand, it was a terminal of the Weldon Railroad, the life line of Lee's army.

The most outstanding single engagement

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of the siege was the Battle of the Crater. Since the war, the battle has been re-enacted on several occasions, and the site is one of the chief attractions of the Petersburg National Military Park.

A tunnel was dug by Pennsylvania Coal miners from the Federal lines to a point beneath the Confederate lines and filled with explosives. On the morning of July 30, 1864, just as a black night was becoming gray dawn, the mine was exploded. The explosion ripped a hole about 200 yards wide in the Confederate lines and left Petersburg open to attack. But the attack was delayed by a confusion of orders, and when the Federals finally marched into the breach, the Confederates had recovered to pour a withering fire into the massed Union ranks. The Union losses for this engagement were five times those of the Confederates.

One of the men blown up in the Crater and buried beneath a pile of loose earth, was a Petersburg native who found great use for the spoon he happened to have on him. He told for many years after the war of having dug an air hole with that spoon, which was immediately covered by the body of a Negro who fell over it as he was shot. He painstakingly dug a second hole, which kept him alive until he could be rescued.

The siege was carried through a severe winter, with little fighting done for five months. The Southern soldiers

were poorly clad and poorly fed, and in *Home to the Cockade City*, Harrison tells of copies of Hugo's *Les Miserables* circulating among them. "They read the novel with interest," he says, "sympathizing with interest," he says, "sympathizing with wretches whose suffering rivaled their own. They were struck by the French title. Adding an *e* and an apostrophe, they dubbed themselves Lee's *Miserables*."

Lee held Petersburg until the second of April, withdrawing at midnight. On the third of April, General Grant entered the city, and soon thereafter the war ended.

Petersburg has changed, but beneath the surface it is a town proud of its history. There is still much to be seen around Petersburg that points this out, and whether one is walking over its battlefields, or examining the recorded data concerning the city itself, he will hear the voices of the past speaking to him.



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sting went away but my legs and hands itched all day. The rest of the kids looked bug-eyed when I told them that Robbie was immune to stinging weed.

We went on down the river and the old man pointed out the different trees—the river birch, bent and peeling, the musclewood, with its smooth, yet ridged bark, and the limber, low-hanging willows, bending over to touch the river. On the mountains grew the laurel, which some folks called Rhododendron, and dogwood and apple trees. In the valley grew the sycamores and the mimosas.

We came back to the barn and started across the bridge. A train came down the track and the new dog barked after it. I thought the old man would let fly with a stream of oaths, like he did when Jack misbehaved, but he waited patiently until the train passed and the dog started back, tail wagging. As soon as he saw the sudden fierce expression on the old man's lips, he crouched and turned his head and the old

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## Cloud Over The Sky

By CAROLYN UPCHURCH

Author's Note: The following is a true story of one episode in the Civil War which has been handed down through the generations with a neatly tied bundle of letters. From one of these quaint parchments addressed to my great-great grandpa come the words . . .

There is a great, black cloud over the sky hiding the face of God; yet sometimes beams of light from His Grace pierce the darkness and give us comfort in the reminder that this too shall pass away . . .

"Hey, Ma! Ma, them damn yankees is a'coming!"

"Now, Phlip, catch your breath and slow down a mite so's I can understand you. Now how close are they?"

"Just over the hill—in the far pasture. They're campin down yonder by our creek—millions of 'em!"

"Well now, I don't reckon as how they'll drink all the water out, son."

"But that ain't all. There's a little bunch of 'em headed up here! Ma, they're gonna take everything we got. I just know it! Mr. Cullum says they take everything and then burn the houses and that they take the women and make slaves out of them."

"Susan Carol? Susan Carol! Take the baby up, and Jamey, you and Josie go sit by the fire and Susie'll tell you a story."

"Story, Susie, story."

"I'd rather watch them damn yankees."

"Jamey! Now, go on with you."

"Ma, I won't let 'em take you . . . not Ma!"

"No, Phlip they won't take me. You go outside and look about what they be doin'."

"Okay—but thunder, I wish Pa had left me a gun, I'd kill 'em all!"

"Shh! Here, take a hunk of bread with you. And no more talk about killing. Out with you! Well children, maybe we'd best eat supper a little early tonight. Josie, get down the bowls and we'll have a bit of stew. It should be done by now."

"Ma, do you reckon they're coming here?"

"Well now Susie they might, but they'll not harm us. Most likely they're looking for food."

"But we ain't got enough for us."

"The Lord will provide. Jamey, quit playing with your food and finish your supper . . . Who's there?"

"It's me Ma," said Phlip. "Lock the door quick. They're out in the barn and they're taking the cow."

"Susan Carol, look after the little ones. I'll be right back."

By the time Mrs. Allison reached the barnyard, everything had been upset in an intense search for valuables which might have been hidden. Her unexpected appearance startled the soldiers into momentary inactivity.

"Gentlemen! Who is in command here?"

Uncertain glances were exchanged; then chaotic babbling broke out. No one offered an answer to her question. Spotting her cow being led away, she cried, "The cow is all we have left—the only milk I have for my children."

The soldier shrugged indifferently. "Lady, we ain't had no milk since we can remember."

"So you would take it from children."

"Come on Calfie, follow your Ma. Come on."

"Not the calf. Surely you ain't gonna take her! She's not even a week old . . . She'd die before only day's march was done!"

"Here Calfie, calf. Here's your Ma. Follow Mamma."

"Hey men, look what I found under that brush pile! A whole bowl of stuff."

"Please, that's my mama's wedding china and the things I spun and knitted for the winter. You've no use for little girl's dresses, at least leave them. They won't have nothing to wear when its cold if you take those!"

"Ma, they ain't paying no mind," said Phlip.

"Ain't you got no heart at all? Has killing and stealing and more killing killed your own souls?"

"They're taking everything!"

"Don't be crying, son. You're the man of the house now, so lets go back and be seeing after our family."

Arm in arm, they turned toward the house. Phlip raised a tear stained face

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toward the graying sky in the vain hope of seeing the "God that would provide."

"How come they took stuff they ain't got no use for? They'll be sure to throw it away. It'd just be in the way to carry."

"Maybe their commander told 'em to. A soldier has to obey orders you know. Maybe their commander—Phlip, I got an idea. I'll ask their commander!"

"If you go by the woods and over the hill, I bet you'd beat 'em back too!"

"The Lord helps them that helps themselves . . . we'll go back to the house and soon as they're out of sight, I'll skidaddle over to that camp before any of the pokey-footed ole yankees can get there."

The soldiers ransacked and milled about for nearly another hour, then finally satisfied that there was nothing left, they started back to their camp. They were not even around the bend of the road before the tiny, barefooted woman caught up with them. Twice she tripped and fell headlong into the dirt, wrenching her foot badly. Each time she rose only to run faster to make up for lost time. She was quite a sight in the midst of the hundreds of ragged, unshaven soldiers who looked curiously after her. Intent on her mission, she proceeded undaunted until she found the commander, General Sickles. Lip trembling, but head high, she submitted her request.

"Are those the soldiers coming up the road now?"

"Yes, sir. And that's my cow too."

"Well, we'll see to it that you get everything back. Lieutenant, send that patrol coming in up here. Ma'am these boys have been at war so long they forget everything except how tired and hungry they are. I hope you won't hold it against them . . . Men, you will return to this lady everything you took from her home and that means everything! Brown, you and Higgins hitch up one of the supply wagons and load all this stuff on it and take it back for Mrs. Allison."

The soldiers meekly emptied their pockets and then sat down and began to take off the hand-knitted socks. Looking at their bleeding, sore-infested feet, Mrs. Allison saw not soldiers but boys—boys like her own, caught up in the tide of the black times and helpless to do anything but kick blindly and try to keep themselves afloat. Turning to the General, she spoke softly, "General, sir. Tell them they can keep the socks and



neckscarves. My husband and boys won't be using 'em anyhow. May the Lord forgive us all!"

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man beat the living daylights out of him. The dog book they gave you in the drugstore when you bought dog medicine said never to whip a dog like that, even if he disobeyed. But I don't reckon Robbie ever read the book, and besides, his dogs outlived everybody else's including the man at the drugstore who gave you the book.

We stopped at the bridge and the old man looked out past the river and surveyed the broad expanse of the bottom land. "Where does the river start, Mr. Robbie?" I asked presently.

"Up near Pisgah," he replied.

"How does a river start?"

"A lot of little rivers run into it."

"Where does the river go to?"

"To Knoxville." I thought about that for awhile. "Where's Knoxville?"

"Behind where the sun sets."

"Then it's over there," I said, pointing to the west, proud of knowing where the sun sets. We were silent for awhile, just looking at the rows and rows of corn. "Mr. Robbie, you know what my Daddy said would

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## Book Reviews

### "Why Turkeys Fly Uphill"

*The Old Man and the Boy.* BY ROBERT RUARK. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1957. 303 pp. \$3.95.

The Old Man and the Boy hunt and fish in the fields and streams along the North Carolina coast. The Boy listens and learns the ways of the woods and the streams. He learns the simple things: "why quail sleep at night in a tight circle and why turkeys always fly uphill." Always the Old Man's talk bristles with a backwoods wisdom that flows into every crevice of living, far beyond the simple illustration in which the Old Man couches his lesson. The Boy listens, fascinated, yet always wary of the Old Man's sometimes devious means of instruction. For the Boy it is that time of life when he is metamorphosing into the first unsure steps of manhood, when all the stark, startling realities of life come flashing into his just-awakening consciousness. The cocoon of boyhood is sloughed off as he sits in the awful majesty of sunset on a desolate pond, fishing through the lily pads. He wonders "how long something that never ended would be," and he plies the inscrutable questions of nature's turnings: "the seasons, the rain and the moss on trees . . . the ferns . . . moons and suns and stars and winds." The boy finds humility and achieves manhood as he watches the Old Man's vitality flicker and dim. The Old Man's last and greatest lesson for the boy is his simple, courageous preparation for death.

Mr. Ruark has structured his book with the memories of his boyhood adventures with his grandfather and thus, the book is not a novel in the usual sense. It is composed of episodes which are only loosely connected, and the time progression is vague and indefinite. More aptly, perhaps the book could be described as a series of reminiscences. There is no clear-cut plot, and this

By JOHN BUTLER

condition is further aggravated by the author breaking into the episodes to insert extraneous comments about his African hunting trips. Generally this has a baneful effect upon whatever mood and narrative that has developed. The emphasis seems to be placed upon hunting rather than the central idea of the story. Consequently, the episodes are often repetitious and tiresome. It is the rare quality of the description that drives the reader along. The pages become vibrantly alive with all the happy, exultant days of boyhood. It is certainly evident that the writer had a fine time as a boy.

### "A Ride Through Tin Top"

By BRYAN HARRISON

*Move Over, Mountain.* BY JOHN EHLE. New York: William Morrow and Sons, 1957. 314 pp. \$3.98.

During recent years the novel has become a new medium for the expression of liberal views on the Southern racial problem. As

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a result, the fiction market is being swamped with propaganda novels jumping on the modern liberal bandwagon. Furthermore, modern readers are getting a distorted and dishonest picture of the South and the plight of the Southern Negro.

If the reader is looking for confirmation of the usual preconceptions concerning the modern day South, he will do well not to pick up *Move Over, Mountain*, by John Ehle. If he is looking for an entertaining, truthful, and meaningful novel on Southern Negroes, then this is his book.

The novel opens with a crap game and ends with a crap game, but between crap games, Jordan Cummings lives in Tin Top, the poor Negro section of Leafwood, a fictitious town lying somewhere between Durham and Raleigh. The story is about Jordan's sudden urge to make something out of himself, and his efforts to overcome the natural obstacles that hamper the ambition of a poor Negro.

The author achieved two noteworthy technical feats. First, he was able to write realistically about a people with whom he could not possibly have been intimate. Secondly, he was able to retain the difficult Negro dialect without the use of any complicated system of phonetic spelling. As a conscientious writer and as the possessor of a vivid imagination, John Ehle should be recognized.

The story is, perhaps, slow moving, but it is never dull, for the author takes you on a ride through Tin Top, with its delightful parties and crap games, church meetings and bar room brawls.

This review doesn't mean to say that the racial situation is ignored; it is to say that the writer isn't preoccupied with it to the extent of sacrificing good writing in order to put across social argument. Nor is this to say that Mr. Ehle has failed to shed light on the current crisis. He has shown, by example, that the wisest way to represent

the Negro is realistically, honestly, and with long perspective.

## "The Spirit Of The Chase"

By DAVID PATTERSON

*Jeb Stuart: The Last Cavalier.* BY BURKE DAVIS.  
New York: Rinehart, 1957.

Jeb Stuart was indeed the last cavalier, already an anachronism as the conflict in which he was prominent marked the dawn of total war. He resembled more a feudal knight rushing off to defend his land and people by right of arms than he did a modern soldier fighting in a political war. Yet Stuart had a reason for his seemingly untimely appearance; his dash and glamour penetrated into the fighting spirit of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the morale factor that he imparted was his great contribution to the War. Yet that same dash and glamour caused military blunders of far-reaching significance and before his death Jeb was looked on by many as a military failure. In the first definitive biography of Stuart in twenty years, his life reads like a Greek tragedy.

Stuart was born a Virginian, educated at

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West Point, and early in life we see him on the Western frontier fighting Comanches. He married the daughter of Colonel Phillip St. George Cook, who, when the war came, chose the Union and thereby created strife in the Stuart family. Jeb was in Washington by accident when the Harper's Ferry incident occurred and he played an important role in the capture of John Brown. Later, the war came and at the age of twenty-eight Lieutenant Joseph Ewel Brown Stuart rode out of the West to defend Virginia.

Stuart's philosophy of war was best summed up in a remark to Stonewall Jackson before either of them were the great figures they both came to be: "If we oppose (the enemy) force to force we cannot win, for their resources are greater than ours. We must substitute *esprit* for numbers. Therefore I strive to inculcate in my men the spirit of the chase." This he did and the result was felt by the Confederate High Command at some crucial times when "the chase" turned into a joy ride.

Stuart was the embodiment of all that was Southern; he fought yankees by day and made merry with patriotic Southern women by night. Although outnumbered, Lee's horsemen could literally run circles around the enemy, for riding and shooting was second-nature to Southern boys and the romance, chivalry, and *esprit de corps* of the general and his staff had its effect. The famous ride around McClellan, the raid on Pope's headquarters, the raid into Pennsylvania, and the brilliant screening movements at each campaign brought Stuart commendations from Lee, Longstreet, Jackson and President Davis. Yet after Chancellorsville, the Federals began to count sabers and the yankee shopkeepers and farm boys had learned to wield them. No longer able to check the enemy columns Jeb found praise and adulation coming slow. His most beloved lieutenants were being killed and the confederacy was doomed. Stuart died in an effort to halt a yankee raid on Richmond.

The author devotes considerable space to minor characters that surrounded Stuart during the war days: John Pelham, the brilliant boy soldier, who organized Stuart's horse artillery and won more distinction than perhaps any other field officer, Boastful Heros Von Borke, the prussian soldier of fortune, William Blackford and John Esten Cooke, writers of memoirs, Wade Hampton, the giant South Carolinian.

Burke Davis' biography of Stuart is a superbly constructed book. With little or no interpretation of the events he allows the reader to draw his own portrait of the man—his weaknesses and strengths, his successes and mistakes. Of course, this type

of coverage is ideal for the Civil war student, but factual reporting becomes dull for the unorientated reader.

Yet the author does a remarkable job of reporting; and the work he has done, both here and in the past, of re-examining sources and throwing out accepted fallacies, places him among our top civil war writers.

## "Journey Through The Ruins"

By HUGH AGEE

*When the World Ended: The Diary of Emma LeConte.* Edited by Earl Schenck Miers. New York: Oxford University Press, 1957. 124 pp. \$3.00.

At a time when so much is being written about the Civil War, a book such as Emma LeConte's Diary is of particular importance, for it is through such first-hand accounts that we learn of the impact of the war upon the people at that time. Earl Schenck Miers, who edits Miss LeConte's account, has proved himself a capable scholar and historian of the Civil War era in previous works, especially *The General Who Marched to Hell*, which would serve as a prime prerequisite for any reader of this diary, since

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it deals with Sherman's march.

Emma LeConte was thirteen when the war began, and seventeen at the writing of her *Diary*. The daughter of a college professor, Miss LeConte displays a sharp intellect and a keen sense of awareness as she records the events centered around the burning of Columbia, S. C. Her diary begins on December 31, 1864 and is concluded on August 10, 1865, and during this time she reveals herself as a brave, considerate, but somewhat sentimental, young woman, who, like so many Southerners, could not believe that the cause was truly a lost one. She resigns herself to further hardships as she is convinced that "guerilla fighting and all the atrocities and evils that come in its train" will follow if the armies of the South are overthrown.

Emma LeConte, at seventeen, may be considered a mature woman, for growing up in the midst of war clearly forced her into reality. In spite of her romantic ideas about her land, she could not put aside the anguish and discomfort that war brought to her. Yet, as one reads of women making their clothes from coarse homespun and living on flour and rancid pork, one cannot help but note the almost passive air with which these conditions are accepted.

This diary serves to accent the chauvinism

of Southern womanhood, and as we read it, we realize that the prevailing Southern charm of the plantation era is lost to us. As a measurement of Southern life and Southern thinking, Miss LeConte's diary deserves to be read. However, for a close look at the sack of Columbia, this diary would not suffice, for most of her entries about the city are second hand, except for her journeys through the ruins following the fire.

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happen in ten years."

"What's that."

"He said there would be a row of smokestacks up and down the valley as far as the eye can see." I thought this would make an impression on Robbie, but he showed no sign of it. He merely began stroking his beard and gazing intently with his hard blue eyes. I tried to imagine rows of smokestacks in the fields instead of rows of corn. "Do you think there will be a row of smokestacks as far as the eye can see, Mr. Robbie?" He looked at me as if noticing me for the first time and after awhile he turned toward home looking at the mountain.

"Let's hope not, son. Let's hope not." The wind blew through the old man's hair, and stroking his beard, he looked like a shepherd

(Continued on Page 21)

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who had lost a sheep.

The spring that I became big enough to handle a plow was the year Jack died and Maud was swapped off for a younger horse and Robbie's rival plowboy walked off in a huff.

The winter before we had suffered the heaviest snow that I had ever known and in February the river burst its banks and the water closed the highway and the railroad and seeped into Robbie's house at the foot of the mountain. They tell me that in 1916 the river broke through a dam up in the valley and the water reached as high as the house we lived in, halfway up the mountain. Robbie was younger in those days and often he would talk of the great flood and how the bridge was washed away and how the amusement park, erected by the city, had disappeared in a matter of minutes. After the flood, the city leased the land to Robbie and he worked it every day, come snow, flood, sickness, or failing crops.

All through the summer months, I worked in the fields with Robbie with all the enthusiasm of a boy in love with his work. One night, sitting on Robbie's stone steps at the foot of the mountain, I revealed to the old man the plans I had formed since I was old enough to cross the highway by myself. I told him that I was going away to school, when I was old enough, and study agriculture. When I got out I was going to return to the valley and become a farmer like himself.

He nodded his head, "It's not easy a life as you might expect."

Autumn came and the river, low and shallow, was calm, and as the level sunk, the river revealed small islands and huge pieces of concrete that were part of the bridge destroyed in 1916. And as the willow leaves fell from the trees and floated down the river, the last ears of corn were gathered in the fields and the stalks were cut and gathered for feed. And the fields were clean and scattered with pumpkins and the apple trees on the mountain dropped their fruit. The days were pleasant and cool.

One October Friday of that year, Robbie died. He had been sick all during the harvest weeks. Stubbornly refusing any attention that neighbors were apt to give him, he laughed at their undue concern. However, he grew too weak to cook for himself and my mother, shawl over her head, would carry trays of food to the foot of the mountain. Finally, when she saw that the old man was too weak to move, she called an ambulance. I watched Jim and another man put the still-protesting Robbie into the ambulance. He had cancer and they refused to let me visit him in the hospital and in a few

days he died, far away from the river and the valley.

I returned home from school six years later. Walking down the familiar asphalt drive, I saw that someone was living in Mr. Robbie's house. The barns that had laid on the other side of the highway were gone and, as I started across the concrete bridge, I noticed that there was a railroad track on this side of the valley and that in order to lay the tracks a great embankment had been erected. The February flood would not get past that bank nor would corn grow in the now adulterated field. There was an oily film on the surface of the river and I had been told that the factories upstream had polluted the water and killed all the fish. And I stood at that spot where Robbie and I often stood and saw that the garbage dump was directly below me and the great trucks were unloading piles of trash and a man on a bulldozer was grinding it into the earth. I looked further ahead and saw seemingly endless miles of twisted, rusted steel where the junk dealers had deposited the wreckage of an age of mechanization. And I could see that further up the river, three new bridges had been constructed. And behind those great silver ladders of steel, I saw the columns of black smoke rise into the sky, symbols of a new world.




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## Three Poems

By JAMES HARDY

By JOHN QUINN

By JOHN QUINN

Run, Scat, Kill A Cat  
And hang him on a tree;  
If he hollers let him go  
And bury him with me.  
If I should die behind a bush  
Without my gabardine,  
Put me in a cart and push  
me as far as you can lean.  
Then, when Daniel blows his horn  
And asks for volunteers,  
Funnel up his trumpet high  
And fill him full of beers.  
If he cries before he dies  
And craves another shot,  
Turn the train around again  
And find a wet depot.  
When I am dead and this is read  
By critics full of sneers,  
Funnel up his trumpet high  
And fill him full of beers.

The mad scent of flesh  
confuses most  
he who declines the touch  
fearing the meek design  
the honey mounds  
unable to recall bliss  
in the arguments  
of bartered kisses  
nor the yellow-haired mood  
of nude adolescence

Ill from  
her leaving  
the man stands  
upon the pedestal  
of his heart  
lulling songs  
culling in-  
determinate caresses  
and irretrievable  
goodbyes  
Jesus was  
not more  
isolated  
than he  
This bed strewn  
with books  
Duped Leda  
was not more  
questioning  
her feather bed  
sublime  
than she