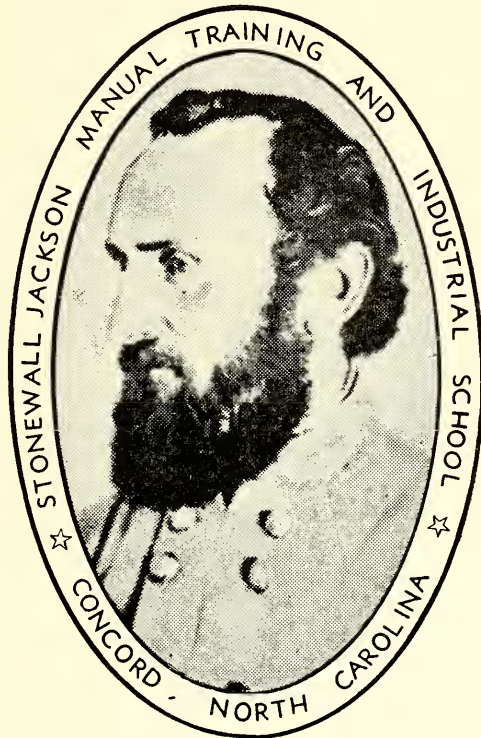


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The UPLIFT

"Maxima Debetur Puerto Reverentia"



STONEWALL JACKSON
(1824 — 1863)

JANUARY

THE UPLIFT

NORTH CAROLINA BOARD OF CORRECTION AND TRAINING
BLAINE M. MADISON, Commissioner

VOLUME LI

JANUARY

NUMBER 1

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Meditations



A JEWEL FOR YOUR MEMORY COLLEGTION

(LET'S MEMORIZE IT)

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion. Psalm 71:1

* * * *

Two very famous artist were asked to paint pictures that would express their idea of peace. One painted a beautiful lake surrounded with colorful flowers and shrubs, behind which on gently rolling pasture lands grazed contented cattle. The other artist painted a waterfall plunging to the rocks below making a fine spray as it hit the bottom where it roared and tumbled tumultuously. On a ledge of rock behind the seeting catareects the artist painted a little mother bird quietly sitting on her nest.

The new year that stretches out before us has not promised a quiet pasture land to graze on. No doubt there will be many rocky waterfalls and seething catareects to be overcome before the year has ended. Peace of mind like the little bird comes from a trust in a superior being who made it all.

Robert Browning says it best:

The year's at the spring And the day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven; The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—All's right with the world.

Prayer: Grant us thy peace, our Father as we face the New Year.
Renew our trust in Thee, and may our lives be spent in Thy service.
Amen

Sunday Services

By Ronald Aiken

Our guest minister for Sunday, December 30, was the Reverend McLarty from the Forest Hill Methodist Church in Concord.

Reverend McLarty told a story about a boy that wanted a watch very much. But his father was too poor to buy him one. One day he went to a jewelry store and when the clerk wasn't looking, he slipped a watch in his pocket and walked out. But a piece of gold, glass, and springs was not what he really wanted. What he really wanted was a time piece of his own that he could proudly show to his friends and neighbors when he pulled it out of his pocket so he could see what time it was. But he was afraid to pull this watch out of his pocket because he was afraid that his friends or someone would ask him where he got the watch. It bothered him so much that one day he went back to the jewelry store and put the watch back. He walked out with ease.

The next story was a man named Arab that owned a fine pair of mares. The champion of the two was named Pearl. Arab had a neighbor that want-

ed to buy Pearl but he wouldn't sell her to him. One night when Arab was asleep, his neighbor cut the rope loose from the tent that was holding Pearl. He then jumped on her and galloped away. The noise of the running mare awoke Arab. At once he was upon the other mare and started chasing the thief. In an instant he knew that he would catch the thief with Pearl because the thief knew very little about riding. But a thought came to him. If the mare he was on out-raced Pearl, she would no longer be champion. He hollered to the thief and told him how to ride. And at once the thief galloped away in the night. The next day Arab told his friends what had happened and they laughed at him. He told them that they just didn't know how much he loved Pearl. He said that it is better to keep a second-rate mare than to have let it win the race with the champion whom he loved so much.

Afterwards he told of a hunter that heard about the Beautiful Bird of Paradise that came and appeared out of the jungle at hi-noon. The hunter

bribed a chief to take him to the place where the bird appeared. They got there before hi-noon and hid in the bushy grass in order to see the bird. The Beautiful Bird of Paradise appeared on the hi-noon schedule. The bird was overflowing in beauty and color. The hunter said to himself that he just couldn't go back to America without this beautiful specimen. At once he raised his gun, took aim, and fired. When he got to the bird, it was no longer overflowing in beauty and color but a mass of bloody feathers.

The last story was about a boy that saw a butterfly with big beautiful wings. It was so attracting that he just had to have it for his specimen. He followed it until it lit on a flower. He eased up on it and grabbed! He had caught it! When he opened his hands, what he saw was only some smattered, color-riden wings. He was very disappointed because he had used the wrong method of catching it.

All of these stories come to a conclusion which points out, "evil means cannot bring good." All of us should use the right method in life that will deliver us happiness.

—:—

Our guest minister for January 6, was Reverend George Cooke from the Bethlehem Baptist Church of Concord.

The subject he preached on was "God's Call For Us." He told us that God gut each of us here for a special purpose and that each of us have a job to do for him.

Mr. Cooke told us the story of a man who had a throat ailment but

loved to sing. A few people in the local church choir did not like the way he sang because they thought he did not help the choir and complained bitterly of him "ruining" their beautiful singing.

The preacher went to see the man and told him that the church had another job for him. They were going to take him out of the choir and place him in the class of teachers during services.

The man asked the preacher how many of the choir members had asked to change him to the teachers dept.

The preacher said, "six."

The man said, "That's nothing, I know of about 50 people who say you can't preach."

Mr. Cooke summarized it all up by saying that we all do not do what God calls us to do but some of us try.

—:—

Our guest minister for Sunday, January 20, was the Reverend Charles Efird from the Harrisburg Presbyterian Church in Harrisburg.

His scripture reading was taken from John 3:16.

Mr. Efird said, "How would we react to a sudden tragedy? For instance, if we just heard that our brother was killed by a car or that the doctor said we had only one week to live. How would we overcome this?" Jesus' disciples overcame it by faith and got some good out of it and we can do it too if we have faith.

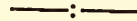
He told of a barbarian king who was listening to the story of the death of Christ. He jumped up and

drew his sword and said, "If only my men and I could have road over to calvary up to the cross we could have saved him." But what he didn't know was that Jesus had come here to die and forgive us of our sins.

Mr. Efrid had a book with him entitled "Paragols." From it he read the story of Adam and Eve. They were given authority to name all the animals in this garden. They named a four legged animal "Kilip" which is a Hebrew name. This Hebrew name translated to English spells "D O G." Adam and Eve were given permission to eat the fruit from all the trees but one. One day Kilip came to them and whined for he knew something was wrong. Adam patted him on the head and said: "We have to leave the garden because we ate from the forbidden tree." Kilip knew at once that the old serpent had persuaded them to take the fruit. So he went down in the garden where the serpent stayed intending to kill him. He saw the serpent and snarled his teeth in ready for fight. But the serpent went quickly down in his hole in the earth where Kilip could not get him. Then Kilip went to the gate in the garden where an angel was. He asked the angel, "If I may do so I would like to go with Adam and Eve to the cold outside world and protect them from the serpent." This is how dog became man's best friend.

The last story he read from the book was about a well to do man that had a son which left home. The boy ran out of money and was starving. He searched for a job and eventually

found one. It was tending hogs. He sat down and started thinking of all the wrong that he had done. He said to himself that he would go home and beg his father for a job and that he was sorry that he had sinned before God and the wrong that he had done to his father. While coming up the road in rags, his father saw him and recognized him because he missed his son and was wanting him to come home. His father greeted him at the door and kissed him. He told the servants to go and kill the fattest calf in the herd and prepare a feast for his son had came home. God will welcome you as the father did because he loves you.



A KINDLY THOUGHT

A kindly thought for each and all
 Will lead to kindlier deeds,
 And if by chance mistakes are made
 A kindlier friend we need.
 Let each look to our blessings,
 And strive to do our best
 To bind our friendships closer,
 And God will do the rest.

Sunshine Magazine

CAMPUS NEWS

RELIGIOUS EMPHASIS MONTH

For many years the month of January has been set aside as Religious Emphasis Month. Each week during this month the cottages hold religious services with local ministers, outstanding church laymen, and other church groups, participating in the program. We are very appreciative of the active and wholesome services rendered by these people during our Religious Emphasis Month.

The students and staff at our school have benefitted a great deal from these services, and the Religious Emphasis Month has been most helpful in supplementing our religious program here at Jackson Training School.

—Editor

COTTAGE ONE

The boys of Cottage One had a real nice Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Hinson gave the boys three parties which we enjoyed. We were served cookies, cupcakes, popcorn, candy, party mix and soft drinks. Later, on Christmas night each of the boys received a bag of candy, fruit and nuts.

Then came Christmas morning and time for the boys to open their presents. Some of the boys received car models, paint sets, clothes and other items. A carrom board, bought by Mr. Hinson, was given to the boys. Everyone certainly enjoys it.

We have received some new boys in Cottage One recently. They are Barry Worley, Elbert McIntosh, Franklin Dunn, Melvin Brown, Mike Murphy, Stewart Winkler, Donnie Hayes and Forrest Hall.

We also have had some boys to go home recently, they were Harry Huffman, Franklin Allen, Dennis Cutshaw, Tom Lawson and Jimmy Petway.

We wish them the best of luck in the future.

On January 7, we started Cottage One's Spiritual Emphasis program by having Reverend Grady N. Dulin of the Kerr Street Methodist Church come and talk with us. He began by reading from the 2nd chapter of Luke, verses 40—52. He talked with us on the subject of Jesus in the temple after the Feast of the Passover, when Jesus was talking with the scribes and Pharisees. After having prayer, we had a question and answer session.

Mr. Dulin visited us again on January 14. He read to us the first chapter of Mark. Jesus was baptized by John the Baptist. Ascending from the water. Jesus heard a voice from Heaven saying, "Thou art my beloved son, of whom I am well pleased." Jesus went into the wilderness and spent 40 days, being tempted of the devil. After leaving the wilderness; he chose Simon, Andrew, James and John as his first disciples. With

these four he went into Capernaum in Galilee healing the sick and casting out unclean spirits. We had a prayer and Mr. Dulin answered some of the boys questions about the Bible.

The third time Reverend Dulin came was on January 20. The scripture reading was taken from Matthew 27: 1-24. Jesus was brought before Pontius Pilate, Governor of Judea, to be tried. Pilate refused to have anything to do with the crucifixion of this just man. The crowd then took charge and later crucified him. Mr. Dulin then talked with us on the subject of "What are you going to do with Jesus?" We had prayer and Mr. Dulin answered some of the boy's religious questions.

Mr. Dulin made his final visit on January 27. His topic for discussion was taken from James 4: 14. He talked on the subject of "What is your life for?" He told us that God has a specific plan for each of our lives.

We would like to express our thanks to Rev. Dulin for coming out and talking with the boys and we hope that he will return real soon.

—James Jones

—:—

COTTAGE TWO

The boys of Cottage Two had a very nice Christmas. We had a big party Monday night. We sang carols, ate cookies, sandwiches, and potato chips.

We had an open house Sunday night and we were honored to have Mr. Madison among our guests. He looked at all the Christmas decrat-

ions and talked with all the boys. Some of the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Liske, Mr. and Mrs. Troutman and their daughter, and a few more of the school's staff. We think that no one could have had a better Christmas than Cottage Two boys.

—Johnny Shepherd

—:—

COTTAGE THREE

On Monday night, December 24, cottage three had a Christmas party. We had bingo for the boys and prizes of candy bars were given to the winners. After we got through playing bingo we had refreshments. We were served party mix, home made mints, cookies, and lime sherbert.

After the party we opened our presents. We all were a little excited. All the presents were given out and everyone had a fine time opening their gifts. Some of the presents consisted of model cars, clothes, games, science kits, books, and other things. All the boys had a real nice Christmas and would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Lowder for making it a nice one for us.

On December 23, open house night, there were a lot of visitors to come to cottage three. They were served punch, party mix, home made mints, and cookies. They were showed through the cottage to see all the decorations. We hope they enjoyed their visit to our cottage and will come again another Christmas.

—Steve Somerset

COTTAGE FOUR

The boys of Cottage Four have really enjoyed the past two months.

Christmas Eve Mr. and Mrs. Cheek took us on a trip to see the beautiful lights that decorate the home of Mr. Robert McCarns of China Grove.

After we left there, we went to see many of the surrounding communities and their Christmas lights and other decorations. We went to Salisbury, China Grove, Kannapolis, Concord, and a few other small towns.

When we returned to the campus we had a party and then opened our presents. All in all we had a wonderful time Christmas.

During January we held our Religious Emphasis each Wednesday night. The Reverend Ernest Russell of the McGill Street Baptist Church held the services.

The subject he talked to us about was the boys in the Bible growing into manhood. The first Wednesday he told us the story of Samuel and how he was called to work for God.

The second Wednesday he told us the story of Daniel and how he won favor of the king and how he was framed and cast into the lion's den. He told how Shadrack, Meshack, and Abendigo were thrown into the fiery furnace and not a hair on their head was harmed because they were God's workers.

On the third Wednesday he told the life of Joseph and how his brothers sold him into slavery. He said Joseph did not hold it against his brothers for selling him into slavery because he knew that God had

a purpose for it. He told us how Joseph foretold the King's dream and what was going to happen. The King gave Joseph the right to tell all the people what to do and placed him in charge of gathering all the grain in preparation of the seven years of famine.

God had planned this so that the Israelites, Joseph's people, would have food during the famine.

The last story was about Jesus. He told us how he grew into manhood to give his life for us.

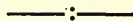
The moral of all this was to show us that we have a mission to fill for God. The thought he gave us was, "We can not teach anyone good by showing them evil."

We wish to thank Mr. Russell for all he has done for us during the Religious Emphasis Month.

—Bobby Lee

—Wayne Hart

—Carl Pruitt



COTTAGE FIVE

Saturday, we, the boys of Cottage Five had a party, we had as refreshments, cold pepsis, potato chips, cakes, and a weiner roast. We would like to thank Mr. Porterfield for making the party possible, we all enjoyed it very much.

Mr. Porterfield has been sending things to the Cottage for a long time, and we think it is very kind of him. We all hope he has a nice Christmas.

Saturday night, after the party, Mr. Parrish got the bus and took us to Charlotte to see the Christmas

lights. We went out to Park Road Shopping Center, and then to the Charlottetown Mall and looked at Santa's Castle and rode on the escalator. This was the first time some of the boys had been on one. On Sunday afternoon we went to the new dam that Duke Power Company is building on the Catawba River. We came back by Mooresville, Landis, Kannapolis, and Concord to see the Christmas lights. Again we would like to thank Mr. Porterfield and Mr. Parrish for everything.

—Sanford Higgs

—Gerald Kersey

—:—

COTTAGE THIRTEEN

Rev. I. M. Brendle of Memorial Methodist Church in Kannapolis conducted the Religious Emphasis in Cottage Thirteen. We enjoyed the services. It was good to have him for our minister as he had been a faithful minister for the school during his pastorate of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church.

His topics for each evening were interesting and inspirational. One was found in the scripture Luke 16: 10-13, "The worth of a person." Character is more powerful than money or intelligence. He that is faithful in the least, is faithful in much; he can serve God if he will try.

"The Power of Habit," another topic found in the scripture Mark 4: 3-10. Habits that are fixed are hard to control. Jesus formed habits early of what God wanted him to do. The life we live today will help make the

habits of tomorrow.

Another topic, "The true vine" in the scripture John 15: 1-20. When Jesus gave us this illustration to show us how we are connected with God. Jesus has something to give us as the vine has something to give the branch attached.

We would like to thank Rev. Brendle for such nice and inspirational services each week. We would also like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson for the cookies and cake we had after the services.

We were glad to have the visitors attend our services, who were Mrs. Brendle, Mr. and Mrs. Troutman of Kannapolis, and Mr. and Mrs. Liske.

—Bruce Triplette

—:—

COTTAGE FOURTEEN

On December 23, the school held its open house. Many guests were invited to tour the school. Among the most outstanding guests was Mr. Blaine M. Madison, Commissioner of Correction. He came to our cottage and shook hands with all the boys. He also went around and talked to the boys and encouraging them to do their best at the school.

We were all honored to have such a distinguished visitor.

On Monday evening, December 24, Cottage Fourteen celebrated Christmas Eve with a party. We played games, sang carols, and opened our gifts. After the games we were served refreshments which consisted of Christmas cookies, cup cakes, candy, potato chips, and drinks. The cookies

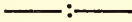
and cup cakes were baked by Mrs. Hooker and some of the boys. We all thank them for helping to make the party a nice one.

Everyone was very quiet and expectant when the gifts were distributed. Many of the boys received watches and clothes. There were gifts for everyone from the school.

It was pretty late when we went to bed and I think most of us were glad to get to sleep after such an exciting Christmas Eve.

We all thank Mr. and Mrs. Hooker and everyone who helped to make the party possible.

—Mike Davis



COTTAGE FIFTEEN

The boys at Cottage 15 are very happy to say that they have won the volleyball trophy. On December 17, we won our last game. We won over Cottage 17 by a score of 21-16.

We have started putting away our Christmas decorations. We spent a lot of time making cookies.

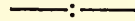
We have three boys going home this month. They are Jerry Smith, Eugene McLain, and Ken Smith.

We are very happy to be back at 15, and very happy that Mr. Peck is well.

A week later we had three boys go home for five days. On Christmas eve we had our party. We ate cupcakes, cookies, hot chocolate, potato chips and sandwiches. Later we had a pepsi and some candy. We all would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Peck for the party.

On open house night we had quite a few visitors including a group of about 25 from the Kerr Street Methodist Church. They gave all the boys a bag of fruit and candy and a gift for each boy.

—Rick Broome



COTTAGE SEVENTEEN

The month of December has been a very busy and happy time for us. We began early on our decorations as we made most of them for our cottage. We worked in groups and everyone made something to add to our decorations. We all enjoyed decorating the ornaments to put on our Christmas tree. When everything was finished and our tree put up it really looked like Christmas time.

Mrs. James Furr gave each of us a handmade stocking of red and green felt decorated with his name on it, these we hung by the fireplace.

On Sunday, December 16, we were visited by a group of young people from the First Methodist Church, Albermarle N. C. They came to wish us a "Merry Chsistmas" and brought boxes of home made cookies and candy, also gifts for our Christmas stockings. We hope they will come back to visit us again. Mrs. Ellen Newton from Charlotte also brought us some home made cakes and some drinks which we enjoyed very much.

On Sunday, Dec. 23, open house was held. We were happy to have so many people visit us. They were most interested in the things we had made and materials we had used. Cookies, which

we made, and punch was served to our guests.

Christmas Eve was finally here, the presents were stacked high under our tree. It was time for our party. First we heard the Christmas Story of long ago, then we sang Christmas carols. Now it was time to open our presents. Each of us received lots of gifts, clothes and games which we will enjoy for a long time. Then we were served refreshments, which consisted of chocolate and coconut cakes, cookies, candy, and drinks. Christmas day was spent enjoying the gifts we received. Everyone had a very Merry Christmas.

—Harry Newton

—David Lashley

—:—

COTTAGE THREE

Rev. George Cooke attended Cottage 3 this month for Religious Emphasis services. He talked with us a great deal about how David killed Goliath. Rev. Cooke brought out points that I know will always stay with us. On his last visit to our Cottage he brought Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Simmons from the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church. Mr. Simmons brought some slides of the Holy Land. They were very good with what Rev. Cooke had been speaking on. Mr. Simmons dis- them.

He told us that he took them him- self in 1955. He said he stayed over in the Holy Land six weeks taking pictures and visiting the beautiful and interesting places. We enjoyed hav- ing Mr. and Mrs. Simmons visiting

our Cottage very much. We appreci- ate them taking up their time and coming out to show us the slides. We also enjoyed having Rev. Cooke as our minister for the Religious Em- phasis month. He is a very good preacher and he brings out a points that he thinks we should know and keep in mind.

Saturday evening, January 19th, Mr. and Mrs. Lowder and the boys cleaned up the room in the basement where we keep our dress clothes. There was a lot of stuff that needed to be cleaned and put away. Some al- so that needed to be thrown away. After we got through cleaning up the basement we went up stairs. Mrs. Lowder served refreshments of cold drinks, peanut butter, and crackers. We all enjoyed the refreshments very much.

We have some new boys that just came to our cottage and we hope that they do their best in school and try hard at the tasks they are told to do.

Cottage 3 played Cottage 10 in a basketball game last Saturday. It was a tough game. We were fortunate e- nough to win. The score was 25 to 20. Everyone were good sports about los- ing the game to Cottage 10. We hope that we will be able to win in the games that we play in the future for the basketball trophy. We will be good sports whether we win or lose. The boys who play on the team are: Bill Rhymer, center; the two guards are John Walker and John Hooper; the fowards are J. C. Clayton and Steve Somersett.

—Steve Somersett

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

GYM

The volleyball tournament was completed before Christmas and the finals were played on Monday night. In the finals Cottage No. Two won a very close game over Cottage No. One in an overtime.

In the B League Cottage 15 won over Cottage 17 in a well played game.

In the C League Cottage 9 was victorious over Cottage 13.

The trophies were presented Wed. December 19th to the winning cottages.

In the Physical Education classes we have started on basketball. We are learning the rules, skills and techniques of the game. The practice sessions will start this week for the cottages and the regular games will start in about two weeks.

—Lorin Randolph

COTTON MILL

The Cotton Mill has been closed since about December 4th. It is closed for renovations that it has needed, and have waited for so long. The Cotton Mill boys have been working on various jobs since the mill has been closed. They are all looking forward to getting back to their regular work in the mill.

—Cotton Mill Boys

PLUMBING SHOP

The Plumbing Shop boys have been digging a septic tank drain over at Mr. Auten's house. We also have been putting fuse boxes in Cottages 6 and 17.

We fixed the boiler at the old school and have been keeping the new school boiler in good condition.

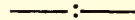
We fixed a bursted pipe at the dairy and a drinking bowl.

We had two boys to go home this month, their names are Dennis Cutshaw and Toy Harrison.

—Clyd Boring

—Mike Miller

—Willard Martin



DAIRY

We have been getting about 40 to 41 crates of milk per day and the milkers are working good. The men that are working down here are about ready to start working on the milkhouse.

We have had four boys to go home this month. They are Larry Norton, Terry Edwards, Mike Bernici, George Smith. We wish these boys the best of luck in their community.

The cows are holding up fine on their milk. We have several cows expecting to freshen very soon.

The boys in the dairy enjoy their work very much and would like to thank Mr. Auten for teaching us how to operate the dairy.

—Mike Shaw

PRINT SHOP

The Print Shop boys have been very busy during the months of December and January.

In the month of December we pressed the programs and invitations for the annual Christmas play which the boys of Jackson Training School gave. Next we pressed Christmas carols for the cottages. Then we pressed the covers for the December Uplift and put them on. All the time some of the boys were working on the Biennial Report for 1960 to 1962. After we got out the December Uplift everyone was working on the Biennial Report. Finally about the middle of January we finished it. The cover is a light blue, the book had some 96 pages. The boys were very glad to have finished it.

In the month of January we have pressed CT. forms, booklets for the North Carolina Board of Correction, and pressed pamphlets about Psychological and Clinical Services, Correction and Training Schools, and 'Round the Clock Services for Young People with Behavior Problems. We have also been busy with the January Uplift.

We have had one boy to go home this month. His name is James Petway, from Rocky Mount. We also have one boy expecting to go home during the month of February, his name is Edmund W. Hart from Greenville, North Carolina.

—Bobby Lee
—Ronald Aiken
—James Roberts

CARPENTER SHOP

The boys at the Carpenter Shop haven't done much this month. We are glad to get back from our vacation. Mr. Dry has finished painting the Infirmary and started on the cafeteria. We are going to help fix some plastic covers for the plant beds.

—Richard Broome

—:—

LAUNDRY

The Laundry Boys have been working very hard here at Christmas time to get all the clothes washed and dried so the boys can have clean clothes to wear. Mr. Joe has been working through Christmas with some of the Laundry boys.

We wish to thank him for doing this for us.

—Terry Motley

—:—

BAKERY

The bakery boys have been working very hard this month preparing deserts.

Some of the boys have been getting up at 5:00 during the Christmas holidays so that they could prepare more bread and deserts for the holidays so they could get off early enough to see the movies.

Mr. Dry and the boys painted the bakery for us and it looks nice

One of our boys went home for five days. His name was Charles Lee. We are glad that he was able to do so.

—Steve Vonnannon
—John Williamson

CAFETERIA

The boys in the cafeteria enjoyed their Christmas holidays very much.

All the boys in the cafeteria worked very hard preparing the Christmas dinners for the boys and the staff party. From what we hear the party was enjoyed very much by the staff, and all the boys that served received a box of candy from Mr. and Mrs. Liske.

We received several new boys this month and we hope that they get along very well.

We hope everybody will have a happy New Year.

—Sanford Higgs

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

We have been very busy this month in the shop putting anti freeze in all the farm trucks and tractors.

We've got the "H" tractor torn down and ready to be overhauled. We also have been taking care of the bulldozer while they have been working on the field next to the new school building.

We have a new boy in the morning, his name is Billy Lovings, we are hoping that he does alright during his stay here.

—Dennis Wolfe

—John McNeil

—Paul Brady

—:—

SHOE SHOP

The boys in the Shoe Shop have been working very hard this month fixing the shoes.

We have one new boy in the Shop. His name is Karl Bullock. We hope he enjoys his stay here.

Here are the total shoes fixed this month: Richard Christy 52, Donnie Osborne 45, Ellis Allen 31, John Beach 21, Edsel Martin 21, Randy Carver 12, Mr. Burr 7, Carl Parker 3, Ernest Cook 1, and Karl Bullock 1.

—Richard Christy

—Donnie Osborne

—:—

BARBER SHOP

The boys in the Barber Shop have been very busy this month.

The total of haircuts is 443: Jerry Penley 117, Kenneth Barr 73, Gary Bullard 55, Clinton Martin 47, James Carter 41, Ralph Shuffler 39, Steve Somerset 38, Phillip Jenkins 18, and Mr. Burr 15.

We have one boy going home this month. His name is Steve Somerset. We wish him the best of luck.

—Jerry Penley

—:—

TRACTOR FORCE

The boys on the tractor force have been working hard the last few weeks plowing, disking, hauling coal, cleaning equipment, and getting grain and crops ready for next year.

We have three new boys on the tractor force, their names are Billy Overstreet, Harvey Locklear, and Rayford Knight, we hope they make out real well and learn their trade well. We are glad to see two boys go home this month, they are James Frick, and Richard Pennell.

—Jerry Ward

SEWING ROOM

We have been very busy this month making shirts, pajamas, and sewing rugs. We have had two boys to go home, they were Perry Davis, and David McMurry. We also have two new boys who are Johnny Rayle and Willie Poston. We are glad to come back to work after the Christmas holidays.

—David Funderburk

—:—

BARN FORCE

All of the boys on the barn force have enjoyed their Christmas. Some of the boys had to work during Christmas but they did not mind.

A lot of the boys received citations during the month for working extra.

Some of us have been working at the slaughter house this month, killing pigs and cows.

Recently we have vaccinated all of the pigs for cholera.

—:—

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

SPECIAL C

Joe Melton has drawn a very pretty snow scene on the blackboard in Mrs. Stalling's room. It shows a carriage, red barn, and trees covered with snow in the foreground. A village with a little church is in the background. A river which he has colored blue, winds its way through the woodland. A covered bridge spans the river.

Joe has skillfully blended in the blue of the sky with the purple of the mountains. A forest of fir trees is in the distance.

This picture shows real talent and initiative on the part of Joe.

—:—

SIXTH GRADE

The Sixth grade has been working hard on different nations this month. We have learned a lot. We have studied about Japan and other nations.

Mr. Wentz has been working very hard with us.

The Sixth grade would like to thank him for what he has taught us this month.

The Sixth grade has gotten a new boy this month. His name is Melvin Brown. We hope he will make a good student and will do his best.

—Tony Walker

—:—

A small boy sat on a fence eyeing the luscious-looking apples hanging from the branches of a nearby tree. Suddenly the farmer appeared. "Sonny," he demanded sternly, "are you trying to steal those apples?"

"No, sir," answered the boy, "I'm trying not to."

—:—

A westerner was visiting New York for the first time. He entered a large department store and sauntered around. Finally a sales girl asked if she might help him.

"No, thank you, ma'am," he replied. "I reckon not. I've never seen so much I could do without."

Honor Rolls

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

DECEMBER

COTTAGE NO. 1

Jerry Brewer
Harry Huffman

COTTAGE NO. 2

Lee Bevins
Thomas Carter
Joe Melton
Jerry Ward

COTTAGE NO. 3

Terry Brewer
J. C. Clayton
Douglas Creakman
Reeves Ferguson
Mitchell Newberry

COTTAGE NO. 4

Bobby Lee
Ervin Ward
James Walker

COTTAGE NO. 5

Sanford Higgs
Gerald Kersey
Gurney Reavis

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kermit Riffle

COTTAGE NO. 8

George Bell

COTTAGE NO. 9

Larry Bullard
James Carter
Dean Carter
Phillip Jenkins
Harry Lowery
Jimmie Lowery
Vernon Silver

COTTAGE NO. 10

Ronald Brown
Wayne Hogan
Ronnie Jones
William Junaluska
Wayne Ramsey
Freddie Riffle

COTTAGE NO. 11

Ronald Aiken
Richard Christy
John McNeill
Ralph Shuffler

COTTAGE NO. 13

Charles Gray
George Mathis
Earnie Reavis
James Riddle
Eddie Trivette

COTTAGE NO. 15

Curtis Chavis
James Frick
Joseph Owenby

COTTAGE NO. 17

Roger Fowler
John Frizell
David Lashley
Jay Whisnant
John Williamson

INFIRMARY

Gerald Baynard
Bill Taylor

JANUARY**COTTAGE NO. 1**

Jerry Brewer
James Sutton

COTTAGE NO. 2

Thomas Carter
Joe Melton
Inman Chandler
Jerry Ward

COTTAGE NO. 3

Terry Brewer
J. C. Clayton
Reeves Ferguson
Mitchell Newberry
James Roland

COTTAGE NO. 4

Bobby Lee
Carl Pruitt
Ervin Ward
Jimmy Kelley

COTTAGE NO. 5

Gerald Kersey
Gurney Reavis

COTTAGE NO. 6

Richard Estes
Buford Higgs
Wayne Kirby

COTTAGE NO. 7

Johnny Sain

COTTAGE NO. 9

James Carter
James Chavis
Floyd Darnell
James Dobish
Robert Fink
Ralph Hawkins
George Long
Harry Lowery
Jimmie Lowery
Emmett McCall
Vernon Silver
Allan Spivey

COTTAGE NO. 10

Randy Boyles
Jackie Garris
Ronnie Jones
Jimmy Mintz
Freddie Riffle
Thomas Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 13

Charles Crouch
Ronnie Galyean
Charles Gray
William Patterson
Earnie Reavis

Eddie Trivette
Kenneth Westbrook

COTTAGE NO. 14

Floyd Beaver
Bruce Calloway
Gary Conner
James Davis
Henry Faircloth
Hurley Meeks

COTTAGE NO. 15

Curtis Chavis
Terrell Key

COTTAGE NO. 17

John Frizell
David Lashley

INFIRMARY

Gerald Baynard
Bill Taylor

TRADE HONOR ROLL

DECEMBER

OFFICE

James Newell
Mitchell Newberry
Harvey Johnson

PRINT SHOP

Lorin Randolph
William Austin
Mike Davis
Wayne Hart
Lloyd McIntosh
Ronald Aiken
Darrell Revels

PLUMBING SHOP

Clyde Boring
Mike Miller
Willard Martin
Thomas Purser
Floyd Beaver

SEWING ROOM

David Funderburk
Perry Davis
Gurney Reavis

INFIRMARY

Gerald Baynard
Bill Taylor

POULTRY AND YARD

Roger Neagle
J. T. Ashley
William Holder
Hubert Parker
Mike Lowery
Monty Gravitte
William Junaluska
Tommy Hazelwood
Robert Bridges
Lee Bivens
Jimmy Roland
Jimmy Crouch
Eugene Foss

TEXTILE

Curtis Chavis
Wayne Holland
Benny Hollingsworth
Paul Belanger
Ronnie McQuiague
Robert McCaw
Bobby Crouch
Johnny Hawkins

Marshall Lowery
 Eddie Trivette
 Bobby Goode
 Gary Blackburn
 Max Burleyson
 Donnie Hargett

SHOE SHOP

John Beach
 Ellis Allen
 Richard Christy
 Edsel Martin
 Carl Parker
 Ernest Cook
 James Carver

BARBER SHOP

Gary Bullard
 Steve Somerset
 Jerry Penley
 Kenneth Barr
 James Carter
 Phillip Jenkins
 Clinton Martin
 Ralph Shuffler

GYM

Floyd Austin

LAUNDRY

Troy Starnes
 Roger Fowler
 Cauley Lee
 Arlis Summey
 Terry Motley
 Wayne Conner
 Jasper Vincent
 Earnie Reavis
 James Tullock
 Bobby Cornwell
 Claude Williams
 James Sutton
 Harry Lowery

George Mathis
 James Chavis
 Steve Phillips

FARM

Jerry Ward
 James Frick
 Richard Pennell
 Jimmy Kelly
 Jimmy Oxendine
 Harry Overstreet
 Roger Wyatt
 Wayne Walker
 Norman Barton
 Jimmy Lowery
 Harry Newton
 Leigher Hunt
 Robert McDaniels
 Charles Locklear
 Steve Kirby
 Larce Jacobs
 Jerry Helms
 Randy Boyles

CAFETERIA

Dewey McCall
 Jimmy Mintz
 Tony Chester
 Billy Watson
 Earl Patterson
 Joe Melton
 David Lashley
 Ernest Hicks
 Allen Spivey
 Charles Creakman
 Charles Lee
 Richard Swinson
 Larry Brown
 Bill Rhymer
 Jay Whisnant
 David Potter
 Jimmy Riddle

Roy Conner
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 Gary Hall
 Dickie Hall
 Larry Bullard
 Bobby Nelson
 Ronnie Brown
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 Wiley Parham
 Tommy Carter
 George Boone
 Earl Patterson
 William Albro
 Earl Faulkerson
 Roger Shelton
 Ronnie Jones
 Jimmy Mintz
 Roger Younts
 Reeves Ferguson
 Buddy Long
 Tony Walker
 Charles Butler
 Jim Walker
 Hurley Meeks
 Ralph Davis
 Gordon Brown
 Willie Austin

—:—

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool. Shun him.

He who knows not, and knows that that he knows not, is a child. Teach him.

He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep. Awaken him.

He who knows, and knows that he knows, is wise. Follow him.

An American army officer stationed in Australia decided to go on a kangaroo hunt. He climbed into his jeep and instructed his Negro driver to proceed to the plains in quest of a kangaroo. Soon they spotted one, and the driver drove the jeep in hot pursuit.

For some time they went at break-neck speed without gaining on the animal. Finally, the driver shouted to the officer, "Ain't no use chasin' that thing, suh!"

"Why not?" asked the officer.

" 'Cause we's now doin' 65, and that critter ain't even put his front feet down yit!"

An adverse witness preceded each answer with "I think . . ."

The distraught lawyer demanded for the third time that the witness tell the court and jury "what you know, and not what you think."

The witness quietly replied, "I'm not a lawyer; I can't talk without thinking"

A cynical woman was complaining about the ineffectiveness of her hearing aid.

"Why not get a new one?" her son inquired.

"The kind I'd want," she said, "would cost three hundred dollars."

"Well, get it," said the son.

"No," she replied wistfully. "I'm not going to pay that for one. There isn't that much worth hearing!"

BIRTHDAYS

Franklin Dunn	Jan.-2-63
Steve Kirby	Jan.-3-63
Billy Watson	Jan.-4-63
Reggie Somerset	Jan.-4-63
Darrell Campbell	Jan.-6-63
Crawford Carter	Jan.-6-63
Ralph Davis	Jan. -8-63
Lewis Walker	Jan.-10-63
Bobby Massey	Jan.-11-63
Alvin West	Jan.-12-63
Max Burleyson	Jan.-12-63
Raeford Knight	Jan.-12-63
James Roberts	Jan.-13-63
George Weaver	Jan.-13-63
Eugene Foss	Jan.-13-63
Howard Stewart	Jan.-15-63
Randy Carver	Jan.-16-63
Larry Webb	Jan.-19-63
Earl Patterson	Jan.-20-63
Alfred Peters	Jan.-22-63
Ralph Hawkins	Jan.-22-63
James Bost	Jan.-23-63
Bobby Pinkleton	Jan.-26-63

David Phillips	Jan.-27-63
Jimmy Oxendine	Jan.-28-63
William Rhymer	Jan.-28-63
Gary Hall	Jan.-28-63
Don Osborne	Jan.-29-63
Gerald Francis	Jan.-29-63

* * * *

Men with clenched fists cannot shake hands.

Hardening of the heart ages people more quickly than hardening of the arteries.

Many a man can credit his success to the fact that he didn't have the advantages others had.

Time is a friend—don't kill it.

Says the thrifty one, "I do not choose to be a common man; I seek opportunity, not security."

Success tip: Start at the bottom and wake up.

It is not a question of who is right, but what is right.

Contentment is the power to get out of any situation all there is in it.

The love of money is the root of all evil; the love of economy is the root of all virtue.

The best thing about the future is that it only comes one day at a time.

A Bible and a newspaper in every home, a good school in every community—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality, and civil liberty.

We are not fully educated unless we have knowledge and know-how. We learn by doing.

NEW STUDENTS

DECEMBER

Murphy, Michael O'Shea	Greensboro
Tuggle, Renard Wayne	High Point
Harrelson, David Eugene	Asheboro
Soles, Jesse Earl	Thomasville
Trent, Donald Gray	Brevard
Brown, Thomas Howard	Brevard
Callicutt, Larry Thomas	Troy
Tilley, Robert Wall	Winston-Salem
Cobbler, Jack Bennett	Winston-Salem
Strickland, Kenneth James	Roanoke Rapids
Brown, Melvin, Jr.	Dunn
Francis, Gerald Dean	Wilbar
Messer, James Virgil	Lansin

JANUARY

Hall, Forrest	Charlotte
Miller, Robert Roger	Charlotte
Winkler, Stewart Wayne	Cornelius
Skinner, Charles Otto	Greensboro
Barton, Steve	Lumberton
Lewis, Jimmy Lynn	Pembroke
Smith, Bobby Ray	Lincolnton
Hall, Cecil Edward	Albemarle

Ellington, Kenneth	Oxford
Johnson, Jerry Ronald	Winston-Salem
West, Alvin Walter	Waynesville
Hayes, Donald Lee	Greensboro
Mosteller, James Robert	Marion
Donaldson, Stephen David	Charlotte
Lawson, Melvin Green, Jr.	Winston-Salem
Jones, Virgil Ray	High Point
Johnson, Jessie Thomas	High Point
Sanders, Jesse Roby	Lenoir
Hutchens, William Franklin	Booneville
Waldroup, Johnny	Hot Springs
McCann, Danny	Hot Springs
Sisk, Ronald Steven	Lincolnton
Love, Douglas Colon	Union Grove
Hallman, Bobby Lee	Lincolnton
McGinnis, Billy Lee	Whitnel
Torrence, Claude Richard, Jr.	Salisbury
Smith, George, Jr.	Lumberton
Smith, Jesse	Lumberton
Chavis, Claud L.	Lumberton
Kantner, Donald Earl	Lake Waccamaw
Pope, Ted Hobart	Rutherfordton
Miller, Preston Woodrow	Goldsboro
Huskins, Cline	Marble

HOW NEW YEAR GETS HERE

December 31, at exactly 11:55 p. m., a signal is sent by wire transmission to two radio stations near Washington, D. C. Both of them broadcast it. The signal is on the air for exactly five minutes, or 300 seconds—then stops. The second of silence that follows is the first in the life of Young New Year—1963.

Actually, Father Time isn't the tottering Old Man with a King Cole beard that we see pictured in the newspapers toward the end of every year. He is really symbolized by a group of studious men who move here and there among many strange-looking instruments that are housed in a big white building surrounded by beautiful grounds at Washington. This is the Naval Observatory. It is here that these men, aided by telescopes and chronometers, time the passage of stars across the imaginary arc in the sky called "the meridian." They know when it is exactly 11:55 p. m., December 31, or precisely which one of those thirty-two and one-half million odd seconds it happens to be at any given time throughout the year. The Naval Observatory sends out a radio time signal several times every day in the year, and time keepers all over the country listen, and regulate big clocks. From these clocks, the public sets its watches. The annual midnight broadcast at New Year's, from both Annapolis and Arlington, is of course the only one to which most of us, even indirectly, pay much formal heed.

The people of olden times did not need those delicate machines in the Naval Observatory to realize that time was divided into days, months, seasons, and years. It was when they were faced with the problem of dividing the days into hours that they made errors, resulting in strange effects upon the calendar—and upon New Year.

The Roman Emperor, Julius Caesar, made the biggest mistake, as far as we are concerned, 1980 years ago. He proclaimed the year to be 674 seconds longer than modern instruments have shown it to be. But in those days there was nobody to contradict Caesar. He had all the available information on the subject at his command, and even had someone known better, he would probably have been afraid to gainsay the Emperor. It was not until 1582 that it was

publicly acknowledged that something was wrong, that New Year's Day was then being celebrated two weeks behind time—time as measured by the sun's returning swing to more northerly latitudes. The people of 1582 had no telescopes and so they could not measure time by the sun and stars as we moderns can, but they realize that ever since Caesar had decreed the length of the year, January 1 had lagged further and further behind the actual commencement of the winter season.

So in that year, New Year's Day was set forward in the calendar, and thus arbitrarily made to conform more closely with the exact number of times the sun had risen and set since Caesar made his mistake—but not closely enough. The calendar was corrected only as far back as the Council of Nicaea, which was held in 325 A. D. at which time New Year's was already four days behind the actual 86,400-second (1,440-minute) day.

Within thirty years after this change, however, telescopes came into use, and man began to learn how to gauge time very accurately by watching the stars as the earth turned beneath the heavens. In the eighteenth century the calendar, quite tardy again by this time, was corrected once more. This time Caesar's year was definitely discarded and the year was determined to be 525,600 minutes long—rather than 525,611 minutes and fourteen seconds, as Caesar thought. The eighteenth century calendar is not perfect, and we still have to match suntime and calendar days by using an odd year called leap year every four years. But nowadays New Year's Day does manage to keep up with the seasons, and doesn't get further and further behind them in the actual passage of days as it used to.

Star time is more accurate than sun time because our own star—the sun—being so much closer and hence appearing much larger than the other stars, takes longer to cross the meridian. So when time is taken by the sun, at meridian, the time tellers at the Naval Observatory qualify their finding by calling it "apparent solar noon." It is by the stars much further out in space than our own sun, which happen to be crossing the meridian arc, that they set the five-minute signal which ushers out the Old Year. To these very ac-

curate clock-setters, "sidereal" or star time is the only kind worth having.

We celebrate the New Year ten days (some authorities say eleven) after the day of the winter solstice, when our planet, moving along its annual orbit, begins to tilt so that the sun shines a little less every day on the region of the equator and a little more upon our own hemisphere, with promise of spring and summer (even though December 21-22 literally marks the first day of the winter season) to the northern countries of the world. The ancient Greeks also began their year at the winter solstice. Other people have used the beginnings of the three other seasons to mark the New Year. The Egyptians divided the years at September 21. They missed the real beginning of autumn by only two days showing that they were fair mathematicians for a people who had no telescope or the advanced arithmetic of later centuries. September 23 has been proved to be the actual start of fall. On that day the sun's rays shine most directly above a section of the earth that is the half-way region of its journeys north and south—a region roughly midway between the North Pole and the Equator.

The Roman year began on March 25, this people missing the real commencement of spring by five days, for the spring equinox—one of two days in the year which is exactly equal to the night has been determined actually to fall on March 20. The Persians seem to have meant for their New Year's Day to be the same as the beginning of summer, but if so they made the greatest seasonal error, for they celebrated on August 11, some fifty-one days after the longest day of the year and the shortest night, June 21, when summer is declared to begin.

But anyway, December 31, 1962, there was a five-minute, 300-second signal, originating in the Naval Observatory, and relayed by broadcast from the government stations at Arlington and Annapolis. The instant it stopped, throughout that eastern-most sector of the nation governed by Eastern Standard Time, we heard bells, chimes, town clocks, and sundry other signals rang out. As time swept across the country, we all had a share in welcoming the New Year.

—J. B. Densmore

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF PRINTING

"The greatest invention of history" —was the appraisal of Victor Hugo of the importance of the invention of printing from movable type. Undoubtedly the invention revolutionized intellectual history. Only the invention of speech and the invention of the alphabet take precedence over it. And this year marks the five hundredth anniversary of this epoch-making event.

Like so many who have made grand bequests to posterity, the name of the inventor of printing from movable type is scarcely known. John Lord, in his "Beacon Lights of History," reminds us of our indebtedness to unknown benefactors. He asks, "Who invented the mariner's compass? Who gave the lyre to primeval ages? Or the blacksmith's forge, or the letters of the alphabet, or the arch in architecture, or glass for windows? Who first turned up the earth with the plow? Who first used the weaver's shuttle? Who devised the cathedrals of the Middle Ages? Who gave the keel to ships? Who was the first that raised bread by yeast? Who invented chimneys?"

So, too, the epoch-making invention of printing from movable type is shrouded in mystery and dispute. However the name of John Gutenberg shines forth with increasing luster. Like Rembrandt in bankruptcy, and Columbus in chains, John Gutenberg in his life lived unhonored. He died February 24, 1468, never dreaming of the far-reaching influence his life and work had exerted. For today John Gutenberg is generally conceded to be the inventor of printing from movable type.

Medieval kings and princes had their signatures carved upon blocks of wood and metal, reversing the letters of course, so that when inked and applied to papers of state, they would leave a clear impression. John Gutenberg, while following the trade of lapidary in Strassburg, made experiments in the reproduction of books by a cheaper and quicker method than copying them by hand. At first his attempts were along the line of block-printing, tying the letters together with twine and then with wire. Several books were printed in this manner. But it was found that this took as long as copying them, since each block had to be engraved. As always, great patience

and perseverance were required, for one difficulty after another had to be overcome. He found the ink softening the wooden type, and when lead was used as a substitute he found this too soft to bear pressure. At last, he cast individual letters on separate little pieces of metal, all the same height and thickness, thus making it easy to arrange them in any desired sequence for printing.

All his sacrifices, from a material viewpoint, were in vain, for very shortly afterward he was involved in lawsuits, the consequence of which was the seizure of all his printing material and presses. He embarked upon other business undertakings, but financial success ever eluded him. However, though he died poor, he surely enriched the lives of hosts.

Through his invention he made art and literature democratic, for what was once confined to a favored few became common property. Indeed, through his invention men and women were blessed with every form of enlightenment—the great truths, philosophies, and sciences which had accumulated through the centuries were made easily available to them.

To the invention of printing we owe the development of our mammoth educational system, for it is the principal implement of school, college, and university. We can scarcely think of any department of modern life which would not be seriously handicapped without its aid. And how it has added to the entertainment and enjoyment of life, making possible fellowship with the greatest minds, and making travel possible at really no cost or inconvenience, bringing Europe, China, India, and remote parts of the earth to the breakfast table.

—Rev. Ivan H. Hagedorn

* * * *

Strive always to be like a good watch—open face, busy hands, pure gold, well regulated, full of good works.

Knowledge is one thing that doesn't become secondhand when used.

Every tomorrow has two handles; we can take hold by the handle of anxiety or by the handle of faith.

TOMORROW

There's a whole day tomorrow
That hasn't yet been tried
A day where new courage
May fling old fears aside,
To bring a nobler noon;
Today may be troubled—
Tomorrow's coming soon!

There's a whole day tomorrow
That hasn't yet been tried
With hours still unwasted
And hopes still undenied;
Free from fret and folly
Today's page is blotted—
Tomorrow's still is clear!

There's a whole day tomorrow
That hasn't yet been tried
Earth's day may be fleeting,
But heaven's hours are wide;
In glory they beckon
Beyond time's restless fray;
Today gropes in darkness—
Tomorrow's on the way!

—Pricilla Leonard

* * * *

There is only one way to improve one's work—love it.

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully.

“We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilted goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows.”

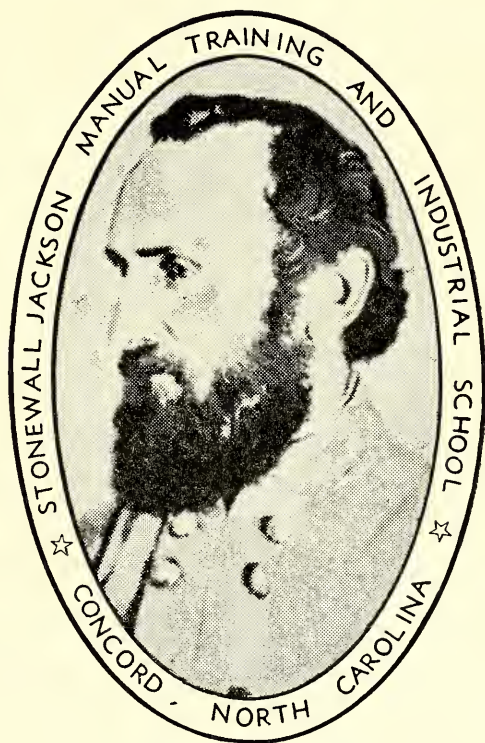
— Edwin Markham

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The UPLIFT

"Maxima Debetur Puero Reverentia"



STONEWALL JACKSON
(1824 — 1863)

FEBRUARY 1963

THE UPLIFT

NORTH CAROLINA BOARD OF CORRECTION AND TRAINING
BLAINE M. MADISON, Commissioner

VOLUME LI

FEBRUARY 1963

NUMBER 2

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COMMISSIONER'S COMMENTS

Blaine M. Madison

(This address was delivered at the meeting of the Moore County Classroom Teachers' Association on December 4, 1962)

PUBLIC EDUCATION THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE AGAINST DELINQUENCY

As society in the United States becomes more complex, the problem of delinquency becomes more acute. In fact, delinquency is one of the most frequently discussed subjects by newspaper and magazine editors, by speakers in the public forum and by the various news media. As the facts and extent of the delinquency problem becomes increasingly clear, they become alarmingly disturbing. The growth of delinquency represents a challenge which our beloved United States cannot afford to ignore. Delinquency rates have steadily risen for thirteen consecutive years. They have gone up faster than the post-war increase in the juvenile population. According to the F. B. I. reports, last year 960,000 persons under age eighteen were arrested by the police. This is an all-time high in our country.

The American people must come to grips with this explosive domestic problem. Today, we face this as a major challenge of the sixties. We are aware that twenty-six million young people will enter the labor market in this decade, and seven and a half million of them will not have graduated from high school. Based on current trends, we know that from three to four million young people will become delinquent in this decade.

As delinquency grows, so do the related problems which contribute to it. Youth unemployment and school dropouts continue to rise. Today we have a vast army of out-of-school, unemployed youth which numbers one million.

When we come to grips with the reality of these facts, when we face the issue squarely, we realize that the battle against delinquency can be won or lost in this decade. What happens in the years which lie immediately ahead of us can determine whether we make major progress, or whether delinquency will become an accepted way of life for millions of our young people.

This brief statement has given something of the scope of the juvenile de-

linquency problem in the United States. What about juvenile delinquency in North Carolina? Since I became Commissioner of Correction on January 1, 1956, the population in the Correction and Training Schools in our State has increased at the rate of thirteen per cent per year. During this period of time, the State has established one new Correction and Training School - Leonard Training School at McCain. We now have 240 students in this school. In 1961 the State Board of Correction and Training took over Moore General Hospital at Swannanoa and established at that facility the Juvenile Evaluation Center. The Juvenile Evaluation Center provides a clinically oriented program for one hundred students whose behavior problems are more acute than are those of the students in the regular Correction and Training Schools.

Juvenile delinquency in our State is represented by such offenses as truancy, truancy from home and school, incorrigibility, shop-lifting, petty larceny, auto theft, etc. There are very few offenses against the person. Another factor closely allied to juvenile delinquency, at both the State and national level, is the recent rise in illegitimate births. During recent years illegitimacy has been increasing from both a percentage and a ratio standpoint. All pregnant girls committed to our Correction and Training Schools are transferred to the Juvenile Evaluation Center. There the staff works with the students to help them in their immediate problem, and to provide services that will, in the long run, do much to counteract the conditions which contributed to the births out of wedlock.

What are the appropriate, logical and necessary next steps to be taken in order to provide adequate control and treatment of juvenile delinquency and youth crime in North Carolina? It is imperative that we provide new and expanded opportunities for young people,

- New and expanded opportunities in education,
- New and expanded opportunities in employment,
- New and expanded opportunities in recreation,
- New and expanded opportunities to overcome social, racial and religious barriers.

We must so stimulate and guide our young people that they will want to lead decent and useful lives, rather than lives of crime and delinquency. We must mobilize our total resources for a comprehensive and vigorous effort to combat all the causes of delinquency and youth crime.

On October 11, 1962, a state-wide meeting was held in Raleigh to consider the school dropout problem in our state. The purpose of this meeting was to stimulate greater awareness of the dropout problem, and to encourage action programs to reduce the number of dropouts. At this conference the State Department of Public Instruction reported that, although the percentage of dropouts in our state is decreasing, we still have a dropout rate of 48.2% in 1962. The report showed further that in Moore County, of the 886 children enrolled in the fifth grade in 1954-55, only 416 graduated from high school in 1962. You see Moore County is fairly representative of the dropout picture in North

Carolina - much above some of the counties, and not as good as some of the counties. My friends, I must tell you in all candor and sincerity that an unemployed, out-of-school youth will get into trouble. The conference gave the following guidelines for solving the dropout problem:

"The problem of drop-outs can best be attacked on the battleground of the individual school.

Living conditions is the community weigh heavily on the balance between staying in school or dropping out.

The problem is not one to be solved by enthusiasm, good will, or credit seeking.

A quiet, concerted effort to help the pupil help himself pays dividends. An opportunity put within reach of the pupil, but allowing him to reach satisfying goals enable the pupil to develop pride and self-respect through his success.

The condition of out-of-school, unemployed youth has been described as "social dynamite."

We have set for ourselves a goal of equality in opportunity through education of everyone as much as everyone can be educated.

Neither the home, nor the school, nor the community can be separated one from the other. Together they are the environment of each child. When one is inadequate, the other two must compensate, lest all three suffer.

Pupils who leave school short of fulfilling their educational potential are a human waste which we cannot afford."

Even though the school, the home and the community must share in the responsibility for combating juvenile delinquency, I am of the opinion that the school, in these complex times, possesses the greatest potential for strong, aggressive action. It is in the public school where the children of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker come together with uniform opportunities and similar purposes. The public school is the common denominator of our much cherished democratic way of life. It is in the public school that the concept of equal educational opportunity for all has its seedbed. The public school is the 'rock of ages' for those who would build on a solid educational foundation. The public school is a shelter from a stormy blast for the weary, wayworn retarded child. The public school is the fountain of youth for all those who would sup at her store of knowledge. The public school is the major American stronghold where an acceptable level of conduct is taught, demanded and maintained. Our society - all races, colors, creeds, and classes - turn to the public school for leadership and guidance. The public school teacher finds herself in a key position never before experienced in American life. To a degree never dreamed of before, the public school teacher holds in her lap the children who tomorrow will chart the course for the American-ship of State, whether this great ship flounders or sails depends, to an everincreasing degree, on the success of the teacher.

Our distinguished Governor, The Honorable Terry Sanford, has promoted a program of quality education in our State, unparalleled in the south. Not since the days of Aycock has a Governor demonstrated such insight, such administrative aptitude, such executive leadership for the cause of public education, as has Governor Sanford.

North Carolina's greatest resource is her children. But this great resource can only reach its full potential when the children are well educated, when the children are behaviorally well adjusted, and when the children are emotionally stabilized.

There are no opportunities for the illiterates.
 There are no opportunities for the delinquents.
 There are no opportunities for the emotionally disturbed.
 The children must be educated,
 The delinquents must be rehabilitated, and
 The emotionally disturbed must be treated.

As long as we give the public schools the tools they need, as long as we continue to recruit dedicated and effective administrators and teachers, as long as we make the classroom the common denominator of the democratic process, the battle with delinquency will never be lost.

* * * *

If you have not often felt that joy of doing a kindly act, you have neglected much, and mostly yourself.

Knowledge and timber should not be used much until they are seasoned.

No amount of pay ever made a good soldier, a good teacher, a good artist, or a good workman.

If you lose your temper it is a sign that you have wrong on your side.

The planet Saturn has nine moons.

One of the moons of Mars revolves around the planet so fast that it rises and sets three times in twenty four and a half hours.

Meditations



A JEWEL FOR YOUR MEMORY COLLECTION

(LET'S MEMORIZE IT)

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance: but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken. **Proverbs 15:13**

* * * *

An old shaggy dog lay whimpering in the gutter, its body broken by the wheels of a car. A doctor passing by noticed the animal and carried it home with him and patched up the broken bones. After weeks of patient care he was surprised to discover that the dog had just walked away with no visible signs of gratitude to his gentle benefactor. Several days later the doctor heard a scratching at his door, and there on the porch he found the old shaggy dog with another dog that had been hurt and badly in need of medical care.

What a wonderful place this world would be if we were more interested in sharing with others the good things that happen to us instead of airing our gripes and ills.

Byron once said, "All who joy would win must share it; Happiness was born a twin."

Prayer: We give thanks, our Father, for Thy goodness to us. Make us spiritually awake that we may see Thy gracious hand behind every good thing in our life. **Amen**

Sunday Services

By Ronald Aiken

We were privileged to have as our guest minister for Sunday, February 10, Reverend Nowell from the Covenant Presbyterian Church of Concord.

Mr. Nowell took his scripture reading from the gospel of John 9: 35 40.

Mr. Nowell had brought with him five types of glasses. The first was a pair of sunglasses. With them we can see things more prettier and very much clearer when the sun is shining bright on a hot day. It helps us to recognize things much better.

The next pair of glasses was reading glasses. With them we can see things that we can't when our eyes are bad.

The third pair were his wife's glasses. With them we can see things him and made his eyes keep from seeing things clearer for they were bifocals.

Another glass was a magnifying glass. It makes objects appear bigger so that we can see them better.

The fifth was a telescope. With it we see things that are far away. But what we really need is to see all things through God.

We were privileged to have as our guest minister for Sunday, February 17, Rev. John Taylor of St. Stevens Lutheran Church at Gold Hill.

Mr. Taylor took his scripture readings from the second chapter of the gospel of St. Mark.

Mr. Taylor talked to us about how we should prepare a goal at an early age. He told of Jesus being a carpenter at the age of twelve. Doctors often wondered how he was able to tell lawyers and other doctors what to say and do. Jesus could have built himself a carpenter shop and could have had a church of his own, but he didn't because he wanted to go and tell the world over about Christ the Lord. He said that nearly everyone should start their ambitions at an early age like Jesus did.

CAMPUS NEWS

COTTAGE TWO

On January 7, Mr. Rudy Hardy came to hold our Religious service during January. He is a pharmacist at Cabarrus Memorial Hospital. He read from Luke, chapter 31. His talk was about the calling of each person and what God wants us to do and responding to the Call of Jesus.

On January 14, his reading came from Chronicles 1:27. Seeking and finding God's will for us.

On January 21, Mr. Sloop substituted for Mr. Hardy who was sick that night. Mr. Sloop read the first chapter of Genesis, "The beginning of time."

On January 28, Mr. Hardy was back with us. His subject was taken from Phillipians 3:8-14. God has a call for everyone. This was the last night of service in the cottage. Mr. Hardy brought some nurses and they sang special songs for us which everyone one enjoyed very much. We wish to extend our thanks to Mr. Hardy, Miss Ray Huneycutt, Marcia Self, Emma Herndon, and Sandra Ammons.

All the boys and Mr. and Mrs. Hahn wish to thank Mr. Hardy for the good services held during January. We all hope that he can be with us again soon.

—Johnny Shepard

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COTTAGE FIVE

On January 2, Rev. Jennings from Rocky River Presbyterian Church

came to Cottage Five. Rev. Jennings told us a little story about Corky The Crow and how he learned his lesson the hard way. Then Mr. Jennings told some riddles. Then he read from St. Matthew 22:1-12. The story is in a parable. A certain King's son was to be married, but when the king sent his servants to invite people the people took them and treated them spitefully and slew them. Then the king sent his armies and destroyed the murderers and their city. Then he sent servants to invite anyone who would come. When the wedding was under way the king noticed a man without a wedding garment. When the king asked him about it he was speechless. The king had him cast into outer darkness.

On January 9, Mr. Jennings told a little story about Bushy the Squirrel, a greedy little squirrel. He then read from St. Luke 12th. chapter. There was a man whose fields brought forth plenty. But he didn't have room for it all. So he said, "I will tear down my barns and build new ones." The man saw that he had plenty to live on. He said; "I will eat, drink and be merry." But that night the Lord called upon him and said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?" So richness does not count unless it is of the Lord.

On January 16, Mr. Jennings told about the Hustlers and the Sluggers, two fish families. The Hustlers accomplished while the Sluggers were to lazy to. Then he read from Matthew

25th. chapter. His subject was the parable of the talents. When a certain man was leaving his home, he called his servants together. To one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one. The man with five took his and made five more. The servant with the two did the same and made two more. But the servant with the one buried it. When the man returned he called them together. To the man with the five and the man with the two he said, "I will make thee ruler over many things." But to the servant who had buried his one, he said, "Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not sowed. Thou should have put my money to the exchangers and made more."

On Wednesday 23, Mr. Jennings told us a story, about man's best friend, dog. He told a riddle and then he read from St. Luke 15th chapter. His subject was the prodigal son. A man had two sons. Then one day one of his sons came to him and said, "Father, I want my share of inheritance." Then he traveled to a far country. As long as he had money he had friends. Then one day his money ran out, and he had to get a job feeding swine. He was often tempted to eat the hogs' food. Then when he came to his senses, he said to himself, "How many of the servants of my father have plenty of food to spare while I starve." He went to his father to get hired as a servant. But when he was still far off his father saw him. He ran to him, fell upon his neck, and

kissed him. And he said to the servants, "Put a robe on him, sandals on his feet, and a ring on his finger. Kill the fattest sheep so that we may feast."

We thank Rev. Jennings for his time and patience. We consider having him with us an honor.

—David Hensley

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COTTAGE SIX

Reverend Alfred Wright came to visit us January 7, 1963. He read from the second chapter of John. He told us the way to be happy for the rest of our life is to have the right company, go with boys who like to go to church. He said to do everything Jesus wants us to do and what he says to do in the Bible. Mr. Wright said to love God with all your heart and all your soul. He said to love your neighbor also. He said that of every four people three of them would not let Jesus come into their heart or wedding. He said that people who let Jesus come into their hearts or weddings would live happily ever after.

Reverend Henry Carroll came to visit us January 14. He said he wanted to talk about his hero. He read from the book of Daniel to us and we talked about Daniel. Rev. Carroll told us of some men who went to a tribe of people and took some of their boys and said they would raise them up in their land and later send them back to their own people. One of the boys was named Daniel. The king of that country said that the boys would

have to eat a certain kind of meat and drink a certain kind of wine. But Daniel would not do it. Daniel had three friends who were; Shadrack, Meshack and Abendego. Daniel and his friends talked to God and trusted God to help them. The Bible says that Jesus arms are not to short to reach out and take us in. He said that we should choose friends who liked to go to church.

Mr. Carroll visited us again on January 21. He told us about another hero named David and how he killed the giant Goliath. David said that Goliath came upon him with a shield and a sword and a spear, but David said he came in the name of God. He said one day David sat down and wrote a song known as the 23 Psalm. Mr. Carroll said that if we put our trust in God he will protect us. He said that God is our shepherd and wants us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

We enjoyed and appreciated the visits of Reverend Carroll and Reverend Wright during Religious Emphasis month and hope they will visit us again at anytime.

On February 16, the boys of Cottage Six were given a birthday and Valentine party by Mr. and Mrs. Hill. Before the party we played several games of throwing darts, pinning the hearts on the Valentine, and bingo. The winners of the dart game were Lester Hatley, Wayne Kirby, Billy Sain, Reggie Somerset, and Bill Triplett. The Valentine winners were Lester Hatley and Kermit Riffle. The winners of the bingo games were

Bobby Pinkleton, Willie Barton, Buford Higgs and Kermit Riffle. The winners were awarded comic books, candy, and gum for prizes.

The Party was given in honor of the following boys birthdays: Larry Webb, Willie Barton, Wayne Kirby, Jimmy Musselwhite, Hal Oxendine, David Phillips, Bobby Pinkleton, Reggie Somerset, William Triplett. Mr. Erwin and the bakery boys made us a big birthday and Valentine cake. We were served Pepsies, hot dogs, Valentine candy, potato chips, cheese crackers with peanut butter and cake. We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Hill for the nice party and Mr. Erwin for the nice cake.

—Billy Sain

—Edward Stewart

—Lester Hatley

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COTTAGE EIGHT

Reverend Jack Guffey from the Poplar Grove Baptist Church in Cabarrus County came to our cottage during the month of January and held our Religious Emphasis services. Mr. Guffey talked to us about sin. He told us of the man on the mountain who was possessed with devils. He told us how Jesus cast the devils out. The devils went from the man into a herd of swine. The swine then ran down the mountain and into the sea. The men who were tending the swine were frightened and ran into the city and told the people of this great wonder.

Mr. Guffey answered any questions the boys had to ask. We feel that

we were very fortunate to have Mr. Guffey come to our cottage during this month. He brought us a good message each week.

The Receiving Cottage has added two more boys to their regular boy list. Their names are Claude Torrence from Salisbury, North Carolina, and Ronald Burroughs from Greensboro, North Carolina. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson and the three regular boys hope they will enjoy their stay in the Receiving Cottage as they come to the school.

—Robert Wright

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COTTAGE TEN

The month of January was Religious Emphasis month at Jackson Training School. The Rev. Joe E. King from East Corinth Baptist Church, Gold Hill, N. C., was the visiting minister at cottage ten. Our first service was held on January 7, at which time he used for his topic, "Is a Christian a Sissy?" This was a very good topic because some people think that if they become a Christian people will call them a "Sissy."

On January 14, Mr. King came back to visit us. This time he brought along several members of his church. We sang several hymns, and then Mr. King answered questions that the boys asked. After that Mr. King used for his topic, "The Fall of Men."

Then on January 21, Mr. King brought some other members of his church. Some of them sang some special hymns. This time he used for

his topic, "Jesus and His Twelve Disciples." He told us how Jesus chose his disciples, and where they were born and how they died. After the meeting several boys talked to Mr. King and were saved.

On January 28, Mr. King came back to see us. This time he brought along two members of Bethlehem Baptist Church. One was the brother of Mr. Ervin in our bakery. We sang a few hymns and then Mr. King used for his topic "Don't Knock too Late." He told us that if you are going to become a Christian, don't wait until you are a man. He brought out some very important facts in this service. Everyone enjoyed his sermons.

—Ronnie Jones

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COTTAGE ELEVEN

The Reverend Jack E. Haymes of the West Concord Baptist Church in Concord and members of his congregation conducted services for our Religious Emphasis Program which is held each January.

On the night of January 7, Mr. Haymes and forty-six members of his congregation were with us for our service. We joined the guest in a number of songs prior to the service. The Youth Choir also came with Mr. Haymes and they sang for us.

Mr. Haymes took his scripture from St. Matthew 26:69-75 and St. Matthew 27:1-10. He talked to us about "Resolutions". He told us that one of Jesus' disciples made an oath which we would call a resolution. The disciple said: "I will not deny Jesus

even if everyone else does." Mr. Haymes said that our resolution should be to live for Christ through the years.

After the service closed he played the sermon that he had just delivered to us on a tape recorder that he had with him.

On the night of January 14, Mr. Haymes and fifty-three members of his congregation joined us for our program. Mr. Carl Kissiah sang several solos. The youth choir sang for us also.

Mr. Troy Hill was the spokesman for the night. He is a deacon in the church. His scripture readings were taken from St. Matthew 5:14; Romans 1:17 and Hebrew 11:6. His topic was "Hang Out Your Lamps". He said that we had to have a lamp of Faith, Conviction, Courage, and Patriotism before we could meet God. He told us about Sir Henry Burton who told everyone to hang out their lamps so that they would give light to the people outside. He said that we too should hang out our lamps for God and our fellowman.

After the service Mr. Rouse showed color slides of the farm, campus and the school to us and our guests. Many of the personnel, students, sports, activities on the campus, former boys, and our Religious Emphasis Programs through the years.

On the night of January 21, Mr. Haymes and sixty-seven members of his congregation joined us. Several songs were sung by the Youth Choir and by Mr. Carl Kissiah and the en-

tire group. The origination of the two songs, "In The Garden" and "The Old Rugged Cross" were played on the record player which has been purchased by the school for our recreational programs.

The spokesman for the night was Mr. Jim Harris who was joined by Miss Judy Paull and Miss Sarah Strube. Mr. Harris works with the RA's. Mr. Harris asked Miss Strube, who is a Training Union leader, to tell us about her confession to God. She said that we have to choose a partner along the way to Heaven or Hades. When we choose we need to choose a partner that is going where we are going and not in the opposite direction. We have to choose a life partner.

Miss Judy Paull who is a Sunday School teacher talked to us. She said that she was saved at the age of nine. She has gone to church all her life. Although when she made her confession, she said, that she really didn't know how important it was to her. She knows now and is very glad that she made the right decision.

Mr. Harris talked to us about our goals. He said that everyone has a goal set for him and if he hasn't been saved and born again there isn't but one goal for him and that is Hell. We should all make the right decision, set our goal, and give our souls to the Lord.

On the last night of our Religious Emphasis Program this year, January 28, Mr. Hames and sixty-one members of his congregation joined

us. We sang a number of songs at the beginning of the service.

Mr. Haymes asked Miss Trudy Sehorn to read the scripture for the night. He talked to us about "A God Who Never Lets Up". He told us about an American tourist that checked into a hotel in a foreign country and at the end of his visit he paid his bill. The clerk asked him if he was going to wait for his receipt. The tourist told him that by God's will he would return to get it later because he was in a hurry. The clerk asked him if he still believed in God. The man said that he did and asked if everyone doesn't. The clerk told him no because they had given that belief up a long time ago. The tourist then told him that perhaps he had better wait for his receipt.

His last story was about a man that had two sons killed in the war. He had a nervous condition and got very upset over this tragedy. Finally he went to the doctor and he told him to go rest in some quiet solemn place. One evening he went for a walk and met a little boy and they started talking. The little boy asked him why there was a blue star in some of the windows. He told him that it represents a boy from that home who went to war to fight for our country. As the night drew on the boy saw some houses with a gold star in the window. The boy wondered about this different star. The man told him that this represents a boy that went to war and gave his life for our country. When darkness arrived the stars in the sky began to shine and the boy

said that God must have a son too. The man told him that he did and that he died in a fight to rid us of sin.

At the close of the service our guest brought in cakes, cookies, and drinks for everyone.

Religion is a part of our everyday life here at the school. The highlight of our program is our fellowship with the faithful congregation of the West Concord Baptist Church who has stood by us through the years.

During our services we were all happy to have Mr. Carl Kissiah as soloist and Mrs. Arnold Byrd as pianist.

On February 9, the boys of Cottage Eleven took their Six Months trip for their excellent conduct. We were accompanied by Mr. Carlton Beck.

First we went down Main Street in Charlotte. There we saw Lance's old factory. Then we went across town and saw the new factory that Lance has built. Next we went to the Douglas Airport, and watched the planes land and take off. By then it was time to return and eat dinner.

After dinner we played a basketball game that was scheduled for us.

Then we got on the bus, and took off again. We toured through Davidson and went out to Cowans Ford Dam Station. We were there once last year, when there wasn't so much water backed up. But it has backed up quite a bit since then. Then we went across Mt. Island Lake, across the Catawba River, and saw the houseboats. We also saw the Sodeycy which is a very big dieing industry. Then we went down the Wilkinson Boulevard and out to the airport

again.

We returned to Charlotte and saw the Charlottetown Mall which has forty-one different stores in it, Clarks Dept. Store, the Coliseum, and many other popular buildings. We returned to the school and turned in for the night.

The boys of Cottage Eleven were proud of themselves for making the trip possible. We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Rouse for taking us on this wonderful trip.

—Ronald Aiken

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COTTAGE FOURTEEN

On January 7, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hartsell visited the cottage. This was the beginning of Religious Emphasis Month.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartsell are members of Young Street Baptist Church in Concord.

Mr. Hartsell took his readings from first Corinthians. The topic of his message was Spiritual Athletics.

On Monday, January 14, Mr. James Furr and a few members of Young Street Baptist Church visited Cottage Fourteen.

The topic of Mr. Furr's talk was on power. He gave a message on each letter, and gave words that each represented. They were: P — prayer, O — obedience, W — wisdom, E — example and R — righteousness. We enjoyed this talk very much.

On Monday, January 28, Reverend A. G. Ferris came to the cottage for the summation of Religious Emphasis

Month. Along with him were some of the members of Young Street Baptist Church. Mr. Alexander and his brother brought their guitars and played music while the boys and our guests sang hymns. Their quartet also sang some hymns which we enjoyed very much. After the services we held our fellowship and our guests gave us a party. The women brought refreshments which consisted of the following: cake, peanut butter cookies, coffee, and Coca-Colas. We all had a wonderful time and thank everyone who made the party possible. We are also grateful that the Reverend Ferris and his parishioners could come to our cottage. We all received a great deal of spiritual guidance from the few nights that they could come to the cottage.

—Mike Davis

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COTTAGE FIFTEEN

On January 7, Reverend Vero Masters of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church came out to start our Religious Emphasis Month. We began our service by singing, "Savior Like a Shepherd Lead Us". Then Mr. Masters explained in detail the First Psalm, followed by prayer.

On January 14, we opened the service by singing, "This is My Father's World" and "Trust and Obey". This week he explained the Twenty Third Psalm after we all recited it, again followed by prayer. We closed by singing, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus".

On January 21, Mr. Masters came to our cottage and showed us some slides. We liked them very much. We are anxiously waiting for him to come visit us again.

On the 23rd of February we had our first party of the year. We started our party about 7:30 p.m. by playing some games, such as, "Crazy Questions and Answers," bouncing the ball at the barrel, tossing the bean bag, and bingo. Prizes were given for each of the games.

Those celebrating were Mike Shaw, David Sutton, Alvin West, Larry Case and Curtis Chavis. Each one received a birthday gift. All the boys in the cottage were given a comb.

Mr. Ervin decorated a very attractive cake for this occasion, it was commemorating the birthday of George Washington as well as celebrating the birthdays of the No. 15 boys. On the corners were cherries and green icing leaves and stems, in the middle was a red and brown hat-chet.

For refreshments Mrs. Peck served us drinks, potato chips and cake. We enjoyed the party very much and would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Peck for making this possible.

—Richard Broome

—Kenneth Strickland

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INFIRMARY

We are glad to report we haven't any flu cases this winter or any sore throats. We have a boy in bed who has a hurt leg. We expect he will be in bed for another month. We were expecting the dentist but he

didn't come this month. He might come next month. We are expecting to have new light fixtures installed this month.

—Gerald Baynard

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MORETZ FAMILY MOVE TO JACKSON

Mr. Earl D. Moretz took over his duties as Dairy Herdsman at Jackson on February 1, 1963. He comes to us from Appalachian State Teachers College at Boone where he worked as Herdsman.

Mr. Moretz was born in Watauga County, Boone, North Carolina, and attended the River View Elementary and Boone High Schools. He lived on a small farm until he entered the United States Army during World War II where he served in the European Theatre of war for twenty-two months. After his discharge from the Army he attended State College where he took special training as Dairy Herd Improvement Supervisor, and followed this work for five years. He worked for several years as Assistant Herdsman for the Forsyth County Dairy. In 1960, the farm and dairy cattle were sold and Mr. Moretz and his family moved to his new work at Appalachian State Teachers College.

He is married to the former Miss Ruby Norris and they have four children: Steve, 15; Rebecca, 12; Elaine, 9; and David, 5 years old.

We welcome the Moretz family to Jackson and hope they will enjoy their association with us.

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

PRINT SHOP

The boys in the Print Shop have been very busy this month working on the many different machines. The machines need to be oiled and greased often.

The boys that work the press have been pressing CT forms, Daily Feed Charts for Mr. Query, lined paper for Miss Shoe, and covers for the Lecnard Training School publication.

The linotype operators in the shop have been busy setting up the material for these forms and other charts for the press. They have also been setting up the material for February Uplift.

The Bindery Dept. boys of the Print Shop has been cutting the paper to the different sizes of forms for the press. They have been padding, collating, and wrapping the forms after the pressmen finish pressing the forms. With the scrap paper we make scratch pads.

We have a new boy in the morning group, his name is Claude Torrence. We hope that he enjoys working on this trade. We also have two boys expecting to go home this month. They are Robert Wright and Darrell Revels. We wish them the best of luck.

—Lorin Randolph
—Carl Pruitt

GYM

The basketball season has just started. When all the cottages have ended their practice games, we will have the tournaments. Trophies will be given to the winners of the A, B, and C groups.

A few games have already been played. All teams are looking very good, and it looks like it is going to be a very exciting season.

The regular gym classes have been playing basketball. We have learned how to dribble the ball and not let our opponent take it away from us. We have also learned to pivot. Many of the boys did not know the rules too well. Mr. Cannon, our athletic director, went over the rules and explained them to us. He showed us how to make the different shots that are useful in playing the game.

The season is fast drawing to a close so we have been playing some of the games through the weeknights and on Saturdays. Cottage One is ahead in the "A" league in their bid for the trophy. In the "B" league Cottage Seventeen is ahead and in the "C" league, Cottage Nine is out in front.

The tournament games are due to start just as soon as the regular season is over. The Cottages are very anxious to see if they have the best team on the campus in their league.

The boys would like to thank Mr. Cannon for taking the time to teach us the basic rules and how to play the game fairly.

—Floyd Austin

LIBRARY

We are happy to report that we have new pictures on our bulletin board. On the first and second board we have the story of how mail has been delivered down through the ages. There are sixteen pictures on this board which began in Egypt and goes to delivery by air in modern time. On the second board we have pictures of our Great American Heritage.

We like these pictures and think they all add a lot to the looks of the library.

We are planning to get some new books soon.

—Emmett McCall

CAFETERIA

The boys in the cafeteria have been cleaning the cafeteria, peeling potatoes and cooking dried beans this month.

We really enjoy the radio that Mr. Scott, Mr. Hill and Mr. Burris installed for us.

We would also like to thank Mr. Dry and his boys for painting the cafeteria, it looks very neat and clean.

We have had three boys to go home in January, they are Henry Patterson, Bruce Calloway and Roger Younts. We also have two new boys they are Robert Miller and James Mosteller. We would like to wish them all the best of luck.

We entertained the ministers and their families that came here to end

the Religious Emphasis for dinner, February first. Everyone seemed to enjoy it very much.

BARBER SHOP

The boys in the Barber Shop have been very busy this month.

Three new boys have been assigned to the Barber Shop, Mike Murphy, Melvin Brown, and Donnie Haynes. The total number of haircuts for January was 617; Kenneth Barr 116, Mike Murphy 94, James Carter 76, Gary Bullard 73, Melvin Brown 70, Clinton Martin 55, Phillip Jenkins 44, Ralph Shuffler 41, Steve Sommersett 35, Donnie Haynes 3, and Mr. Burr 10.

—Kenneth Barr

—James Carter

SHOE SHOP

The boys in the Shoe Shop have been working very hard this month!

Two new boys have been assigned to the Shoe Shop, Carl Bullock, and Bobby Tilley. We hope they enjoy their stay here at the school.

The total number of shoes repaired this month was 217. Richard Christy 72, Ellis Allen 49, Bobby Tilley 42, Randy Carver 31, John Beach 19, Karl Bullock 19, Edsel Martin 16, Mr. Burr 11, Carl Parker 7, Ernest Cook 5.

—Richard Christy

—Bobby Tilley

TRACTOR FORCE

The Tractor Force boys have been hauling coal quite a bit these last few weeks.

We have been putting up fences.

Mr. Mabrey and the machine shop boys have been painting the tractors. They already have the "Old M" and the "H". They will start on the rest very soon.

We have been cleaning the barns.

—Jerry Ward

—:—

COTTON MILL

The boys in the cotton mill have been working at the cafeteria lately. We have helped Mr. Suther with the poultry.

The cotton mill is being remodeled and we hope they will finish pretty soon. We have had two new boys to come in the cotton mill, they are, Bobby Crouch, and Benny Hollingsworth, we hope they will like their stay here.

We have had one boy to go home this month his name is Ronald McQuaigue. We hope he has enjoyed his stay here, and wish him luck in the future.

—:—

SEWING ROOM

The boys in the sewing room have not been doing much lately since the cotton mill is being repaired and they aren't able to get us any cloth. The boys have been sewing pajama pants, shirts and pajama tops.

—David Hensley

BARN FORCE

The boys on the barn force have been killing hogs and cows and have been grinding feed.. We have been vaccinating the hogs for any disease they might have. A lot of the boys made citations and honor roll for their good work. We have several new boys that are doing real well. We have been busy taking care of our little pigs and cleaning the hog pens. We are looking forward to warmer weather so our work will be easier.

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

The machine shop boys have been very busy this month. We have painted two tractors, the "H" and the old "M". We have been greasing and putting water in the bulldozer. We have a boy going home this month, his name is Ollie Campbell. Mr. Allman gave us a small motor to fix, we have got it running. All of us are enjoying our work at the machine shop very much.

—James Messer

—:—

CARPENTER SHOP

The Carpenter Shop boys have been very busy this month. We have been making sawbucks and benches for the greenhouse. We have also been repairing Coca Cola crates for use there.

We have a boy going home this month, he is Jerry Sullivan.

We have been helping Mr. Query to fix things for the Dairy.

—Richard Broome

LAUNDRY

The laundry boys have been working very hard. We have two new boys, their names are Ronald Sisk and Jesse Soles. We have three boys going home this month their, names are Arlis Summey, James Sutton and Troy Starnes. The boys have been working hard washing the boys clothes and pressing pants.

—James Sutton

—:—

PLUMBING SHOP

The boys in the plumbing shop have been busy putting in a boiler at the greenhouse. We also raised the stanchions at the dairy. We fixed the pipes in cottage twelve that froze and bursted. We have one new boy in the plumbing shop, his name is Wayne Winkler.

—Clyde Boring

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

SPECIAL B

We have two sets of new books in our room, they are biographies of inventors, pioneers, and legendary characters. We also have animal and Indian stories. They are very attractive and are excellent reading for the boys.

Some of the boys have read several of these books. Daniel Potter read eleven, and has been given a citation for this. Curtis Wayne read four.

SPECIAL D

In arithmetic, we have been studying how to add, subtract, and multiply fractions.

In geography, we have been studying the states and their capitals. We are now on New York.

In English we have been very busy studying business letters and friendly letters.

In health we have been studying how the human body is constructed.

In spelling we are now studying how to get your words and the meaning of them.

In science we are now studying about the weather and how the weather is brought about.

— John Frizsell

—:—

SIXTH GRADE SCIENCE :

In sixth grade science this month, we have started a chapter about plants. We have studied about Indians, and how they used wild plants for food and shelter, but the white men who came to America knew how to cultivate and grow the plants they needed.

We have studied many plants the largest of which is the tree.

—Wayne Ramsey

—:—

TENTH GRADE ALGEBRA

The boys in this class have been working with square roots and have been learning how to find the roots without looking in the book. Some of

the boys have a little trouble with the problems, but we all help each other and make pretty good grades. We have finished going through the book and for the benefit of some of the new boys we are starting over at the beginning of the book.

The new boys find this work easier now that they have started from the beginning and know how to use their signs in adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing like and odd signs. It's pretty hard to understand unless you are interested in algebra.

Mr. Troutman tries hard to help us to learn this subject because he knows it will be a benefit to us when we are ready to go home.

—Carl Pruitt

—Lorin Randolph

—:—

A well-to-do Frenchman, meeting an old friend on the street, and noticing that he was worried looking remarked, sympathetically, "I'm afraid things are not going well with you, Francois. May I help you in any way?"

"Yes," replied the friend, "everything goes wrong with me and my wife and children. I need money."

"I'm very sorry," replied the wealthy man. "Here are 50 francs, if that will help you."

About a year later they met again and Francois was still out of luck. His friend gave him 100 francs. And some months later the same thing happened again, and Francois was given 500 francs.

Then one day Francois accosted

his well-to-do friend with the same tale of woe, and the friend gave him 25 francs, whereupon the degenerate remarked, "Evidently things are not going well with you either. At first you gave me 50 francs, and then more, but now you give me only 25 francs!"

"Yes," replied the other, "but now my children are old enough to go to school, and that is costing me money"

"Ah, I see," said Francois; "you are educating your children at my expense!"

—:—

Housewives dance with joy before the services offered by a Boston woman who specializes in doing the unusual or the different job. She has assembled a list of several hundred helpers, all available on call. Assignments range all the way from packing a trunk or planning a trip to mending, washing dishes, or making a fourth at bridge.

—:—

According to a recent survey, the average man in his lifetime spends twenty years working. He spends another twenty years sleeping, sixteen years playing, five years shaving and dressing, five years eating, and three years just waiting. In a lifetime, the average man spends 8,760 hours telephoning—the equivalent of one full year.

A brick is square and plumb and true. So a man ought to be.

Honor Rolls

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Sutton
Barry Worley

COTTAGE NO. 2

Joe Melton
Johnny Sheppard
Clyde Boring
Thomas Carter
Lloyd McIntosh
Robert Tilley
Jerry Ward

COTTAGE NO. 3

J. C. Clayton
Reeves Ferguson
Robin Lusk
Mitchell Newberry

COTTAGE NO. 4

Earvin Ward
Carl Pruitt
James Walker
Paul Belanger
Jimmy Kelly

COTTAGE NO. 5

Jerry Helms
Sanford Higgs
Raeford Knight

Gurney Reavis
Roger Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 6

Wayne Kirby

COTTAGE NO. 7

Lorin Randolph

COTTAGE NO. 8

Kenneth Barr
George Bell
Robert Wright

COTTAGE NO. 9

Christopher Atwood
Charles Butler
Floyd Darnell
Robert Fink
Dennis Hamm
Ralph Hawkins
Henry Hayes
David Hipps
Jimmie Lowery
Emmett McCall
Mike Miller
Vernon Silver
Terry Sullivan

COTTAGE NO. 10

Ronnie Jones
William Junaluska

COTTAGE NO. 13

Charles Crouch
 Ronald Galyean
 Charles Gray
 George Mathis
 Earnie Reavis
 Eddie Trivette
 Kenneth Westbrook
 Larry Callicutt

COTTAGE NO. 14

Gary Conner
 Sammy Griffin
 Benny Hollingsworth

COTTAGE NO. 15

Eugene Barnes
 Curtis Chavis
 Edward Newnam
 Charles Skinner

COTTAGE NO. 17

Larry Brown
 Roger Fowler
 John Frizell
 David Lashley
 Troy Starnes
 Jasper Vincent
 Curtis Wyatt
 Ray Williams

INFIRMARY

Gerald Baynard
 Bill Taylor
 William Patterson

TRADE HONOR ROLL

JANUARY

OFFICE

James Newell

Mitchell Newberry

PRINT SHOP

Lloyd McIntosh
 Darrell Revels
 Charles Driver
 Wayne Hart
 Forrest Hall

MACHINE SHOP

Eugene Attinelli
 John McNeill
 Ollie Campbell
 George Bell
 Sammy Griffin
 Earvin Ward
 Paul Brady
 Dennis Wolf
 Inman Chandler

YARD AND POULTRY

Roger Neagle
 J. T. Ashely
 William Holden
 Hubert Parker
 Mike Lowery
 Floyd Darnell
 James McNeill
 Monty Gravitte
 Kenny Ellington
 William Junaluska
 Tommy Hazelwood
 Robert Bridges
 Henry Jackson
 Jimmy Roland
 Jimmy Crouch
 Eugene Foss
 Tommy Bolding
 Bobby Pinkleton

INFIRMARY

Gerald Baynard

Bill Taylor

SHOE SHOP

Ellis Allen
Richard Christy
Randy Carver
Robert Tilley
Karl Bullock
Carl Parker
Ernest Cook

BARBER SHOP

Kenneth Barr
Steve Somerset
Clinton Martin
Melvin Brown
Gary Bullard
Ralph Shuffler
James Carter
Phillip Jenkins

CAFETERIA

Willie Austin
Dewey McCall
Jimmy Mintz
Tony Chester
Jerry Brewer
J.C. Clayton
James Bost
Robert Brown
Billy Watson
Earl Patterson
Allen Spivey
Earnest Hicks
Joe Melton
David Lashley
Tommy Carter
John Frizzell
Wylie Parham
Sanford Higgs
Earl Faulkerson

Roger Shelton
George Long
Reeves Ferguson
Wayne Ramsey
Steve Overcash
Jim Walker
Roy Conner
Hurley Meeks

SEWING ROOM

David Funderburk
William Triplette
David Hensley
Willie Poston
Bobby Smith

TEXTILE PLANT

Ronnie McQuaigue
Johnny Hawkins
Eddie Trivette
Robin Lusk
Marshall Lowery
Bobby Goode
Terry Brewer
Larry Lanier
Wayne Holland
Paul Belanger

CARPENTER SHOP

Johnny Sain
Johnny Clark
Curtis Wyatt
Charles Fletcher
Chris Atwood

PAINT SHOP

Robert Phillips
Wayne Triplette
Robert Pullen
Mickey Heath

LAUNDRY

James Tullock
 Gary Conner
 Jasper Vincent
 Troy Starnes
 Cauley Lee
 James Sutton
 Harry Lowery
 Thomas Graham
 Jesse Soles
 Vernon Silver
 Ernie Reavis
 Steve Phillips
 Roger Fowler
 Bobby Cornwall
 Claude Williams
 Terry Motley
 David Talbert
 Ronnie Tolbert
 George Mathis
 Arlis Summey

FARM

Crawford Carter
 Dean Carver
 John Walker
 Willie Barton
 Reggie Somerset
 Jimmy Kelly
 Harvey Overstreet
 Jimmy Oxendine
 Harry Newton
 Rodger Wyatt
 Larry Webb
 Henry Hayes
 Randy Boyles
 Steve Kirby
 Jerry Helms
 Robert McDaniels
 Steve Barton
 Charles Locklear

Leigher Hunt
 Jimmy Lowery
 Norman Barton
 Wayne Walker

—:—

Two men were talking about the eloquence of a certain Senator. "Yes," said one, "I like to hear him talk, but he always reminds me of a fisherman friend of mine. This chap was telling of one of the big ones he had caught, when a listener interrupted by saying, 'I notice that in telling about that fish you caught, you vary the size of it for different listeners'.

"'Quite right,' admitted my friend. 'I make it a point never to tell a man more than I think he will believe.' "

—:—

His health wasn't any too good, so the Eastern city-dweller went looking for a place to live in the Southwest. In one small town in Arizona he approached an old timer sitting on the steps of the general store. "Say," asked the stranger, "What's the death rate around here?"

"Same as it is back East, bub," answered the old fellow; "one to a person."

—:—

A brick is not as showy as marble, but it is more useful. Man is not made for show, but for service.

When a man fulfills this description, he has a right to be called a brick.

NEW STUDENTS

Vause, Michael Ray	Gastonia
Broadway, Robert Edward	Charlotte
Farrell, Jonah Burrett	Kannapolis
Biegert, Larry Michael	Greensboro
Edwards, William Porter	Charlotte
Burroughs, Ronald Wayne	Greensboro
Buchanan, Stephen Monroe	Brevard
Murr, Lewis Ray	Brevard
Phelps, John Henry	High Point
Nunnery, Chuck Norman	Carthage
Pressley, Harold Wayne	Carthage
Barbour, Charles Junior	Four Oaks
Smith, William Edward	Wadesboro
Rose, Grady	Murphy
Rose, Clyde Jackson	Murphy
Pennell, Wiliam Percy	Zebulon
Martin, Bobby Dean	Rutherfordton
Walker, Jimmy Franklin	Lincolnton
Pheifer, Gary Wayne	Cherryville
Martin, Steve Wayne	Winston-Salem
Pritchard, Tommy Lee	Rutherfordton
Walker, Terry Lee	Hickory
Watkins, Danny Elliot	Charlotte

BIRTHDAYS

Gordon Brown	2—2—63
Thomas Carter	2—3—63
Roger Phillips	2—4—63
Robert Pullen	2—6—63
David Hensley	2—11—63
Vernon Silvers	2—14—63
Dennis Baker	2—14—63
Raleigh Grant	2—14—63
Larry Case	2—14—63
Joe Christy	2—16—63
William Austin	2—18—63
J.T. Ashley	2—20—63
Troy Starnes	2—21—63
Jerry Johnson	2—21—63
Melvin Brown	2—23—63
James Sutton	2—25—63
Mike Miller	2—25—63
Mike Davis	2—26—63

* * * *

An egotist is not a man who thinks too much of himself; he is a man who thinks too little of other people.

Every tomorrow has two handles; we can take hold by the handle of anxiety or by the handle of faith.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington, in the hearts of the citizens of our land, has become an idealized character. Set upon a pedestal as an almost superhuman hero, clothed with the attributes of faultless principles and conduct, endowed with superlative excellencies and ability, passing time is weaving a halo about his head which will leave him as a symbol to be venerated and loved. It is well that it is so. Robbed of idealism the human mind is deprived of its greatest inspiration. Men do not deceive themselves when they glorify Washington; they are aware that he was a human being, that he may not have withstood all the temptations of life, that he lived according to the manner of his time, and that the captious critic will find evidence that he had feet of clay. The measure of his integrity and honor, the achievements of his mind and courage, and the judgement and wisdom he displayed as an executive and nation builder, justly merit the exalted position he holds in the annals of our country.

Fortune plays a part in the lives of all men, and had George Washington lived at an earlier or latter day he could not have fulfilled the destiny awarded to him. Let it not be supposed, however, that his fame rests on the fortuitous circumstance of being thrust into chief command of military forces that fought the war of independence to a successful conclusion. Successful in practically all of his undertakings, he would have been an outstanding man wherever his lot had been cast or in whatever age he had lived.

It is fitting that in this year, embracing the 231st. anniversary of his birth, the entire nation should celebrate and sing his praises, review his life and accomplishments, study carefully how well we have preserved the priceless heritage he left us and pledge anew our fealty to the principles and ideals upon which our country was established by Washington and his compeers. False doctrines and insidious disloyalty are ever present. They feed upon discontent and are propagated by economic depression, which unfortunately is temporarily our lot. A perusal and appraisal of the life of Washington is a splendid antidote.

George Washington was born at Bridges Creek Plantation, Westmoreland, County, Virginia at 10 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 22, 1732

(old style calender Feb. 11). The Washington, or de Wessyton family has been traced back for 800 years in England, and in 1657 George Washington's great-grandfather, Colonel John Washington, with his brother, Lawrence Washington, came to Virginia. Augustine Washington, father of George, was born in 1694. George's mother was Mary Ball. On both the paternal and maternal sides, George came of fine ancestry, branches of both the Washingtons and Balls being prominent in English records for centuries.

George's father died when he was 11 years old. His schooling was doubtless the best obtainable at the time, and he early interested himself in surveying. About the time he was 15 years old he went to live at Mt. Vernon with his half-brother Lawrence, and later began his work as a surveyor for Lord Fairfax.

It was in 1759 that George Washington was married to Martha Dandridge Custis, a widow with two children. The couple shortly went to Mt. Vernon, the estate inherited by Washington from his half-brother, Lawrence, where for fifteen years he lived the happy life of a wealthy farmer. In 1774 the stirring times of the Revolutionary period were approaching and in the following year Washington was placed in charge of the American forces. His part in this conflict is so well known that nothing need be added. His service as the first President of the United States, from 1789 to 1797, was followed by his retirement to Mount Vernon and his death on December 14, 1799.

Into the brief span of one man's life George Washington crowded activities which will be remembered throughout the ages. An aristocrat by nature and by birth, blessed with wealth and a high station in life, he was surrounded by every inducement to live a life of ease and security yet he took his place in the affairs of the world with a determination that could not be swayed by either hard work or danger. He offered his life, his fortune and everything he possessed to his country, and had the fortunes of war adverse everything would have been swept away. Celebration of his birth should bring the debt of gratitude we owe to George Washington.

— The Masonic Chronicler

* * * *

Staring up to admire your own halo might give you a pain in the neck.

THE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Such a poor little cabin as that was on the banks of a small stream in Kentucky , where Thomas and Nancy Lincoln lived! ,

But the baby that came to them one Sunday in February, more than a hundred years ago, grew to be our beloved and honored President, Abraham Lincoln.

Bears and panthers growled and prowled around that lonely hut in the woods. For that part of Kentucky was a wilderness then. Settlers' cabins in "the clearings" were few and far between.

Little Abraham's father could not read or write. But his mother was a fine woman, and, busy as she was, she found time to teach little Abraham and his sister Sarah to read and spell.

She made a deer-skin suit for her little boy. There were no stores, and the Lincolns had no money to spend, had there been stores.

Before Abraham was seven years old, the family moved to Indiana. The family had little to move, only some pots and pans, a little bedding and a few clothes.

They walked all the long ninety miles to the new home. They camped out every night. Little Abraham enjoyed that journey through the forest. It was full of adventure.

In Indiana the children had a chance to go to school for a little while. But, oh, how hard you would have thought it! For they had to walk eight miles, and had only cornbread to eat.

In all his life, Lincoln had only a year's schooling, counting all the days.

Little Abraham helped his father build the new cabin on Pigeon Creek in Indiana, and to make the rough furniture from the logs they cut in the woods.

What a little fellow to work so hard! He was a kindly, thoughtful, truthful boy, too.

He was very fond of reading. He had only three books, the Bible, "Aesop's Fables" and "Pilgrim's Progress." He knew these almost by heart.

When Abraham was only nine years old his mother died. How the little fellow mourned for her!

By and by a loving, capable stepmother came to the forlorn cabin. She, too, loved little Abraham, and did all she could for him.

How proud his mother and his stepmother would have been of the man that poor little boy became, our beloved President Lincoln, "the greatest, wisest, noblest, truest man of the nineteenth century."

Here are some sentences for you to copy in your Lincoln booklet: Lincoln was born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809.

His parents were poor, but his mother taught him to read, and did all that she could for him.

His stepmother loved him, and she, too, did all she could for him.

His home was a poor cabin on a scrubby hillside. But he never complained of his hard, dreary life.

He loved to read, and he studied by himself, for he had little chance for schooling.

He was a tall man and not handsome. But he was so simple, kindly, sunny and truthful that everyone loved him. And he was so noble, true, eloquent and able that no one could help admiring him.

He was a chore-boy, rail-splitter, clerk, storekeeper, soldier, postmaster, lawyer, representative to Congress, and at last, our loved and world-honored President.

When he died the whole world mourned him. And year by year we realize more and more his nobility and his greatness.

"His is a story, boys and girls of America, that you can never know too well, for it tells you how the poorest boy can reach the highest power through ways more wonderful and by paths more difficult than were ever trod by the hero in a wonder story or the prince in a fairy tale."

—Jean Halifax

* * * *

I have often regretted my speech; my silence, never.

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully.

True liberty consists in the privilege of enjoying our own rights, not in the destruction of the rights of others.

Library
University of North Carolina
Drawer 870
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

“We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilted goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows.”

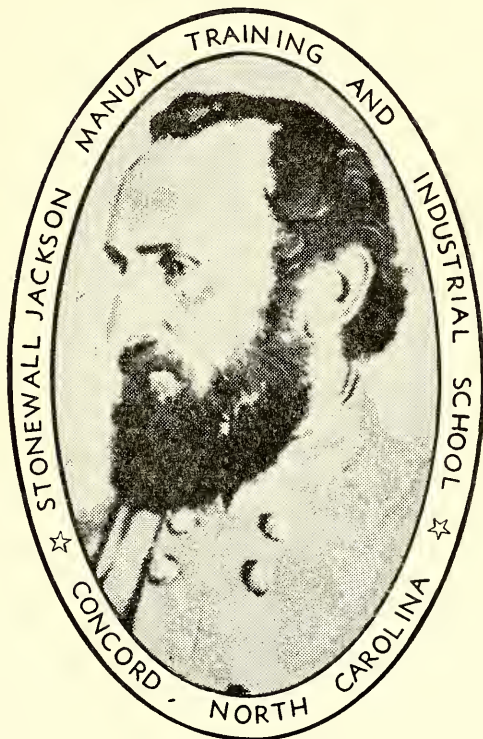
— Edwin Markham

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The UPLIFT

“Maxima Debetur Puero Reverentia”



STONEWALL JACKSON
(1824 — 1863)

MARCH 1963

THE UPLIFT

NORTH CAROLINA BOARD OF CORRECTION AND TRAINING
BLAINE M. MADISON, Commissioner

VOLUME LI

MARCH 1963

NUMBER 3

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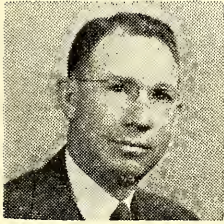
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COMMISSIONER'S COMMENTS

Blaine M. Madison

The Honorable Terry Sanford, Governor of North Carolina, made the following statement concerning Juvenile Correction in his Biennial Message to the North Carolina General Assembly on February 7, 1963:

JUVENILE CORRECTION

The guidance, training and correction of juveniles who violate the law are responsibilities of the State.

North Carolina now enjoys the reputation of having one of the best correction and training programs in the nation. This is carried out by the Board of Correction and Training under the dedicated direction of Blaine M. Madison.

Six schools across the State plus the new Juvenile Evaluation Center authorized by the last Session of the General Assembly constitute our institutions, and their success and competence are measured by the fact that 90 per cent of the children trained never again become involved with violations of the law.

The Juvenile Evaluation Center, providing services for the children from the six schools with acute emotional and behavior problems treats those psychologically disabled, emotionally disturbed, and physically handicapped.

This Center is a significant forward movement toward our goal of providing therapy for children so they can solve their problems and return to their own communities as compatible and productive citizens.

It is not enough to rely on the correctional institution. Juvenile delinquency springs from many causes, and to the extent we can work on these causes we can reduce institutional treatment.

We have established the Governor's Committee on Juvenile Delin-

quency and Youth Crime, bringing together all of the various public and private agencies that can have an influence for the good of young people. This has met with enthusiastic response and only last week this program was pointed out for the other 49 States.

* * * *

OTHERS

“Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for—OTHERS.

“Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I’d do for you
Must needs be done for—OTHERS.

“Let ‘self’ be crucified and slain
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again.
Unless to live for—OTHERS.

“And when my work on earth is done
And my new work in heaven’s begun,
May I forget the crown I’ve won,
While thinking still of—OTHERS.

“Others, Lord; yes, others,
Let this my motto be.
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee.”

—Charles D. Meigs

Meditations



A JEWEL FOR YOUR MEMORY COLLECTION
(LET'S MEMORIZE IT)

Look to him, and be radiant.

Psalm 34:5

* * * *

When Leonardo da Vinci finished his beautiful painting "The Last Supper" he invited his art students in to see it unveiled. They all stood in silence as they saw for the first time the story on canvas of our Lord eating with his disciples just before his crucifixion. They began to comment on the beauty of the exquisite lace table cloth adorning the table in the picture. Leonardo looked at his students with disgust, picked up his brush filled with paint and with one full sweep wiped out completely the lace-work. He then turned to his students and said, "You fools, you did not even see the Master's face."

If, in all the hustle and rush of Easter eggs, new clothes and celebration, we fail to see the Master's face, we have missed the true meaning of it all and there is little hope for the future.

**Prayer: Restore my dear Saviour, the light of thy face;
Thy soul-cheering comfort impart;
And let the sweet tokens of pardoning grace
Bring joy to my desolate heart. Amen**

Sunday Services

By Lorin Randolph

Our preacher for Sunday, March 10, was Reverend George Cook. Mr. Cook and his oldest son, David, came to us from Bethlehem Baptist Church in Concord. This will be Mr. Cook's last visit with us because he and his family are moving to Chowan county in the eastern part of the state where he will be the minister of a small country church. We know that the people there will be happy with him because he is a fine minister.

Although Mr. Cook was leaving us he still preached a very fine sermon, which was about the prodigal son from the 15th chapter of St. Luke 11-24 verses. The story is about a man who had two sons, the younger of which left home telling his father to give him all that was his. His father divided his belongings and gave his son his share. The son, a few days afterward, took all of these belongings and took a journey into a far country. While in this country he wasted his belongings with riotous living. When he found himself without food or money he joined a pig herder

as keeper of the hogs and ate the slop. He finally realized that many of his father's servants were fed better than he was, so he went to his father's house and was prepared to become a servant for the house. His father saw him down the road and ran to him and threw his arms around him and kissed him. He asked his father to make him a servant of the house, but his father told his servants to bring him the best robe, and put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet. "Bring the fatted calf," said his father "and kill it and let us be merry. for my son was dead and now he is alive again, he was lost and is found."

The story brings out the question of why we do things. It shows that when we go away from the father we do things that we don't mean to do. Mr. Cook said that a lot of us brag about the wrong that we do and this is nothing to be proud of. He said that there were two sides of the story, one was when the son said "give me" and the other when he said "make

me." He showed us that the greatest enemy to us is ourselves. It is a challenge to us from God to do our best.

The sermon that Reverend Cook preached was very appropriate for us and shows us the wrongs we can do. We hope that Mr. Cook will enjoy his new church, and hope that he will come back to visit us sometime.

—:—

Our speaker for Sunday, March 31st was the Reverend C. C. Watson from Eastside Baptist Church in Concord.

Reverend Watson's scripture was taken from the 14th chapter of Mark 53-65 verses.

The scripture has to do with the trial by the high priest trying to find some witness against Jesus to put him to death, but they found none. Many men were false witnesses against Jesus but no two agreed. Many men tried to get Jesus put to death because they were jealous of his deeds and of his many followers. They spat at him and struck him many times showing their jealousy and greed. This was very poor thinking and showed the disbelief of many men.

We ourselves sometimes act this way in jealousy and greed, trying to get something the wrong way. We bare false witness many times also. It also shows that we sometimes push people into doing things that we ourselves want done but don't want to do.

Reverend Watson told us a story about a man who was hired by a minister to plow some of the ministers

land. The man was plowing with a team of horses and knew that the horses were getting tired so he sat down and let the horses rest. The minister seeing this walked out to the man and said while he was letting the horses rest why didn't he get the clippers and clip the hedge. The man said that this would be perfect and that he would do it the next time. He also suggested to the minister that next time when he went to preach that he take a bushel of potatoes and peel them while the opening hymn is being sung.

This story goes to show that the minister was all for the man doing extra work for him in his spare time but it sort of flopped when he was told of the chance he had to get something extra done doing it himself.

We appreciate Reverend Watson coming to speak to us and hope that he comes back soon.

—:—

- I Won't is a tramp,
- I Can't is a quitter,
- I Don't Know is lazy,
- I Wish I Could is a wisner,
- I Might is waking up,
- I Will Try is on his feet,
- I Can is on his way,
- I Will is at work,
- I Did is now the boss.

CAMPUS NEWS

COTTAGE ONE

The boys of Cottage One had quite a time during the month of February. We went on a bus trip to see the semi-finals of the Golden Glove boxing matches held in Charlotte. The boys saw some good boxing.

Later we went to see the Cowan's Ford Dam, the Arbor Acres Farm, the Douglas Airport in Charlotte, and the Biscayne Park. We thoroughly enjoyed the trips and would like to thank Mr. Hinson for taking us on them.

We have recieved some new boys in Cottage One recently. They are Richard Stinson, Danny Watkins, Ronnie Lail and Steve Martin. We hope they enjoy their stay at the school.

We also have had some boys to go home this month. They are James Sutton, Ernest Hicks, and Jerry Brewer. We hope they get along well at home.

—James Jones

—:—

COTTAGE SEVEN

We were honored to have as our speaker during Religious Emphasis month Mr. Parker W. Marks from All Saints Episcopal Church in Concord. Mr. Marks came to our cottage three times during the month of January and each time he brought with him very interesting topics.

On January 9, we were served refreshments which we enjoyed very much. Mr. Marks was introduced by

Mr. Padgett and started out by asking us if there were any questions about anything that had to do with the Bible or ministry. Quite a few were asked and he listed them on the blackboard and said that he would answer them as we went along. Among the questions was what did Jesus look like. Mr. Marks said that he could not definitely say but that he would bring some pictures of Jesus the next time he came and show us how different He looked when drawn by different artists.

On January 18, Mr. Marks came back and did as he said he would. He brought about twenty pictures showing Jesus different in everyone of them. The boys were astonished at the way Jesus was drawn, but most of them probably realized that no matter how He was drawn, He was still the Jesus Christ who had died on the cross to save us from our sins.

Mr. Marks answered all of our previous questions and we started on a new list for his next visit. There were very intelligent questions asked and Mr. Marks said that he would try and give us a satisfactory answer.

On January 20, Mr. Marks came and started answering the question that we asked on the previous Friday. After he answered all of the questions we had asked him, he asked us a few. He then explained to us how there were two different stories in the Bible which proved to be very interesting. He brought out facts that we

would have never known if he had not taken the time to explain.

We learned a lot from the visits of Mr. Marks. We hope he will come back and speak to us any time.

We boys in cottage seven have failed to report on a new comer to our cottage. The new comer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Padgett. We are very happy to have her join us. We think she is a very pretty baby and that she is very lucky to have such wonderful parents. We hope she will be as happy with us as we are with her.

—Lorin Randolph

—:—

COTTAGE EIGHT

Saturday evening, March 16, Cottage Eight had a three-in-one party; two of our regular boys, George Bell and Robert Wright are going home soon, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Melton, celebrated their Wedding Anniversary, and their son, David Melton, celebrated his tenth birthday.

The menu consisted of hamburgers, ham, pickles, tomatoes, lettuce, slaw, chilli, potato chips, soft drinks, cookies, coffee, and a big birthday cake.

Later in the week we had another little party with just the five regular boys and Mr. and Mrs. Henderson. For refreshments we had soft drinks, cookies, potato chips, onion dip, and candy.

We hope that these two boys, who are hoping to go home soon, the best of luck in everything that they seek to do. They have been a big help to Mr. and Mrs. Henderson in the receiving cottage helping the new boys to get

adjusted to the school. We are sure that they learned a lot about how to get along with boys in their stay at this cottage.

We have a new regular boy in our cottage. His name is Johnny Hall from Benson, N. C., Mr. and Mrs. Henderson along with the other regular boys, wish that his stay at the training school be as pleasant as possible and that he may benefit a lot from it,

—Claude Torrence

—:—

COTTAGE THIRTEEN

On March 6, Cottage 13 had a birthday party for the boys who have had a birthday during the past four months. We spent most of our time playing bingo. Several prizes were given to the winners. After playing bingo refreshments of cokes, cake, and candy were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson and some more boys have been painting the cottage these past weeks of March. We would like to thank them for this. It is very nice and we know that we will enjoy it.

We have one boy hoping to go home next month his name is James Roberts. We wish him the best of luck.

—Bruce Tripett

—Robert Broadway

FARM AND
TRADE NEWS

PLUMBING SHOP

The boys of the plumbing shop

have been working very hard this month. We fixed a boiler at the dairy. We have been making repairs at the chapel. We also helped fix the garages behind the Administration building. We are sorry to say that one of the boys, Clyde Boring, is going home this month. We wish him the best of luck.

—Johnny Shepherd
—Mike Miller

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

The machine shop boys have been very busy this month. We have been painting drag harrows, and other farm equipment. Mr. Mabrey painted a refrigerator and a hot water heater for the dairy.

We changed the bed on the cafeteria truck and got it ready for the farm. The cafeteria has a new Dodge truck and we hope it gives good service. We got a new boy in the shop this month, his name is John Phelps and we hope he gets along fine. Mr. Mabrey is sick and we hope he gets better soon.

—George Bell
—Earvin Ward
—Sammy Griffin

—:—

BARN FORCE

The barn force boys have been very busy taking care of the hogs, also slaughtering hogs and cows. We have been grinding feed for the cows and hogs. We have some new pigs in our piggery.

There are two new boys on the

barn force, they are Jessie Johnson and Virgil Jones. We hope they do alright during their stay. There is a boy who will go home this month, he is Charles Gray.

—Steve Lowery

—:—

DIARY

We have been getting about 34 to 39 crates of milk this month and the new milkers are doing fine. We had a boy to go 'home last month, his name is Eugene Barnes and we miss him. The men who are working down here said that the milk house would be built in a couple of months. We can't wait until it is completed.

—Kenneth Strickland
—Michael Shaw

—:—

SEWING ROOM

We have not been very busy this month, since we haven't been getting much cloth. We have a boy to make shirts in the morning and three in the evening. We also have two making towels in the morning. We hope the mill will be in operation soon.

—David Funderburk

—:—

CAFETERIA

The cafeteria boys have been working very hard this month. We have been preparing steak and other meats. We have one boy to go home this month. His name is Hurley Meeks. The cooks have been working hard to prepare the food for the boys and the staff. One of the new evening cooks

fell and broke his arm at the gym his name is Chuck Huntley in cottage two. We had a evening cook to go home this month his name is Roy Conners.

—Ralph Davis

—:—
COTTON MILL

The cotton mill boys have been doing all sorts of odd jobs around school.

The machines will be installed in the cotton mill as soon as the weather permits, and we will be very happy to get started on our regular trade.

We have some new boys working in the afternoon. They are Charles Barbour and Harold Pressley. We also have one going home this month his name is Wayne Holland.

—Paul Belanger

—:—
LAUNDRY

The boys in the laundry have been working very hard this month washing and pressing clothes. We have had two boys to go home this month they are James Sutton and Troy Starnes we expect another to go home real soon his name is Arlis Summey.

—Butch Lee

—:—
CARPENTER SHOP

The carpenter shop boys have been very busy this month. We have started putting new roofs on the old garages around here. We have also made some new cages for the science lab.

We put some new florescent lights in the infirmary.

We had a boy to go home this month his name is Jerry Sullivan, we wish him the best of luck.

—Rick Broome

—:—
BAKERY

Mr. Ervin is out sick. He hurt his back while fixing pound cakes. We hope he will be back real soon.

Mr. Ervin has made some nice birthday cakes for the cottages this month, and in remembrance of George Washingtons birthday.

—Larry Bullard

—:—
SHOE SHOP

The boys in the shoe shop have been working very hard this month, fixing shoes.

We have one new boy in the shop, his name is Douglas Love. We hope he enjoys his stay here.

Here are the total shoes fixed this month: Richard Christy 71, John Beach, 65, Robert Tilley, 63, Ellis Allen, 52, Mr. Burr, 29, Randy Carver, 28, Edsel Martin, 25, Jerry Johnson, 24, Douglas Love, 23, Ernest Cook, 23, Karl Bullock, 21, Carl Parker, 19. The total shoes fixed this month was 424.

—Randy Carver

—Richard Christy

—:—
BARBER SHOP

The boys in the barber shop have been very busy this month. We have cut a total of 620 haircuts for this month: Melvin Brown, 108, Mike Murphy, 104, Phillip Jenkins, 74, Ralph

Shuffler, 68, Gary Bullard, 58, Kenneth Barr, 56, James Carter, 55, Donnie Hayes, 52, Clinton Martin, 40, Mr. Burr, 26, and Ronnie Burroughs, 5.

We have one new boy in the Barber Shop, his name is Ronnie Burroughs, we hope he likes his stay in the barber shop.

—Kenneth Barr

—James Carter

—Mike Murphy

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

SPECIAL A

Mrs. Barbee's class has a very nice bulletin board which is decorated with arithmetic and language papers. They also have three other sections which have pictures of the different types of Indian tribes and also the different types of wild animals. The last section is about children of other lands.

There is a farm display on a front table which shows cows, horses, pigs, and many other farm animals. There is also a barn and many pieces of tractor equipment.

The boys are reading from the book "We Come and Go" and "Fun with Dick and Jane." They are trying to read the best they can and are doing a fine job.

Mrs. Barbee takes much time to help the boys as they go along, and is helping them very much.

—Mrs. Barbee's Room

SPECIAL D

We have just put a food chart on our bulletin board showing what we should eat to build strong muscles and strong teeth.

The boys have been trying to draw the pavilion and we have two very nice drawings of it, which were drawn by Claude Williams and Marshall Lowery.

Our language class is trying to learn to write friendly letters. We are still trying to learn to read them better.

We have three new boys, Bobby Bullard, Thomas Barsh, and Richard Cardwell.

The arithmetic class is working on fractions and is doing very well.

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TENTH GRADE

The tenth grade English class has started a review on the parts of speech. We have finished with the verbs, nouns, pronouns, adjectives and adverbs. We will go over the prepositions and their meanings next. This review will be a benefit to us because it will help us when we start diagraming sentences. We will have a very thorough review of all the parts of speech before we start any diagraming. Mr. Coggins is doing all he can to teach us this so that we will be better prepared when we are released to start at a public school.

In literature we have been reading short stories. Some of the best stories which we all liked were: Lenin-gen Versus the Ants, Report of the Barnhouse Effect, Death of Red

Peril, and The Gift of the Magic. These four stories were taken from a section in our literature books titled Dramatic Action. Mr. Coggins let us write down the names of some of the books we would like to read from the Cabarrus County Bookmobile. The tenth grade students would like to thank Mr. Coggins for doing this for us.

In the Tenth grade Algebra class we have been doing very good with figures and formulas. Everyday in class we all learn something new. We have been studying and working problems in adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing the sign numbers.

We are now working on factoring an expression. To factor is to find the expressions whose product is the given expression. Our next chapter starts with fractions and how to divide, add, subtract, and multiply them.

In our Biology class we have been studying the class of animals. The lower class was very interesting. This class are the animals without backbones. They include the microscopic animals, insects, spiders crayfish, and many other small animals with an exskeleton.

We have started into the higher class of animals with backbones.

—Carl Pruitt

—Lorin Randolph

—:—

Some folks who claim they can see both sides of a question are either up a tree or on a fence.

Birds are like people. They want new feathers for Easter.

A wise man isn't as sure of any thing as a fool is of everything.

An argument proves only that at least two people are present.

Much happiness is overlooked because it doesn't cost anything.

Pessimists are just average people who can't kid themselves.

A coat of whitewash covers a multitude of spotted reputations.

Too much of the milk of human kindness is kept in a frozen state.

Using good deeds to cover up crookedness fools nobody but yourself.

Risk but little on the opinion of a man who has nothing to lose.

To combine business and pleasure, a man must be a super-mixer.

Occasionally reputations are lost; but usually we throw them away.

The fire you kindle for your enemy often burns yourself worse than him.

The advantage of being broke is that it doesn't take much to improve the situation.

Honor Rolls

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Jones
Elbert McIntosh
Barry Worley

COTTAGE NO. 2

Harvey Locklear
Joe Melton
Johnny Sheppard
Robert Tilley
Jerry Ward

COTTAGE NO. 3

J.C. Clayton
Reeves Ferguson
Robin Lusk
Ronald Sisk
Jesse Soles

COTTAGE NO. 4

James Walker
Earvin Ward

COTTAGE NO. 5

Kenneth Ellington
Jerry Helms
Sanford Higgs
Raeford Knight
Gurney Reavis

COTTAGE NO. 6

Buford Higgs
Wayne Kirby

COTTAGE NO. 7

J. D. Sain

COTTAGE NO. 8

Kenneth Barr

COTTAGE NO. 9

Larry Bullard
Jimmy Lowery
Alan Spivey

COTTAGE NO. 10

Albert Adams
Ellis Allen
Randy Boyles
Tommy Brown
Jack Cobbler
Jackie Garris
Wayne Hogan
Ronnie Jones
William Junaluska
Thomas Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 11

Ronald Aiken
Charles Barbour
Richard Christy

Gary Hall
 Cauley Lee
 Billy Overstreet

COTTAGE NO. 13

George Mathis
 Earnie Reavis
 Eddie Trivette

COTTAGE NO. 14

Max Burleyson
 James Davis
 Steve Donaldson
 Henry Faircloth
 Sammy Griffin
 Douglas Love
 Steve Lowery
 Michael Lowery

COTTAGE NO. 15

Larry Biegert
 David Harrelson
 Charles Skinner
 Kenneth Strickland

COTTAGE NO. 17

David Lashley
 Billy Loving
 Ray Williams

INFIRMARY

Billy Taylor

TRADE HONOR ROLL

FEBRUARY

OFFICE

Mitchell Newberry
 James Newell

PRINT SHOP

Robert Wright

Lorin Randolph
 Claude Torrence
 James Roberts
 Ronald Aikens
 Darrell Revels
 Forrest Hall
 Thomas Brown

CARPENTER SHOP

Johnny Clark
 Richard Broome
 John Sain
 Charles Fletcher
 Curtis Wyatt
 Billy Wilhite

PAINT SHOP

Robert Phillips
 Wayne Triplette
 Robert Pullen
 Mickey Heath

SEWING ROOM

Billy Sain
 Bobby Smith
 Lester Hatley
 David Hensley
 J. R. Sanders
 Bobby Hardin

GYM

Floyd Austin

INFIRMARY

Gerald Baynard
 Bill Taylor

COTTON MILL

Paul Belanger
 Benny Hollingsworth
 Bobby Crouch

Wayne Holland
 Curtis Chavis
 Larry Lanier
 Robin Lusk
 Donald Hargett
 Eddie Trivette
 Marshall Lowery
 Oscar Hawkins
 Bobby Goode

MACHINE SHOP

Dennis Wolfe
 Paul Brady
 Bobby Massey
 Sammy Griffin
 Thomas Shelton
 George Bell
 Eugene Attinelli
 Earvin Ward
 James Messer
 Billy Lovings
 Henry Faircloth

LAUNDRY

James Smith
 Ernie Reavis
 Jesse Soles
 Thomas Graham
 Jasper Vincent
 Wayne Conner
 Cauley Lee
 Arlis Summey
 Ronnie Tolbert
 Henry Yates
 Clarence Hunt
 Steve Phillips
 Roger Fowler
 George Mathis
 Bobby Cornwell
 Claude Williams
 Terry Motley
 James Tullock

Larry Callicutt
 Ronald Sisk
 Vernon Silver
 David Talbert

YARD & POULTRY

Lewis Murr
 Robert Bridges
 Henry Jackson
 Eugene Foss
 Tommy Bolding
 Roger Neagles
 J. T. Ashely
 Russell Wallace
 William Junaluska
 Hubert Parker
 Mike Lowery
 Floyd Darnell
 Kenny Ellington

CAFETERIA

Bill Rhymer
 Dewey McCall
 Tony Chester
 Roy Conner
 Gary Hall
 Bobby Nelson
 Ray Williams
 Dicky Hall
 Billy Watson
 Earl Patterson
 Allan Spivey
 Joe Melton
 David Lashley
 Hurley Meeks
 Ralph Davis
 Gordon Brown
 James Walker
 Willie Austin
 Melvin Foss
 Tommy Carter
 Terry Taylor

Buddy Long
 Kenneth Westbrook
 Jackie Garris
 Alfred Peters
 Ronnie Jones
 Earl Faulkerson
 Roger Shelton
 Tony Dobish
 Charles Lee
 Jimmy Riddle
 Larry Bullard
 Richard Swinson
 Harvey Glisson
 David Potter

FARM

Charles Skimmer
 Eugene Barnes
 Roger Phillips
 Charles Gray
 Virgil Jones
 Darrell Campbell
 Fred Kinley
 Charles Bullock
 Jerry Ward
 Jimmy Oxendine
 Roger Wyatt
 Harvey Locklear
 Robert Allen
 Harry Newton
 Mike Basden
 Wayne Walker
 Norman Barton
 Jimmy Lowery
 Leigher Hunt
 Steven Kirby
 Jerry Helms
 Randy Boyles
 Larry Webb
 Henry Hayes
 George Smith
 Donnie Osborne
 John Taylor

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL**Special Education "A"**

No honor roll

Special Education "B"

No honor roll

Special Education "C"

Virgil Jones

Special Education "D"

Clarence Hunt
 Wayne Kirby
 Rayford Knight
 George Mathis
 Wiley Parham
 John Sain
 Vernon Silver
 William Tripplett
 Larry Webb
 Earnie Reavis

Sixth Grade

No honor roll

Seventh Grade

Charles Flether

Eighth Grade

Sammy Griffin
 Earl Patterson
 Darrell Revels

Ninth Grade

William Albro
 Larry Bullard

Tenth Grade

Carl Pruitt
 Wayne Holland

NEW STUDENTS

FEBRUARY

Lail, Ronald Lloyd	Granite Falls
Barsh, Thomas Eugene	Whiteville
Bullard, Bobby Ray	Whiteville
Ward, Guaran Ray	Whiteville
Cardwell, Richard Gary	Lawsonville
Mabe, George Wayne	Stuart, Va.
Beamon, Joseph Ernest	Greenville
Price, Terry Dale	Raleigh
Leopard, Robert Manual	Charlotte
Crump, Tommy Eugene	Charlotte
Austin, Charles David	Asheville
King, Mike Edward	Asheville
McCurry, James, Jr.	Asheville

MARCH

Thompson, Gary Wayne	Mt. Gilead
Grigg, Marvin Hayes	Gastonia
Ray, Sammy Thad	Candler
Johnson, Eli Wilburn	Yanceyville
Taylor, Robert	Cherokee
Cannon, Victor Travis	Rockingham
Shephard, Gaston David	Rockingham

Stinson, Richard Lee	Burlington
Bell, David Earl	Lumberton
Hall, Johnny Edgar	Benson
Arnette, William Ronald	Lenoir
Rathburn, Michael Alvin	Asheville
House, Albert Clarence	Dudley
Morgan, Ronald Eugene	Roanoke Rapids
Hyatt, Jerry Dale	Fayetteville
Christy, Zeb Boyd, Jr.	Concord
Trivette, Michael Douglas	Hickory
Trivette, William Frank	Hickory
Deaton, Gary Wayne	Kannapolis
Mills, Gary DeWitt	Rockingham
King, J. C.	Rockingham
Anderson, David B.	Raleigh
Daniels, Gary Lee	Salisbury
Hilton, Franklin Lemuel	Charlotte
Chandler, Michael	Durham
Osborne, Kenneth Reece	Thomasville
Hammonds, Theachus	Lumberton
Cummings, Donald	Rockingham
Locklear, Lee Dee	Prembroke
Teer, Roger Dale	High Point
Price, Steven Wesley	Charlotte

Hammock, George Lee, Jr.	Lincolnton
Pruitt, Michael Daniel	Charlotte
Grant, Ronnie Monroe	Lincolnton
Bryant, Bobby	Fayetteville
Wagoner, John Franklin	Salisbury
Thompson, Robert William	Brunswick

* * * *

AN INTERESTING HORSE SHOE MATCH

On March 14, 1963 a very interesting horseshoe game took place at Jackson Training School, using Mr. Parrish's horseshoe pits. Mr. Warren Ellis, former teacher at Jackson, now the Supervisor of Cottage Life, and Mr. Walter Bryan, Supervisor of Education, were visiting at Jackson.

As usual at noontime several of the men were pitching horseshoes, Mr. Homer Faggart, Mr. Yarbrough, Mr. Coggins, Mr. Lentz, and Mr. Edmisten. As the luck of the draw would have it Mr. Bryan and Mr. Lentz were paired against Mr. H. Fagart and Mr. Ellis. Mr. Lentz and Mr. Ellis had the first pitch. Mr. Lentz threw a ringer, for 5 points. On the return pitch Mr. Bryan threw a ringer for a total of 10 points for the Lentz-Bryan team. On the return pitch Lentz scored only one point. Mr. Bryan, however, came back with a "leaner" and the closest shoe for 4 points and a total of 15 points for the Lentz-Bryan team. At this point the score was 15 to 0.

The many spectators could sense a "skunk" brewing and the excitement was running high. Mr. Lentz now had the shoes for his team and calmly threw another ringer making a total of 20 points for his team. Even though he was under a strain, with a shut out riding on the pitch, Mr. Bryan wrapped up the victory and the Ellis-H. Faggart team went down to an inglorious defeat at the hand of the two educators.

Boss: You're late again! Don't you have an alarm clock?

Bookkeeper: Yes, sir, but it went off while I was asleep.

BIRTHDAYS

Jack Cobbler	3-1-63
Earne Reavis	3-2-63
Willie Poston	3-2-63
Mike Lovings	3-3-63
Lorin Randolph	3-6-63
Steve Martin	3-7-63
Johnny Sain	3-8-63
Virgil Jones	3-9-63
Preston Miller	3-9-63
Ronnie Jones	3-10-63
Reeves Ferguson	3-10-63
Eddie Trivette	3-10-63
Roger Neagle	3-11-63
Robert Nelson	3-11-63
Terry Walker	3-14-63
Bobby Lee Hallman	3-15-63
Mike Basden	3-16-63
Sammy Newnam	3-18-63
David Sheppard	3-18-63
Sammy Griffin	3-19-63
John Taylor	3-19-63
Richard Faulkerson	3-19-63
James Ross	3-20-63
Marshall Lowry	3-20-63
Russell Wallace	3-20-63
Billy Wilhite	3-23-63

Fred Kinley	3-24-63
John Hooper	3-27-63
Melvin Foss	3-29-63
Lester Williams	3-31-63

* * * *

PLAYING THE GAME

By Joseph R. Cushing

I'd rather lose than win as some men win;
 I'd rather quit where many men begin;
 I'd rather walk the paths that others pave
 Than know my winning dug my neighbor's grave.
 I'd rather fall and stay there as I fell
 Than climb to heights, on which I am to dwell,
 Where from my fortune's hanging in a scale
 That only figures when I see them fail.

I'd rather wear my suits with patches strewn
 Than pick a wardrobe from the man in ruin;
 I'd rather have my soles feel of the chill
 Of winter snows, than gain through any ill
 Adventure or through ways, where to expand
 I practiced in a matter underhand;
 Or revel in a deal I put across
 To raise me by some other fellow's loss.

I'd rather be just what I am than know
 That I have caused the world a mite of woe,
 For failure in itself is filled with pride;
 To feel it proves, at least, that I have tried.
 So when they count my failures on the sheet
 Which tallies out the score I made, complete,
 What numbers they should find I do not care,
 Providing each will show I played it fair.

A WISE AND BEAUTIFUL THING

Not many years ago, a small, beautiful girl and her smaller, younger brother decided to go by themselves and pick blueberries in the nearby woods. As the children filled their buckets, and of course their tummys, the blueberries grew larger and thicker, and the woods became darker, soon there was two very small lost blueberry pickers and two full buckets of fat blueberries.

In a few days thousands of searchers lined for miles on all sides of the great forest for one last, great and yet hopeless search. It was about to begin when suddenly from the dark forest emerged two smiling faces, "Hi mister" was the greeting from the smallest blueberry picker. "Looking for me?"

Unhurt, unscared, only a little tired and with two empty buckets and blueberry-blue lips, the two adventurers wanted to know why everyone was worried and why were mommy and daddy crying? They had stories of animals and the forest, stories the older folks called imagination and "kid fibs," yet these two children came smiling from the dark, beautiful woods they wandered in for three days. Was there not a story to tell of the three days, and was not the children themselves the greatest storytellers?

This is not their story, however, this is the story of the forest, its creatures, its secrets and its greatest lesson; it begins only a week following the adventure of the two blueberry pickers; here is the true story.

Ages and ages old, there stands in the middle of this great forest, a majestic and kingly tree, towering high over the bright green tops of its tassel-topped neighbors, and on a lower branch of this great tree, which for years has been refused sap, sits a very grey, very old, and very wise Owl. Blinking first one eye and then the other, the great bird watches the scurrying of small woodland creatures below; "The two strange human creatures are sadly missed by my friends," thinks the Owl, "they had the cheerfulness of the young, yet were as ambitious as the Squirrel below, as beautiful as the Doe and Fawn yonder and as wise and knowing as I. Why was the forest not blessed with such a wonderful child?"

Sadness found its way into the eyes and laughter of all the small forest dwellers, the small girl and boy were to them the same fun, curiosity and goodness that puppet shows, clowns and new toys were to children,

just once was more sadness than never.

The wise Owl knew and saw all this, his sadness was a great one, for he loved his woodland neighbors terribly and to see them so sad hurt him deeply. The children would never visit again he knew, and such an accidental thing happening again would be too great for even miracles yet there must be some solution he thought, some way to create—"yes certainly, that was it", he cried.

Immediately the great bird called for a meeting of the kingly leaders of the forest. He brought together the greatest, most powerful and good creations of nature, everything he sought came. Nature; its creations and forces, its beauty and its wisdom in strength and great numbers. All these had gathered to listen to the great Owl.

All stood below the great bird perched on his worn tree limb, silent and spell-bound, listening to his unraveling of ideas and plans for the creation of their child—the Forest's Child.

When the old bird had finished, the silence remained for a long while, for the awe of the Owl's words left them all in solemn stillness and reverence. Finally whispers began and all concerned discussed among the others the meaning in the Owl's words, the fears of doing something so great was felt in the seriousness of the air. At last the Fox turned with all eyes on him, "We find no error or fear in your plan," he addressed the Owl. "But, Wise One, we wish to know what part each of us is to play in this wonderous undertaking?"

"This is no undertaking my dear Fox," replied the Owl. "This is to be a beautiful and good creation, and each will give his part as a treasured gift, for goodness returns goodness."

"Let me start the ball rolling," a large magnificent Bear stood commanding, "for I shall give the child my heart, a tireless and fighting heart of endurance, and with it he shall inherit the self confidence unequalled in centuries."

"Superb," applauded the Owl, "a truly glorious gift and unselfishly given, who will speak next, you Mr. Deer?"

"Yes, if you please, but first let me show my admiration for Mr. Bear, whom has won my heart and respect. On my behalf," continued Mr. Deer, "and speaking for the other deer, I wish to give the child grace and beauty, and he shall have the agile sureness and speed of the deer."

"And my admiration to you, Mr. Deer," gestured the Owl, "for you have also given generously, and with a proudness I envy. Can you add as great an offering, Mr. Fox?"

"Most certainly, Sir," came the grinning answer, "for I to give my closest prize with a clean heart. As the wary fox the child shall be keen and cautious, he will have the sharp alertness of mind and the ever awareness of the things around him."

"My apologies, Mr. Fox," blushed the great Owl, "for my rudeness and doubt towards you, my excuse is not a lame one but nevertheless I have made a mistake. My cousin, the Hawk, wishes to be heard now."

"Thank you wise cousin," the Hawk half-bowed, "I am honored to be included. My small gift to the boy, and by now it seems we all presume it to be a boy, will be first; sharp eyes. Secondly, and more important the child shall receive from me the sense of security and peace which I have found thousands of feet in the skies above you."

"Yours is a rare gift indeed, cousin Hawk, a security we all seek. And now," declared the Owl, "I will speak for the night which is indisposed—in China to be exact—and for myself."

"Our lad shall know the silence of the Night, he will appreciate solitary stillness and be blessed with the calmness of midnight breezes. His hair shall be of Night's blackest hour."

"My wisdom of knowledge and understanding shall be my present," continued the Owl, "and with these the child shall know truth."

"Not bad," jumped in an Otter, "May I"?

Taken by surprise the Owl gave an odd glance, "By all means, the child is yours also," Otter, "the kid can't work and not play so from yours he will receive fun and laughter, he will be a prankster at times as his uncle Otto but he shall know clean and wholesome fun, and he shall have the fair sportsmanship of a true winner. And on the side, from me personally, he is welcome to use my slide on the creekbank anytime he wants it."

"Well," laughed the Owl, "this is more than we bargained for, a slide too."

"Pardon me," interrupted a small bushy-tailed squirrel, "I have some important work to get back to so I would like to present my part now, if it's alright?"

"But of course, Mr. Squirrel, go ahead," begged the Owl.

"Thank you. The boy shall have my diligence and rewarding industry, he will cheerfully accept responsibility and leave idle time to fools, and—he will PURPOSELY forget the hiding place of nuts. Now I must go as I have business to attend to."

"Certainly", smiled the Owl, "and thank you for your time and precious gift Mr. Squirrel. Mr. Thrush, another cousin of mine, also wants to be heard now."

"Hello cousin Owl, I hope I haven't jumped out of turn but I'm in a hurry also. I just want to offer my small part, for the child shall have a cheery, happy voice, and the sweetness of song in him."

"And now," declared the Owl, "my kind host the tree here has also something important for the lad, he also speaks for the Sun who is busily sweeping away the clouds."

"My apologies for interrupting you while Mr. Thrush was talking, Mr. Owl, but it is difficult to get a word in edgewise."

"It's quite alright," forgave the Owl, "we are all excited, go ahead please."

"Well, the Sun has brought, for the child, his energy and warmth for the health of the boy, and has promised his most treasured and golden ray for the boy's smile."

"And you?" inquired the Owl after a pause.

"And I leave him strength equaled by only Gibraltar, and the straightness in height of giants. For him also I give my teaching, I will teach him decision and reason—when to bend with the wind, and how much."

"You seemed to have added the last Mr. Tree," the Owl ventured, "is there anyone who hasn't spoken and wishes to?"

"Yes, just hold your horses a minute," scowled a puffing Turtle, "I've got three gifts that I want to give."

"Well, my old, old friend the Turtle," smiled the Owl, "of course my friend, take your time."

"That's precisely what I plan to teach the boy—to take his time! He will learn this above all," half scolded Turtle, "for I have proved beyond a doubt, at the rabbit's discomfort I just might add, hee hee, that perseverance, patience and the will to win are the makings of a true leader and winner."

"Very, very good Mr. Turtle," replied the Owl, "all of us seem to be

ignorant of such things, we find little to offer us challenge enough to exercise these powers nowadays. We are surely complete now so let us give our gifts to Nature, and she shall complete the final steps."

The child was everything that was dreamed, predicted and planned, a beautiful handsome boy, with the smile of sunshine, blackest hair, warmth, and the sweetness of song in its voice. The proud and happy animals forgot all past grief and complaint, they scurried to and fro for the child, bringing it the sweet water of the spring, fruit of the trees and wild berries of the bush. It was a wonderful magic, this child, for already the woodland creatures felt its goodness and peace.

Unmoved from his favorite tree and favorite branch, the wise old Owl sat proudly beaming at the boy. Day after day, he watched the boy learn, work and play, walking and talking soon with the creatures and keeping them all happy and laughing, he made joy of tedious work.

"Ours" they called him, no special or formal name just "Ours." "Ours" grew fast, as straight and lean as the tree, as strong as even Gibraltar's might, and worked hard and fast without complaint.

One day, as the Owl napped on his tree, the Squirrel and the Otter came to him complaining about, and yet worrying about the boy. "He has become contemptuous and scorns the slower and smaller," cried the Squirrel. "And he keeps the slide and creek to himself," added the Otter, "he does not show respect for anyone else's feelings."

"Remember the Turtle's patience," reprimanded the Owl, "the boy is young and these stages are normal in the young so have no fear for the boy."

"Very well, wise one," they surrendered, "we will wait this out."

Soon after, the boy discovered fire through lightning which had ignited a tree, he fed the fire nights, cursing the darkness. Cursing the night which gave him solitude and stillness—how he cursed it!

The Owl was plagued with crying and distressed animals. "I don't understand it, my friend," the sad Owl shook his head, "it was given for, and with goodness, it was planned and cared for with caution and perfection and it started out right, I don't know what's gone wrong?"

Soon tragedy was added, the boy had killed the Thrush, the same Thrush that had given him his pleasant voice and song. "When will it end?" sobbed the Owl, "And what have we done?"

The Forest was soon silent, gloomy, sad, for the animals lived in fear now and hid. But fate came, tragedy struck every where. The deer is clubbed to death, overtaken by the speed it gave its murderer, and now the Fawn starves at the dead Doe's side.

Beneath a successful deadfall the Bears fighting heart is stopped.

The keen, wary Fox is outsmarted by its best pupil, and lays dead at the opening of its deep den—not quite reached.

For hours the Turtle squirms on its back, tortured by stabbing splinters, but his perserving breath gives way to death as well.

None are excluded, the Otter is trapped and stoned in his creek home; the industrious Squirrel is clubbed as he leaves cover to get a fat acorn; and the wise Owl drops from his age-old perch with a broken heart.

The majestic tree is put in flames, and soon the surrounding kingdom it overlooked is swallowed in flames of orange and yellow tongues, and the Hawk is sucked down and swallowed also as it fights to reach its secure skies. Then suddenly the Heavens open, the Sun is blinded by the Silver-white glow and the voice of God is heard, felt and seen; "I am the Jealous and Merciful God, and I was not given, for without love, you have created a wise, strong and beautiful monster. You have abused Me, and I am a Merciless God, you are my poor creatures, and you shall suffer."

Today the forest stands barren and charred, no animals live there, it stands wittness to God's wrath, it stands wittness to a lesson that was not for the poor creatures only—have you seen it?

—THE REFORMATORY PILLAR

* * * *

Too many people use friendship as a drawing account, but forget to make a deposit.

The little voice inside us used to be conscience; now it's probably a pocket radio.

It's getting to be these days that a budget has become merely a mathematical confirmation of your supicions.

THE GRAVE OF THE SOUTHERN BELLE

David Mussman

Piashi Ramoas was finally going to have his big moment. He had waited ever since he could remember for the honor of being allowed to enter the quest that had been the inheritance of his family for many generations. He was now poised on the prow of his outrigger canoe above the seemingly bottomless underwater crevasse on the far bay of Monsoon Reef in a small bay off the island of Luzon in the Philippines.

For many years, to prove that he had entered manhood, the eldest son of each generation of the Ramoas family had been given this onerous task to perform. It was the duty of the elder of the family to see that it was completed. Now, as he maintained his precarious balance above the sparkling water, Piashi's thoughts ran back to the story his grandfather had told him the night before as he had rested so snugly in their small hut.

"Early in the nineteenth century," his grandfather had related "at the beginning of the age of travel by steamship, a vessel known as the Southern Belle delivered cargoes of sugar cane from this island of Palawan to Manili. One stormy night while delivering a cargo during low tide, the Southern Belle struck a reef and went down just off the island at Monsoon Reef.

"Soon after the sinking of the Southern Belle, the chief of the island ventured to the spot to enjoy his favorite sport of diving for pearls. Arriving early in the morning so that he would not have to fight the high tides, he immediately dived into the clear water. As he plunged downward, he saw that the Souther Belle was teetering on the brink of a crevasse. Noticing that the ship was within diving range, the chief surfaced and moned several nearby native boats to the spot.

"Filling his lungs with air, he once more descended, slowly this time. The native divers, their eyes following the chief's progress through the transparent water, gasped in horror as they saw a long snake-like arm reach out and seize him by the foot. A huge spindle-shaped body with two fins at the tail end emerged from its hiding place in the wrecked ship. The squid's nine free arms writhed ceaselessly as it battled this intruder from the world above. Slowly but relentlessly, the chief was pulled into

the shadowy depths. The frightened natives hurried to tell the villagers about the monster that dwelt in the wreck of the Southern Belle. Our people have stayed away from the place since then, afraid to dive for pearls."

Piashi, shaking foreboding thoughts from his mind, tensed his lithe body and dived into the cool waters of the bay. He made straight toward the stern of the sunken ship where the giant squid was known to have its watery lair. The Southern Belle, he noticed was still resting precariously on the rim of the crevasse.

Piashi was shaken with fear when, suddenly, the enormous squid emerged from its hiding place and moved swiftly toward him. Strangely enough, even as the dark-gray body with its red spots came closer Piashi's fear gave way to grim determination. Snatching his knife from its sheath, he moved to the attack—and barely escaped the grasp of a probing arm. Undaunted, and with all the strenght he could muster, he sank his knife into the vulnerable spot between the creature's well-developed eyes causing it to spurt a "smokescreen" of dark fluid which formed a black cloud in the water.

An arm encircled Piashi's left thigh and he felt the sting of the powerful suckers as an octopus-like tentacle tightened around his slim waist. His lungs felt as if they were about to burst. Was he going to die? He must have air, and soon. Summoning up the last of his waning strength, he drove his razor-sharp blade again and again into the monstrous head. Unexpectedly, he felt the fearsome sucking discs slowly loosen their relentless grip; and then he was free as the torpedo-like body of this sinister foe sank into the gloomy depths of the crevasse.

Piashi was barely conscious as he surfaced and instinctively treaded water while he fought to replenish his lungs with life-giving oxygen. Then he saw his grandfather's outrigger nearby. The old man was standing up in his boat, a wide grin on his bewhiskered face as he pointed a bony finger toward the water.

Piashi glanced downward just in time to see the Southern Belle slide from her longtime resting-place on the edge of the crevasse into the fathomless depths below. To Piashi, the sight was somehow symbolic of the death of the creature that had for so long put fear into the hearts of the natives of his island.

ESSENTIALS OF SUCCESS

You can do anything you want to do if you can make yourself believe that you can do it, and the reverse is just as true—you cannot do anything that you do not believe that you can do. Therefore, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

There is a great difference between believing in your heart and thinking in your head. You believe with your conscious mind, but you know with your subconscious mind and heart. The thing that actually puts us over is selling ourselves into a state of mind where we create a tremendous desire. Our desire to do and to be can become so dominant within us that we begin to feel it in our hearts that we can. Let us drive out superficial, the half desire, the half purpose. Let us feel with our hearts that our purpose is so big, so good that it is almost a divine purpose.

This serves to generate within us a determination that is irresistible, that nothing can or will stop. The facts are, when we have taken these steps, we have set up a purpose in our hearts, and everything in the good world begins conspiring with us to help.

When Edison began working on his incandescent lamp, he was doing something that had never been done before, and something that no other individual would think of trying to do. But something within Edison told him that it could be done. How many thousand experiments he made, no one knows. He simply kept on experimenting until he accomplished his end. Such persistence never fails and while we cannot all be Edisons, any of us can use some of the same things that caused him to succeed. There is no secret as to why he did it—it was his desire, his great, burning, driving desire. Nothing could stop him. It just had to develop into what it did. He had to succeed, and so will you if you have the real desire, if you seek it, if you fight for it; and nothing can help you unless you have it.

* * * *

Chinese Visitor: "Funny People, you Americans. You take a glass, put in sugar to make it sweet and lemon to make it sour. You put in gin to keep you warm, then ice to keep you cool. You say 'here's to you' and then drink it yourself!"

“We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilt goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows.”
— Edwin Markham

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The UPLIFT

"Maxima Debetur Puerto Reverentia"



STONEWALL JACKSON
(1824 — 1863)

APRIL 1963

THE UPLIFT

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PETER—THE APOSTLE

I'm sure we are all acquainted with the story of Peter and his denial. But do we really know this man whom our saviour chose to be the Rock on which His Church was to be founded?

Peter, chief of all the apostles, was a big, broad, fisherman with a deep compelling voice coming straight from a loving heart. He was impetuous. He was tactless. Peter often spoke without first thinking. Jesus gave Peter unlimited powers. The greatest thing we know of Peter saying was, "You know all things Lord; You know that I love You." Peter, in spite of his great love for Jesus, was a proud and arrogant man and hard. We all know such people. They are people of power; they are great lovers. They carry some beloved one in their hearts, and show them such a wealth of tenderness and passion that they are always being hurt and hurting. Yes, we all know such people. They are wonderful people. Peter was such a person. Was he really and truly the man to lead the church, and work wonders after Christ's death? Perhaps he had to be corrected a little—perhaps softened and humbled. Well—how would you soften and humble a proud, passionate arrogant man like Peter? Our Lord chose a cock to do it. The crowing and wing-flapping of a cock on a back fence. We have seen them flapping their wings. We have heard them crowing—morning, noon or night—for they crow any old time. It's very obvious that the cock is bragging isn't it? "What a great boy I am!" Peter bragged. When Jesus prophesied that He would be abandoned and denied—Peter bragged, "I would never deny Thee Lord!" This was Jesus's chance, and He looked at Peter. How do you think He looked? I see Him with just a glint of humor on His magnificent face. I am sure there was compassion, too. Oh, Yes, deep compassion. Like the flood of compassion which pours from a mother's face as she watches her children at play; and if the children could see it, they would wonder why does Mother look at us like that? We all know, don't we? "That" we may be sure was in Jesus's face when He said to Peter, "Oh yes, you will deny me. You will deny me three times before the cock crows."

"I, Lord? Never!" Perhaps he thumped his cheek when he said it. Jesus had the last word, but of course Peter was not convinced. Proud, arrogant people seldom are. Peter was not a weeper. Weeping is a form of baptism, which is a purifying thing. So weeping is a great help, but some people who need it most have not the ability to weep. Everything is walked up inside them. How can we make them weep, and release their great powers? Well—that cock. We all know the story of Jesus' arrest, and how Peter drew his sword and cut off the ear of the arresting officer.

We love him for it. I am sure Jesus did, too. But all the same He reproved Peter, and put out His hand and touched the ear, and healed it.

Jesus was taken to the palace of the High Priest. Peter followed Him afar off. We are begining to know this man—proud and touchy, horrified now that his idol had not been able to save Himself from arrest. Even so he loved Him and could not abandon Him, but there was that pride. It was afar off that he followed. He played safe a little. Snobbery? Yes, I think so. Cowardice? Yes, cowardice, too. Peter with all his love, vision, and power, was a coward and a snob. How was it then that our Lord had chosen him to be the Rock on which His Church should be built? Well — just get that cowardice and snobbery out of Peter, really bring it home to him, make him see it in himself. Peter followed and sat with some servants at the fire. Being afraid someone might recognize him, he pulled his cloak up around his chin. One maid looking at him said, "You are one of them aren't you?"

Peter shook his head and said, "No—I don't even know Him." He lifted his cloak a little higher. He was silent.

"A man on the far side of the fire stared hard at Peter, and pointed at him and said, "Surely you are one of them?"

Peter answered, "No sir, I am not."

The men around the fire heard a stir, and they all looked toward the house of Annas. Servants were coming down the steps, and Jesus was between them. Peter in his fear for Jesus permitted the cloak to drop, and one of the guards looking at him exclaimed, "This man is a Galilean; he was with Him!" Peter burst into profanity, the way hard and proud men do, and denied the slightest acquaintance with Jesus. From somewhere near by, a rooster shook his feathers, stretched himself—and crowed. Across that milling crowd the eyes of Master and disciple met. Jesus looked full on the face of Peter and the chief apostle stared hard at the man in chains. When Peter heard the cock crow, he knew his sin. Peter's was a different sin from the sin of hypocrisy. He saw the story of himself. He saw his cheapness and his shame. He saw how he had been guilty of the unforgivable crime (if there is such a thing) of not having the courage to be true to the one he genuinely loved. For if you can't be true to one you love—

"Peter turned from the fire and went out into the night. I don't think he could see clearly. Out there was a wall, and he went to the other side of it and leaned there. He kept on seeing the truth himself. He saw all the love and compassion and foreknowledge that Jesus had shown. He saw his own arrogance and pride. Those were deep moments. The moments of purification. The tearing out and casting away the last traces of evil. The cheap, useless, and destructvie human traits that we wish we

did not have, yet hide so deep, and cuddle so close. Tear them out, no matter what the cost of blood and pain; and then when the surgery is over, wash away the signs with clear, clean saltwater. It's the best thing for all healing. They use it constantly in all hospitals. But how to get a flood of salt tears out of a proud man like Peter? It was the cock.

The Bible says, "Peter went out and wept bitterly." After his immense powers were released, and he rapidly developed into a man who converted 3,000 on his first day of work. He became a great, inspired leader and preached the gospel all his life—going forth to carry the word of God as a light to people in darkness, even giving his life in the end as Jesus did. We are told that he was crucified upside down on a cross in Rome. We may be sure he didn't care, for now he could once again look upon that shining and glorious face of the One he loved so well.

—The Citizen

* * * *

The highest reward a man can receive for his toil is not what he gets for it, but what he becomes by it.

Many a man has failed because he had his wishbone where his backbone ought to have been.

Real friends are those who, when you've made a fool of yourself, don't feel that you've done a permanent job.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that roll away from him, and go beyond his ken on their perilous mission.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.

Meditations



A JEWEL FOR YOUR MEMORY COLLECTION

(LET'S MEMORIZE IT)

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another.
Romans 10:11

* * * *

Marian Anderson, the well known Negro opera singer was born in the slums of Philadelphia in deprivation and poverty. Her one desire in life was to become a singer, but the handicaps of poverty and her race made it a difficult struggle for her. Once when she had been rebuffed and failed she vowed that she would never sing again. Then it was that her mother told her to pray about it and to dedicate her voice to God. She did this and she wanted to sing again. Today she is known around the world. She has sung before the king and queen of England and is a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. She says, "Failure and frustration are in the unwritten pages of everyone's record. I have had my share of them. But the faith my mother taught me is my foundation. Whatever is in my voice, my faith put it there."

Thank God for Christian mothers who instill into their children their faith to guide them through life.

Prayer: We give the thanks, Our Father, for our Mothers and the many sacrifices they made for us. Amen

Sunday Services

By Lorin Randolph

Easter Sunday, April 14, we did not have a minister come and speak to us so we sang three favorite hymns from our song book. The hymns were sung real well by the boys.

Mr. Liske read our Sunday reading entitled "Easter - The Risen Lord," and we responded in turn. Mr. Liske also read "Easter - Assurance of Immortality."

Even though we didn't have a minister for Easter Sunday we still had a very fine service.

—:—

On Sunday, April 21, Reverend John Lindler from Mt. Gilead Lutheran Church was our guest minister.

Reverend Lindler chose as his scripture Psalm 1 which is a very fine chapter in the Bible. Psalm 1 has two messages in it; one is showing the happiness of the godly and the other the unhappiness of the ungodly. Mr. Lindler said to try and see if we all could do and be like the first message telling of the godly. He also said that we should try and see if we

could change ourselves from being unhappy and ungodly. The message was a very fine one and enjoyed by the boys.

—:—

Reverend Banks Shepherd from New Gilead Church in Concord was our minister for Sunday, April 28.

Reverend Shepherds scripture was taken from the Gospel according to St. Matthew 20th chapter 1-14 verses. If you read this scripture you will probably get the same meaning as Mr. Shepherd was trying to put across to us.

Mr. Shepherd told us a story that had a lot in common with the scripture. The story was about a beaver colony which had been a victim of a recent flood that broke their dam. The king of the colony whom was named King Gracious sent a messenger who was named Billy Webbfoot to some neighboring beaver dams to try and get workers to help fix the break in the dam. At the first dam Billy came to the beavers demanded

to know how much King Gracious would pay them for their work. Billy Webbfoot told them that he didn't know but that his King was a just and righteous beaver and that he would pay them for work fairly. The beaver went to the dam and asked the King how much he would pay them for their work. The King said he would pay them five pieces of birch bark. The workers asked for six so the King said alright and wrote up a contract for their work.

Billy Webbfoot went on to the next beaver colony to get more workers to help at the broken dam.

The workers at this dam went to the broken dam without any question, but they stood around until the King asked them what was wrong. The beaver said that they wanted to find out what the payment for work would be. The King told them what they would be paid and they went to work.

Billy Webbfoot went to a third colony later in the afternoon seeking help. When he told the beavers there they went straight to the dam and immediately started to work without any questions.

With the help of the three colonies the break in the dam was soon fixed and it came time for the workers to be paid. King Gracious told the beavers who came last to come and be paid first. He gave six pieces to these beavers and the second group. When it came time to pay the first group the King paid them six pieces of birch bark and they protested against this saying

that it was not fair to pay the workers who came in the cool of the afternoon the same they were paid for working all day. King Gracious told them they had made a contract and he was sticking to it. This story shows you get what is coming to you.

We enjoyed Reverend Shepherds sermon and hope he comes back soon.

—:—

Don't blame the world if places too low an estimate on your capacity. Its judgment is necessarily based on what you actually accomplish.

If you would like to build a better world, start in your own community.

If you insist on perfection, make the first demand on yourself.

Measure your fellowman by his excellence not by his shortcomings.

You cannot lead anyone else any farther than you have gone yourself.

Living is like rowing a boat; to keep going you have to keep pulling on the oars.

Men are like steel; when they lose their temper they lose their worth.

He who respects himself wears a coat of mail.

CAMPUS NEWS

COTTAGE ONE

April brought some exciting times for the boys of cottage one. In the early part of the month Mr. Hinson and Mr. Hahn took the boys of cottage one and two to Camp Spencer to do some work. We hauled sand to spread along the beach and cleaned up around the swimming pool. After the work was finished we were served drinks and ice cream. All the boys enjoyed doing a good turn for the camp.

On Sunday, April 28, the boys of cottage one went on the bus to see an airplane show at a small landing strip a few miles beyond Concord. We watched the airplanes flip in the air and saw jumpers bail out of airplanes in parachutes. We enjoyed the show very much and thank Mr. Hinson for taking us.

We have received three new boys in cottage one recently. They are Lee Dee Locklear, Joseph Dabech, and Johnny Jones. We hope they enjoy their stay at the school.

—James Jones

COTTAGE TWO

Early in the month of April cottage two along with cottage one went to Camp Spencer. We raked sand along the edge of the swimming pool to make a beach.

On April 15, cottage two and three went on a trip to Morrow Mountain. On the way up there we stopped and saw a horse show. After we got there

we had an Easter party and birthday party combined. The party consisted of cake, soft drinks, Easter eggs, candy, and sandwiches. We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Hahn and Mr. and Mrs. Lowder for making the trip possible.

We have some boys expecting to go home this month. They are Jerry Ward, Joe Melton, and Richard Swinson. We wish them the best of luck in the future.

—Lloyd McIntosh

COTTAGE THREE

Cottage three boys have been doing a lot of interesting things this month. On April 7 all the boys enjoyed going fishing at the big lake. We caught quite a few fish. We hope to have enough fish in a few weeks to have a fish fry. We all enjoy fishing very much.

On April 15 cottage two and three went on a trip to the Albemarle Horse Show. The program included Equitation Jumper Class, Pleasure Pony Class, Three Gaited, Pony to Roadster Bike, Walking Horses, Open Three Gaited, and a lot more interesting events.

We then went to Morrow Mountain, and had supper, and a birthday party. We had Ritz Crackers, peanut butter, sandwiches, drinks and birthday cake.

The boys celebrating a birthday at this party were: J. T. Ashley, Ronald Sisk, Martin Pruitt, Glenn Howie,

John Hooper, Reeves Ferguson, Billy Hagar, Jesse Soles, James McCurry, Jesse Johnson, William Rhymer; Earl Patterson, and Willard Warren.

On the way back we stopped by the Tucker Town Dam on the Yadkin River.

All the boys enjoyed the delicious and beautiful birthday cake and want to thank Mr. Ervin. We had one boy to go home, John Hooper. We all want to wish him good luck.

The boys of cottage two and three want too thank Mr. and Mrs. Lowder and Mr. and Mrs. Hahn for the nice trip.

—John Walker
—Earl Patterson

—:—

COTTAGE TEN

April has been a very busy month for cottage ten. Mr. Honeycutt and a few of the boys have painted the cottage. They have been painting since sometime in March. They lack touching a few things being finished.

Mr. and Mrs. Honeycutt have started a garden also. It has just come up. They planted beans and transplanted strawberries. Everyone is looking forward to helping eat the strawberries when they ripen.

Some of the boys have also planted a garden. They have planted okra, beans, corn, cucumbers, watermelon, canalope, squash, and tomatoes. We all hope it produces plenty.

We have three new boys this month. Their names are Charles Kalonaheski from Cherokee, Eddie Brewer from Cameron, and Wayne

Condrey from Rutherfordton. We hope they enjoy their stay with us.

We had one boy to go home. His name was Freddie Riffle. We hope he enjoyed his stay here, and will come back to visit us.

We have started our softball team and we hope to win the trophy again this year.

We also had a birthday party in March in honor of the boys with recent birthdays.

—Charles Driver

—:—

COTTAGE THIRTEEN

Cottage 13 had an Easter Party on Saturday night, April 20. Bingo and other games were played and prizes were given to the winners. After the games were played, we enjoyed refreshments of cake, candy, and cokes.

During the week-end Cottage 13 also went fishing and had a nice time.

—Bruce Triplett
—Bobby Broadway

—:—

COTTAGE FOURTEEN

On Monday night, March 25, the boys of Cottage Fourteen celebrated a birthday party for several of the boys who had birthdays during the past three months.

We played games and had a few contests, the winners of each received prizes. The game enjoyed most was with balloons. The cottage was divided into half and each person was given a balloon. The object of the game was to blow the balloon until it bursted. This was a lot of fun and more

difficult than it sounds. After the games came the best part, the refreshments. These consisted of: cake, potato chips, peanuts, bubble gum, and R. C. Colas. Presents for the boys were given by various Women's Clubs.

We would like to thank Mr. Erwin and the bakery boys for the cake, which we really enjoyed. We would also like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Hooker for planning the party and making it possible.

— Mike Davis

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

COTTON MILL

This month at the cotton mill we have some new machines and have been working hard trying to get them running so that we can start back to work. We received a spinning frame, slubber and a drawing machine.

We have also received three new boys this month. Their names are Sanford Higgs, Tommy Crump, and Marvin Griggs. We are happy to have them and hope they enjoy their stay at the cotton mill.

—Curtis Chavis

—:—

LAUNDRY

The boys in the laundry have been working very hard this month in order to get the clothes out.

We have a new boy, his name is Andy Hammock. We have four boys

expecting to go home in May.

Last month we were a little slow about getting the clothes out because one of our washing machine motors was broke. It was fixed last week.

—Roger Fowler

—:—

CAFETERIA

The cafeteria has received three new boys. Their names are Thomas Scarborough, Jerry Fink, and Harold Robbins, Thomas Scarborough was put on the boys table in the boys dining hall. Jerry Fink was put on the counter and Harold Robbins was put on the counter until they could find another job for him. We are expecting four boys to go home. Their names are George Weaver, Allen Spivey, Alfred Peters, and Earl Patterson. The boys have been looking greens this month.

—Steve Overcash

—Ronnie Jones

—:—

SEWING ROOM

The boys in the sewing room have started making shirts. The cotton mill has been making cloth so we will be busy until we can get caught up. We will be making shirts, sheets and pajamas.

—Lester Hatley

—:—

PLUMBING SHOP

The boys of the plumbing shop have been working very hard this month. We fixed a leaking water main in front of the Administration Build-

ing. We also fixed a boiler at the dairy. The boys have been helping to build a stone wall in front of the Cafeteria. We took care of the boiler at cottage seventeen.

Two new boys are in the shop. They are Elli Johnson and Victor Cannon. We hope they get along as well as the other boys.

—:—

CARPENTER SHOP

This month, we recharged all the cottage and building fire extinguishers. We painted about 45 window sashes and have started putting them in at the office. We helped the plumbing shop, Mr. Lowder, and Mr. Hinson work on the stone wall at the cafeteria. We have started to repair the cottage screen. The dumb-waiter in the cafeteria was broken and we took it out and it is being fixed.

—Richard Broome

—:—

YARD FORCE

We have been real busy for the last month. We finished killing the old hens. We put a new roof on the old chicken conditioning house. We got a shipment of day old chicks. They now weigh about a pound. We lost only three. Our layers are doing real good. We have been sowing grass seed on some of the lawns and fertilizing them. The lawns are getting green. We have worked on our mowers, they are ready to go, and we are too.

We have four new boys. They are Clyde Rose, Kenny Ellington, Eugene Foss, and Floyd Darnell.

PLANT BEDS

The Plant Bed boys have been working in the new green house. We have been transplanting some pepper, tomatoes, egg plants, Great Lake lettuce, cabbage, celery, parsley, and some flowers to set out around the campus. We start the plants growing in the greenhouse and when they are a few weeks old, we take them on the farm and plant them. The plants are thriving and we expect to have a very good crop of everything this year, thanks to the greenhouse.

—Wayne Kirby

—:—

BARBER SHOP

The boys in the Barber Shop have been very busy this month. We worked one day on the farm this month putting up berries.

We have one new boy in the Barber Shop, his name is Bobby Broadway. We hope he likes his stay here.

The total number of haircuts is 556. Kenneth Barr cut 75, Ronnie Burroughs 69, Mike Murphy 65, Phillip Jenkins 63, James Carter 61, Ralph Shuffler 65, Melvin Brown 46, Donnie Hayes 38, Gary Bullard 33, Bobby Broadway 26, and Clinton Martin 25.

—Kenneth Barr

—James Carter

—:—

TRACTOR FORCE

The Tractor Force boys have been working very hard this month. We have been making fences and cleaning the barn out. We now started putting

plows on some of the tractors. All of the old tractors have been painted and look very good. We also have a new tractor shed.

We have received some new boys on the tractor force. They are George Onsave, Bobby Zylon, and Raeford Knight. We hope they learn their trade well.

We had two boys to go home this month. They were Roger Bryant and Harry Newton. We hope they get along at home.

—Jerry Ward

—:—

BARN FORCE

The Barn Force boys have been working very hard this month. We have been killing hogs. We have been grinding feed for them too.

We are sure glad that spring is here for it has been very cold working down here.

We had a boy to go home this month. His name is Charles Gray. We wish him the best of luck.

We have a good many spring pigs. We are expecting some more soon.

—John Hooper

—:—

BAKERY

The bakery boys have been very busy preparing ice cream, pound cake and corn bread. Several of the boys received citations for good work in the bakery. We have had one boy to go home this month his name is Richard Swinson. We have one new boy his name is Richard Stinson. Bill Rhymer has been very busy wrapping bread.

DAIRY

The boys in the dairy have been very busy this month. We have five new boys, their names are Johnny Bell, Bobby Bryant, and Charles Reid in the afternoon section, in the morning their names are Ottis Walker and Jerry Ellis. We have lost two cows this month. The other cows have been increasing their milk. We have been getting up to 42 crates of milk a day. We had one boy to go home this month his name is Edward Newnam.

—Larry Case

—Charles Skinner

—:—

GYM

Basketball trophies were presented to high scorers of each league. In the (A) league Cottage Two was the high scorer, in the (B) league Cottage Seventeen was the high scorer, and in the (C) league Cottage Nine was the high scorer.

Gordon Brown received the award for the highest total of points in the (A) league, Harry Newton received the award for the highest total of points in the (B) league, and in the (C) league Larry Bullard received the award for the highest total of points to complete the leagues.

Softball season starts this month. We have been practicing and learning the rules of batting, pitching, and running the bases.

—:—

PRINT SHOP

The boys in the Print Shop have

been working very hard this month. They have been keeping the different machines in good working order.

The boys on the press have been pressing Easter programs, CT forms envelopes, and letter heads for Morrison Training School. We have been working on a booklet, it is entitled, "Workshop for Cottage Counselors."

The boys on the Linotype have been setting up material for the Uplift, CT forms, and other material.

The boys in the bindery have been colating and padding the CT forms and binding the Uplift.

Mr. Readling along with Mr. Rouse took several of the boys to a Printing Exhibit held at the Merchandise Mart in Charlotte. We saw many different machines and printing material. We enjoyed the trip and would like to thank Mr. Readling and Mr. Rouse for making the trip possible.

We have one new boy in the Print Shop, his name is Ronald Morgan. We have some boys going home this month. Their names are Billy Austin, James Roberts, and Ronald Aiken. We wish them the best of luck in the future.

— James Jones
— Lloyd McIntosh

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

SPECIAL B

Joe Melton has drawn another pretty scene on the blackboard in Mrs. Stalling's room. The caption of this

one is "The Blue Ridge Parkway".

He has drawn in the fore ground cars on the parkway which winds it's way up the mountain side. On the side of the road is a rail line. We see many of these while traveling on the mountain roads.

In the distance are the mountains which are covered with different shades of evergreens. A small stream is there also. One can imagine that it is filled with mountain trout. The laurel and pink and white dogwood trees add color.

Just one look at this picture makes a lover of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains want to take off for a days ride on this parkway.

We shall miss having Joe to draw our pictures when he goes home soon.

—Mrs. Stallings

—:—

SPECIAL C

In Special C Mrs. Liske read the book "Mrs. Popper's Penguins" to the class. It told about some penguins at the South Pole. The boys were so interested in it that they made some penguins out of paper mache and fixed a very interesting table display. We used cotton to resemble ice and snow, and named the penguin according to the names in the book. We also copied a scene out of the book and drew and painted it on large paper. It is very beautiful.

Our room is decorated with a very beautiful bulletin board. The pictures are about spring. They have a pretty effect on the background we have chosen for them.

SPECIAL D

In Special D History we have been studying the War Between the States. The boys think it is interesting to learn about the North and South during that period.

In Arithmetic we are studying about the installment plan, and in language we are studying and learning about letter writing.

We have a very interesting chart on our blackboard showing points about the structure of the heart. It also shows how the blood circulates.

There are forty-nine boys in our class now. We have had one boy to go home recently, his name is Jerry Baynard. We hope for him the best of luck in the future.

—:—

**MR. LENTZ
SIXTH GRADE**

The boys in the 6th Grade have been working very hard this month. We have been studying about different kinds of animals. We have been studying about Tadpoles, and the way they develope.

We have also been studying about animals of the ocean. We have been studying about Mollusks, animals with shells. There are many different kinds of Mollusks. The Snail, Clam, slug, Squid, Octopus, Oyster and scallop, are all from the Mollusks family. We would like to thank Mr. Cheek for working very hard with us.

—:—

**MR. WENTZ
SIXTH GRADE**

We have been studying Australia

in history this month. Mr. Wentz showed us some film on Egypt, North and South Africa and how they live over there.

We have had some boys to go home out of our room this month.

—J. T. Ashley

—:—

OLD SCHOOL

I'm happy to report that we have been working extra hard to clean and wax the floors so that we can make a good impression on our wonderful training school when the visitors arrive.

We have now one Librarian whose name is Ernest McCall. Our afternoon librarian has left. Mr. Lentz will get a new librarian pretty soon now.

Mr. Lentz has been working pretty hard giving tests and sending out new boys this month. I think Mr. Lentz has been improving the school very much by getting new books for the Library so we can read more interesting books than before.

—Charles Huddle

—:—

It's going to be hard for today's younger generation to think of something to tell their children they had to do without.

For sale sign: "Beautiful residence in the hills overlooking a nudist colony. Must sacrifice due to failing eyesight."

He is wise who grieves not, but rejoices in what he has.

Honor Rolls

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

COTTAGE NO. 1

Melvin Brown
James Jones
Elbert McIntosh
Barry Worley

COTTAGE NO. 2

Gordon Brown
Harvey Locklear
Robert Tilley
George Mabe
Johnny Sheppard

COTTAGE NO. 3

J. C. Clayton
Mitchell Newberry
Jesse Soles

COTTAGE NO. 5

Sanford Higgs
Raeford Knight
Hubert Parker
Robert Bridges
Jerry Helms

COTTAGE NO. 6

Buford Higgs

COTTAGE NO. 7

Richard Hall

Donald Hargett
James Messer

COTTAGE NO. 8

Kenneth Barr
Ronald Burroughs
Claude Torrence

COTTAGE NO. 9

Charles Butler
James Carter
Emmett McCall
Sammy Ray

COTTAGE NO. 10

Albert Adams
Randy Boyles
Charles Driver
Jackie Garris
Wayne Hogan
Ronnie Jones
Earl Patterson

COTTAGE NO. 11

Tommy Pritchard
William Arnette
J. C. King
Bobby Cornwell
Alfred Peters

COTTAGE NO. 13

Cline Huskins
George Mathis

Earnie Reavis
 James Riddle
 Bruce Triplette
 Eddie Trivette
 Eli Johnson
 Gary Thompson
 Victor Cannon
 Frank Trivette

COTTAGE NO. 14

James Davis
 Douglas Love
 Guaran Ward
 Benny Hollingsworth

COTTAGE NO. 15

Larry Biegert
 Curtis Chavis
 Charles Skinner
 Alvin West
 Kenneth Strickland

COTTAGE NO. 17

Claude Chavis
 David Lashley
 James Lee
 Billy Lovings
 George Weaver
 Ray Williams

TRADE HONOR ROLL

MARCH

PRINT SHOP

Carl Pruitt
 Lorin Randolph
 Forrest Hall
 Thomas Brown
 Ted Pope
 Lloyd McIntosh
 Bill Austin

Raymond Kemp
 Ronald Aiken

MACHINE SHOP

Paul Brady
 Eugene Attinelli
 James Messer
 John Phelps
 Ervin Ward
 Sammy Griffin

LAUNDRY

Bobby Cornwell
 Thomas Graham
 Roger Fowler
 George Mathis
 Terry Motley
 Clarence Hunt
 Larry Callicutt
 Cauley Lee
 Wayne Conner
 James Tullock
 David Talbert
 Veron Silver
 Ernie Reavis
 Steve Phillips
 Ronald Sisk
 Jesse Soles

GYM

Floyd Austin

INFIRMARY

Gerald Baynard
 Bill Taylor

TEXTILE

William Edwards
 Curtis Chavis
 Sanford Higgs
 Bobby Goode

Robin Lusk
Eddie Trivette

SHOE SHOP

Edsel Martin
Randy Carver
Ernest Cook
Carl Parker
Ellis Allen
Ronnie Beach

BARBER SHOP

Kenneth Barr
Ronnie Burroughs
Gary Bullard
Melvin Brown
James Carter
Donnie Hayes
Ralph Shuffler
Phillip Jenkins

PAINTING

Robert Phillips
Bruce Triplett

CARPENTER SHOP

Richard Broome
Johnny Sain
Johnny Clark
Charles Fletcher
Billy Wilhite
Curtis Wyatt
Bobby Martin
Guaran Ward

CAFETERIA

Tommy Carter
Kenneth Westbrook
Wayne Ramsey
Tony Chester
Ronnie Jones

Reeves Ferguson
Bobby Hallman
Alfred Peters
Earl Patterson
Steve Overcash
Allan Spivey
Joe Melton
David Lashley
Gary Hall
Richard Hall
Robert Nelson
Ray Williams
Gary Pheifer
J. C. Clayton
James Bost
James Davis
Jerry Fuqua

YARD and POULTRY

Roger Neagle
Russell Wallace
Hubert Parker
Floyd Darnell
James McNeil
Kenneth Ellington
Clyde Rose
William Junaluska
Robert Bridges
Eugene Foss
Tommy Bolding
J. T. Ashley
Lewis Murr

FARM

Kenneth Strickland
Edward Newnam
Charles Skinner
Jerry Ward
Jimmy Oxendine
Bill Overstreet
Robert Allen
Mike Basden

George Mabe
 Norman Barton
 Harvey Locklear
 Jimmy Lowery
 Leigher Hunt
 Darrell Cambell
 Terry Price
 John Hooper
 Gary Thompson
 Bobby Bryant
 Virgil Jones
 Jessie Johnson
 Steve Lowery
 Steve Price
 Fred Kinley
 Charles Bullock
 Bobby Jacobs
 Roger Phillips
 Dean Carver
 John Walker
 Johnny Franklin
 Reggie Somerset
 Wayne Tuggle

A P R I L

OFFICE

Mitchell Newberry
 Robert Lee

PRINT SHOP

Carl Pruitt
 Lloyd McIntosh
 James Jones
 Michael Davis
 Charles Driver
 Lorin Randolph
 Forrest Hall
 Tommy Brown

INFIRMARY

Bill Taylor

Robert Thompson

TEXTILE

Tommy Crump
 Bobby Crouch
 Bobby Goode
 Max Burleyson
 Donald Hargett
 Eddie Trivette
 Oscar Hawkins
 Marvin Griggs

MACHINE SHOP

Eugene Attinelli
 James Messer
 Thomas Shelton
 Ervin Ward
 Thomes Barsh

SEWING ROOM

David Funderburk
 William Triplett
 Lester Hatley
 Bobby Smith

SHOE SHOP

Richard Christy
 Douglas Love
 Jerry Johnson
 Carl Parker
 Karl Bullock
 Ronnie Beach
 Ernest Cook
 Ellis Allen

BARBER SHOP

Ronald Burroughs
 Kenneth Barr
 Mike Murphy
 David Carter
 Clinton Martin
 Gary Bullard

Ralph Shuffler
Robert Broadway

POULTRY & YARD

Roger Neagle
Hubert Parker
Mike Lowery
James McNeill
Kenny Ellington
David Bell
Clyde Rose
Steve Gunter
Jeff Wilson
Eugene Foss
Tommy Bolding
J. T. Ashley
Lewis Murr
Bobby Pinkleton
Zeb Christy
Richard Cardwell

LAUNDRY

Cauley Lee
Jesse Soles
Ronald Sisk
Wayne Conner
James Tullock
Ernest Reavis
James Smith
Thomas Graham
Ronnie Tolbert
David Talbert
Terry Motley
George Mathis
Roger Fowler
Clarence Hunt
Larry Callicutt
Henry Yates

PLUMBING SHOP

Glenn Howie
Wayne Winkler

Barry Worley
Mike Miller
Johnny Shepherd

PAINTING

Bruce Triplette
Robert Phillips
Micky Heath
Robert Pullen

CAFETERIA

Tony Chester
James Bost
J. C. Clayton
James Davis
Jerry Fuqua
James Mosteller
David Lashley
George Weaver
Allen Spivey
Melvin Lawson
Steve Overcash
Alfred Peters
Ronnie Jones
Bobby Hallman
Jimmy Walker
Charles Butler
Reeves Ferguson
Bill Albro
Tommy Carter
Earl Patterson
Kenneth Westbrook
Melvin Foss
Jackie Garris
Wylie Parham
Jerry Hyatt
Richard Hall
Bobby Nelson
Ray Williams
Chuck Nunnery
Gary Pheifer
Willie Austin
Ralph Davis

Gordon Brown
Terry Walker

FARM

Bobby Jacobs
Fred Kinley
Roger Phillips
Charles Austin
Virgil Jones
Jessie Johnson
Steve Lowery
Darrell Campbell
Kenneth Strickland
Alvin West
Charles Skinner
John Walker
Johnny Franklin
David Hippy
Ronald Cuthbertson
Wayne Tuggle
Steve Kirby
Hal Oxendine
Larce Jacobs
Jerry Helms
Jerry Locklear
Larry Webb
Jimmy Oxendine
Robert Allen
George Mabe
Robert Tilley
Donald Cummings
Jimmy Lowery
Leigher Hunt
Harvey Locklear
Raeford Knight
Treatus Hammonds

———:———

Said the clerk, "How can I stop women customers from talking about the low prices in the good old days?"

The floorwalker suggested, "Act

surprised, and tell them you didn't think they were old enough to remember them."

A Texan sent an eight-pound cucumber to the editor of an Alaskan newspaper. "The big ones are too heavy," he wrote, "but I thought you would like to see the kind of gherkins we grow in Texas.

In a few days the editor responded with a forty-pound cabbage. "The same is true of our cabbages," he wrote to the texan "but I thought you would like to see an Alaskan brussel spout!"

The little community was having a big dinner for the new governor of the state. The grizzled old local chairman of arrangements, who had never seen the new executive, turned to the lady next to him and commented, "Don't tell me that old mug is the governor?"

A wealthy contractor liked to know all about the employees who toiled in his vast business. One day he came upon a new young man who was dexterously counting out a large wad of the firm's cash into pay envelopes.

"Where did you get your financial training, young man?" he asked.

"Yale," replied the young man.

Maybe barking dogs don't bite—I remain suspicious. Intervals between barks might happen to be vicious.

A brick is useless until it has been through the fire. So is a man.

NEW STUDENTS

Reed, Charlie Wilson	Canton
Finley, Barry Richard	Lincolnton
Kalonakeskie, Charles	Cherokee
Jones, Harold	Wadesboro
Scarborough, Thomas Leonard	Kannapolis
Scarborough, Bernard Paul	Kannapolis
Nance, John William, Jr.	Kannapolis
Chase, David Lee	Concord
Brewer, Edward Andrew	Cameron
Spivey, Carl	Robbins
Spivey, Cecil	Robbins
Condrey, Wayne	Rutherfordton
Wilson, Jeff	Rutherfordton
Church, Woodrow Wilson Jr.	Winston-Salem
Robbins, Harold Stephen	Winston-Salem
Ellis, Harry Jerome	Monroe
Walker, Otis Wayne	Mooresville
Gunter, Steve	Troutman
Bell, John Wayne	Lumberton
Fink, Jerome Herman	Salisbury
Carter, Charles	Goldsboro
Bledsoe, Dennis Wayne	Winston-Salem
Bell, Jerry Lee	Gastonia

Edison, Buddy Lee	Dallas
Buffkin, Larry Ray	Wilmington
Clark, Roger Dale	Newland
Wafford, William Henry, Jr.	Lexington
Stepp, Cecil Wilburn	East Flat Rock
Jones, Johnnie James	Hamlet
Lyman, Wayne Douglas	Landis
Ratlidge, Leon Richard	Charlotte
Locas, Louis Michael	Charlotte
Cole, Jimmy Lee	Winston-Salem
Southerland, Marvin, Jr.	Asheville
Southerland, Aubrey Gene	Asheville
Dabeck, Joseph Henry	Hudson

* * * *

If you are criticized, you have either done something worth while, or refrained from doing something foolish. So congratulations!

The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is.

A penny will hide the biggest star in the universe if you hold it close enough to your eyes.

No man is so tall that he need never stretch, nor so small that he need never stoop.

One of the best rules in conversation is never say a thing which anyone can reasonably wish had rather be left unsaid.

Efficiency is only another name for doing the right thing at the right time.

BIRTHDAYS

Richard Hall	4-2-63
William Pennell	4-3-63
Curtis Chavis	4-4-63
Bobby Hardin	4-5-63
John Nance	4-6-63
Jack Callicutt	4-6-63
Grady Rose	4-6-63
John Williamson	4-7-63
Tommy Pritchard	4-9-63
David Sutton	4-15-63
Clint Martin	4-17-63
Danny Watkins	4-17-63
Victor Cannon	4-19-63
William Wafford	4-19-63
Charles Taylor	4-21-63
David Talbert	4-22-63
Glenn Howie	4-26-63
Jerry Fuqua	4-28-63
John Hawkins	4-28-63
Albert Southerland	4-29-63

* * * *

Life is full of golden opportunities for doing what we do not want to do.

THE EASTER STORY

Each year, on the Sunday following the first full moon after the 21st day of March, we celebrate the Easter Holiday; the commemoration of Christ's resurrection from the grave. And each year we go through the cycle of Easter bunnies, Easter eggs, and Easter lilies, which have become symbolic of the occasion, perhaps without realizing the significance of these customs, how they originated or why they are synonymous with the observance of this holy day. Certainly there is no obvious connection between chocolate bunnies and colored eggs and the spiritual message of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, but through centuries of association the customs have remained and have been varied and embellished, until today much of their original meaning is lost in superficiality.

Centuries ago, long before Christ was born, the Norsemen welcomed Ostara or Eastre (their divinity of Spring) by a festival on her annual return to reclothe the earth in greenery and flowers after each long night of winter had stripped the world of its faded robes and hidden them away. The sun, returning once more to their land after a long winter of darkness, gave birth to a new season—a time of fertility and plenty—so they chose as symbols for their festival the egg and the rabbit as reproducers of the species.

The coloring of the eggs—red, blue, yellow, etc.—was borrowed from the Aurora Borealis and the dawning hues of the Easter sun. At Easter the hearth fires were lighted afresh and bonfires were kindled on the hills, dispersing the germs of evil where the Easter fire shed its light. It was also the custom for young couples, desiring to be married during the year, to dance 'round the fires, thereby becoming purified.

Flowers, too, played an important part in the fete, when springs and wells were decorated with blossoms as a token of the returning flow of life—giving water and the custom of baptismal purification and regeneration.

So, down through the ages, the festival of the rebirth of Spring spread throughout many lands and many peoples, and although the Hebrews regarded it as a celebration called the "Pesach," or passing, signifying the "passing over" of Hebrew households, when Death smote the first-born dead, it is essentially the joyous season of new birth, and all obser-

vances had one common purpose—the expression of joy in resurrection. From this point it is not difficult to connect these customs with the moving story of Christ's sacrifice on the Cross, and the people's joy on Easter morn when they were convinced that He had risen to give His message of faith and hope and love to the world.

—Sunshine Magazine

* * * *

TWO TEMPLES

A builder builded a temple,
 He wrought it with grace and skill,
 Pillars and groins and arches
 All fashioned to work his will.
 Men said, as they saw its beauty,
 "It shall never know decay,
 Great is thy skill. O builder!
 Thy fame shall endure for aye.

A teacher builded a temple
 With loving and infinite care,
 Planning each arch with patience,
 Laying each stone with prayer,
 None praised her unceasing efforts
 None knew of her wondrous plan,
 For the temple the Teacher builded
 Was unseen by the eyes of men.

Gone is the Builder's temple,
 Crumbled into the dust;
 Low his each stately pillar,
 Food for consuming rust,
 But the temple the Teacher builded,
 Will last while the ages roll,
 For that beautiful unseen temple
 Was a child's immortal soul.

— Hattie Ross Hale

GO BACK TOMORROW

It is not necessary to know much about God; it is sufficient that you love Him. Speak to Him as you would to your mother if she were to draw you near to her. By this I mean, it is not necessary for you to kneel down and spout off a series of standard prayers that perhaps mean little to you. I am suggesting that you talk to God as you would to your mother or someone very dear to you. Tell Him what has happened since yesterday to cheer and console you. Have you had an unexpected visit which did you good; a fear suddenly dissipated; a success you thought you could not attain; a mark of confidence; a letter from home? Show your gratitude by giving Him thanks. Go one day without complaining, or smile even if you don't feel like it, or go out of your way to help someone or make a special effort to do an extra good job at work today. These are just a few ways of showing gratitude without verbal or mental prayer. Surely if you offer up to God what you are about to do, it will have to be well done, and what is well done in God's name IS A PRAYER.

Now that didn't hurt did it? No kneeling, no reading; hardly any effort was required and don't you feel better all around? You have not only shown your gratitude to God but you have also increased the spiritual strength of your soul. Perhaps too, you have gained a new friend or the praise of a superior for a job well done. Thanking God is so simple and it can be so beneficial. Of course as I have already said, the act or deed must be done in thanksgiving to God, (done in His name) not for what it will merit you, though you will merit. Actually when you think about it, it's pretty nice of God to give all our acts and deeds the potential of the "two-way-stretch". They can be a prayer to Him and eventually with continuity' merit you Heaven; and they can be a source of material advancement through life on Earth.

Go, take up your work; be diligent, humble, submissive, and kind. And remember, go back tomorrow and bring Him a heart still more devout and loving, for tomorrow He will have still more blessings and love for you.

Each morning when I wake I say,
"I place my hand in God's today";

I know He'll walk close by my side
My every wondering step to guide.

He leads me with the tenderest care
When paths are dark and I despair—
No need for me to understand
If I but hold fast to his hand.

My hand in His! No surer way
To walk in safety through each day.
By His great bounty I am fed;
Warmed by His love, and comforted.

When at day's end I seek my rest
And realized how much I'm blessed,
My thanks pour out to Him; and then
I place my hand in God's again.

—The Soundings

* * * *

It is not enough to learn the tricks of the trade—you must learn the trade.

To wish is of little account; to succeed you must earnestly desire, and this desire must shorten thy sleep.

If you allow yourself to rest satisfied with present attainments, however respectable they may be, your mental garments will look threadbare.

One of the most important lessons that experience teaches is that on the whole, success depends more upon either intellect or fortune.

The truest help we can render an afflicted man is not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best energy, that he may be able to bear the burden.

The aim of education should be to convert the mind into a living fountain, and not a reservoir. That which is filled by merely pumping in, will be emptied by pumping out.

THE FELLOW WHO'LL TAKE MY PLACE

Here is a toast I want to drink
To the fellow I'll never know.
To the fellow that's going to take my place
When it's time for me to go.
I've wondered what kind of chap he'll be
And I wished I could take his hand,
Just to wisper , "I wish you well, old man."
In a way that he would undertand.
I'd like to give him the cheering word
That at times I've longed to hear;
I'd like to give him the warm handclasp
When never a friend seemed near.
I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard work,
And I wish I could pass it on
To the fellow who'll come to take my place,
Some day when I have gone.
Will he see all the sad mistakes I've made,
And note all the battles lost,
Will he ever guess the tears they cost,
Or the heartaches that they caused?
Will he gaze through the failures and fruitless toil
To the underlying plan
And catch a glimpse of the real intent
I dare to hope he may pause some day
And the heart of the vanished man?
As he toils as I have wrought
And gain some strength for his weary task
From the battles I have fought.
With the cares for him to face
But I've only the task itself to leave
And never a cheering word to speak,
To the fellow who'll take my place.
Then here's to your good health, old chap,
I drink as a bridegroom to his bride,

I leave an unfinished task for you
 But God knows how I've tried.
 I've dreamed my dreams as all men do
 But never a one come true,
 And my prayer to-day is that all my dreams
 May be realized in you.
 And we'll meet some day in the great unknown,
 Far out in the realms of space,
 You'll know my clasp when I take your hand
 And gaze in your tired face.
 Then all failures will be success
 In the light of the new found dawn.
 So to-day I'm drinking your health, old chap,
 Who'll take my place when I'm gone.

—Author Unknown

* * * *

EASTER NEEDS

This Spring we need the faith that Jesus taught,
 More surely now than in the ages past;
 We need His strength to meet the fierce onslaught
 Of madmen who have set the world aghast.

This Spring above all others, we should see
 While dying on the cross for others' shame;
 We need His wisdom on this war-torn road,
 And true compassion for the ones to blame.

This Spring, above all others, we should see
 The need for more united brotherhood;
 We need to map the course in harmony,
 And work to salvage all there is of good.

This Spring when blossoms tell of life renewed,
 We need an understanding gratitude.

—Pearl Carter Phillips

A MOTHER'S LOVE

An angel came down to earth one day,
And, wishing to carry some treasure away
Back to the gates of heaven above,
Where all is perfect and all is love,
He looked about him for something fair,
Something that would with heaven compare,
Something that, even in that pure light,
Would still be faultless, and true, and bright.

Something that could never know decay,
This he would bear from the earth away,
He found himself in a garden old
Where lilies white, with hearts of gold
Lifted their heads o'er the garden bed;
"These perfect flowers shall be mine," he said;
Then chasing the shadows across the ground,
A sunny-faced child was next he found.

As he caught the smile from the baby's face,
He said, "How perfect! 'twill heaven grace."
And again he found a jewel rare,
A mother's love and tender care,
Then the angel went back to the gates above,
With the flower, the smile, and mother's love;
But before he passed through the gates of gold
He paused a moment these gems to behold.

The lily no longer was white and gold,
But lay there withered and sad to behold:
The smile, once bright on the baby's face,
Had faded and now lost its grace,
But oh! as he looked at the mother's love,
He found it changeless as heaven above.
"I have found but one treasure on earth," said he
"And this I will take through the gates with me."

* * * *

A very small river will carry a good deal of water to the sea—if it keeps running.

Library
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Chapel Hill, North Carolina

"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilt goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."

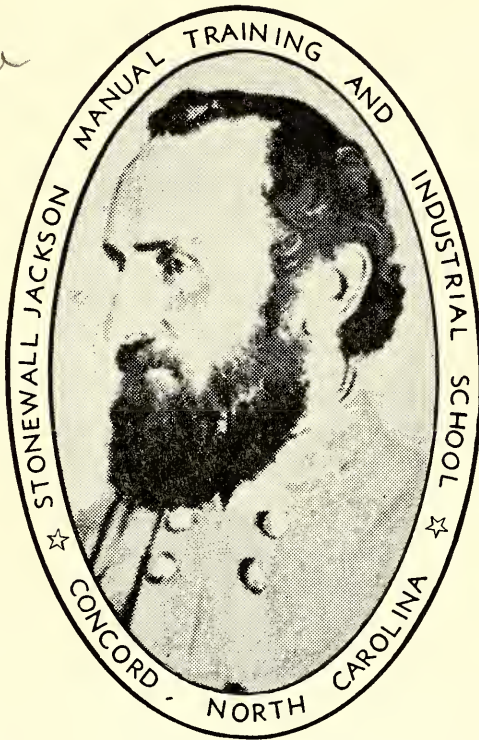
— Edwin Markham

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MAY 1963



Carolina Charter Tercentenary

THE UPLIFT

NORTH CAROLINA BOARD OF CORRECTION AND TRAINING
BLAINE M. MADISON, Commissioner

VOLUME LI

MAY 1963

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COMMISSIONER'S COMMENTS

Blaine M. Madison

North Carolina has been invited to submit nominations for the Young American Medals program. This is an excellent opportunity to give recognition to outstanding young boys and girls in our State who have demonstrated courage or rendered unusual service. The following outlines the details of the program:

YOUNG AMERICAN MEDALS

INTRODUCTION:

North Carolina is inviting nominations from the various communities of the State for the Young American Medals program. Any person under nineteen years of age who has demonstrated unusual courage or rendered extraordinary service is eligible. Individuals, agencies and organizations knowing such young people are invited to make nominations.

NAME OF MEDALS:

There are two medals, one to be known as the Young American Medal for Bravery and the other to be known as the Young American Medal for Service.

YOUNG AMERICAN MEDAL FOR BRAVERY:

The act of bravery must have been performed during 1962 before the boy or girl reached his or her 19th birthday. Those nominated must habitually reside in the United States (including its territories and possessions and the Panama Canal Zone). This medal is awarded for exceptional courage, attended by extraordinary decision, presence of mind and unusual swiftness of action, regardless of his or her own personal safety, in an effort to save

or in saving the life of any person or persons in actual imminent danger.

YOUNG AMERICAN MEDAL FOR SERVICE:

The record of achievement must have been performed during 1962 before the boy or girl reached his or her 19th birthday. Only citizens of the United States are eligible to receive the Young American Medal for Service. Character attained and service accomplished by a candidate for this medal must have been such as to make his or her achievement worthy of public report. The outstanding and unusual recognition of the candidate's character and service must have been public in nature and must have been acknowledged by the chief executive officer or officers of a State, county, municipality, or other political subdivision, or by a civic, educational, or religious institution, group or society, and must have been prominently mentioned in the public press or on the radio or television in the community wherein the service was accomplished or wherein the candidate habitually resides.

INFORMATION REQUIRED:

A recommendation in favor of a candidate for the award of either of the medals must be accompanied by:

- (1) Name and address of candidate, and name and address of person submitting the nomination.
- (2) A full and complete statement of the candidate's outstanding endeavor or recognized character and service achievement (including the times and places) which it is thought qualifies the candidate to receive the medal suggested.
- (3) Supporting statements by witnesses or persons having personal knowledge of the facts surrounding the candidate's unusual endeavor or recognized achievement, as the case may be.
- (4) A certified copy of the candidate's birth certificate, or, if no birth certificate is available, other authentic evidence of the date and place of the candidate's birth.
- (5) A biographical sketch of the candidate, including infor-

TIME SCHEDULE:

mation as to his or her citizenship or habitual residence, as the case may require.

Nominations **Must** be submitted to the Governor's Office not later than August 15, 1963.

PRESENTATIONS:

Recommendations to the National Committee must be made by the Governor of North Carolina and the medals will be awarded by President Kennedy. Therefore, you are requested to send your nominations to GOVERNOR TERRY SANFORD, Raleigh, North Carolina. All nominations **must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1963** to be considered for one of these awards.

* * * *

A man can fail many times, but he isn't a failure until he begins to blame somebody else.

Life is a grindstone, and whether it grinds a man down or polishes him up depends on the stuff he's made of.

Quite a lot of the world's trouble is produced by those who don't produce anything else.

All the world's a camera. Smile, please!

To be without friends is a serious form of poverty.

You cannot expect to feel God's presence if you are too busy.

Everyone should keep a mental wastepaper basket, and the older he grows, the more things he will consign to it—torn up in irrevocable tatters.

A good example is the best sermon.

Meditations



A JEWEL FOR YOUR MEMORY COLLECTION (LET'S MEMORIZE IT)

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

St. Mark 12:31

* * * *

The story is told of a young relief worker in Siberia who was assigned to drive an oxcart over rough mountain roads that were infested with robbers. The usual procedure for such a trip was to be accompanied by military escort to assure the safety of the men and food that was to be delivered to starving natives on the other side of the mountain. The young man refused the protection and when the robbers stopped him after many unmolested trips, he asked them to help him transport the cargo to the hungry people. Instead of attacking him, they put their shoulders to the wheel and helped him deliver the food.

Pity or sympathy for those in need may not be regarded by some as love for their neighbor, but it has gone a long way in solving the problems of individuals, families, or nations. Because someone cared enough to do something about it many a catastrophe has been averted.

It has been said that love is the only service that power cannot command and money cannot buy.

Prayer: Our Father, help us to love Thee so dearly and to serve Thee so faithfully that our lives may be filled with compassion for all mankind.

Amen

Sunday Services

By Lorin Randolph

May 12, Mothers Day, we had a very fine Sunday lesson preached by Reverend D. P. Smotherman from Mt. Mitchell Methodist Church in Kannapolis. Mr. Smotherman's scripture was taken from the book of Daniel sixth chapter 1-15 verses.

The point that Mr. Smotherman tried to put over to us was that we all have problems of living. He said that if you want something out of life you have to put something into it. You have to have a goal in life and aim towards it. Everybody has a life of his own and their own goals which they can do very much about. If they really and truly want that life or goal there is no stopping them. There are both big and small goals which anybody can aim for.

Mr. Smotherman told us a story about a small man and a big man. The small man who was 3'8" tall one day went to the big man who was 8'3" tall and told him that if he was as big as the big man was that he would climb the highest mountain around and hunt the biggest bear and kill it with his bare hand just to prove how

strong he was. The big man listened to the little man until he had finished and then told the little man that there were small bears up there too.

This small story goes to illustrate that there is a goal suitable for everyone.

Mr. Smotherman also told us that you have to have rules and principles of life which are kept no matter what the circumstance. You also must have friends who think and act the way you do. With all these things that Mr. Smotherman mentioned we would have a better life and much better surroundings.

We all enjoyed Mr. Smotherman's lesson and hope he comes back soon with another fine lesson for us.

—:—

The Reverend Robert Swygert of Prosperity Luthern Church of Rimer-town, was our speaker for Sunday, May 19.

His theme was "Our Refuge In Life". The basis for his theme was from the 28th chapter of Isaiah 14-20, and 1 Corinthians 11: 23-26 and

23-26. The people did wrong and their only refuge was God.

Mr. Swygert said a man once told him he would come to church when he stopped preaching on death. The preacher told the man, "Brother, I will quit preaching on death when it ceases to exist."

If Adam and Eve had taken refuge in God when the devil had asked them to eat the forbidden fruit there wouldn't be any death.

His closing remarks were; "Today we might not take refuge in Christ, but if we keep putting it off our religion will soon become false."

—:—

"THE TONGUE"

by A. T. Kemp

The boneless tongue, so small and weak can crush and kill, declared the Greek.

The tongue destroys a greater horde, The Turk asserts, "than the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith, "A lengthy tongue - an early death Or something takes this form instead Don't let your tongue cut off your head.

The tongue can speak a word whose speed, Say the Chinese, "out strips speed, Say the Chinese, "out strips the steed,"

While sages this great fact impart. "The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew writ the maxim spring "Tho' feet should slip, ne'er let the

tongue,"

The sacred writer crowns the whole,

"Who keeps the tongue doth keep his soul."

—From (Our Paper)

—:—

RECOMPENSE

Georgia Moore Eberling

You reap just what you sow,
Sometimes fourfold!

As sure as rivers flow,
And dawn and dusk winds blow,
And scarlet poppies glow,
The seeds you plant will grow.

The seeds you plant you reap!

The tale is told!

The folding days may keep
The seeds you buried deep
Until they seem to sleep,
But soon or late you reap.

Choose seeds you plant with care and diligence.

There is no way to miss just recompense.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

Friendship is the only cement that will ever hold the world together.

Success consists in getting up once oftener than you fall down.

The boy who does his best today will be a hard man to beat tomorrow.

CAMPUS NEWS

COTTAGE ONE

On May 4th, cottage one and two went to see the Dare Devil race car drivers, at the Concord Speedway. While we were at the Speedway we saw some interesting driving. The Dare Devils were driving with one hand all the time we were there.

On Saturday, May 18th, cottage one and two went to Camp Spencer to go swimming. We stayed in the lake about two hours. About three o'clock we boarded the bus and came back to the campus. We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Hinson and Mr. and Mrs. Hahns for taking us on both of the trips.

—Forrest Hall
—Franklin Dunn

—:—

COTTAGE SEVEN

On March 17, cottage seven boys and Mr. and Mrs. Padgett and Mrs. Baker went on a trip through Charlotte. This trip for many of the boys was the first time seeing Charlotte. We went through Charlotte on one of the main streets and saw a few of the well known banks, department stores, and eating places. The boys who didn't know Charlotte were pointed out the scenes by the boys who live in Charlotte. We went out to Little Dodge City to see if we could take in some of the entertainment but all we could do was peer over the fence at the old time offices, hotels, and stores because it was closed.

On the way back from Charlotte we went past Bill Albro's house which was a great surprise to him. We also went by Mrs. Padgett's sister's house.

After visiting Mrs. Padgett's sister and brother-in-law we started on our way back to Jackson only making one more stop which was to buy drinks and crackers for the boys. The crackers were bought by Mrs. Baker and we would like to thank her individually for this. We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Padgett for taking us on this very nice bus trip.

The boys of cottage seven went on a walk around the farm at 5:30, April 15. Most of the boys were half asleep when they were walking and thought it was not much fun. After walking for about fifteen minutes they began to come to life and enjoyed it much more. We were very much surprised when we took this walk but we also enjoyed it very much and hope to do it again when we can.

Mr and Mrs. Padgett's baby, I am glad to report is doing very well and growing very much. We know that she will keep this up. The boys are always glad to see her if they admit it or not.

—Lorin Randolph

—:—

COTTAGE EIGHT

The four regular boys had a vacation from the new boys while Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were on there vacation. Their vacation ended Friday, May

10 and we celebrated our "home coming" by having a fish fry. We enjoyed the meal very much. The fish waited until the day before Mr. and Mrs. Henderson came home to start biting. They caught 93 whiting that day, so we are planning on several fish suppers within the next few weeks.

On Monday, May 16 the school had a citizenship awards program. One of the three winners was a Receiving Cottage regular boy. His name is Kenneth Barr. We are very proud of him.

—Claude Torrence

—:—

COTTAGE ELEVEN

The boys of cottage eleven would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Rouse for taking us fishing the 10th, 11th and 12th of May. But our lucky day was the 11th. We caught 65 brim, they weighed 18 pound altogether. We ate supper under some big trees near the lake. We all had a good time and hope that they will take us fishing again real soon.

—Tommy Pritchard

—:—

COTTAGE FIFTEEN

We have been busy getting our flower beds and boxes ready for planting. We have set out Candytufts, petunias, zenias, marigolds, and scarlet sage.

Mr. and Mrs. Peck surprised us with an "Easter Party" on Thursday night before Easter after we came back from the movie.

Each boy's place had a little basket

filled with candy eggs. The center piece was pink and red azaleas.

We were served cake squares (decorated in green cocoanut resembling a nest filled with colored candy eggs) bananas, and R. C's.

Charles Skinner won the prize for guessing the correct number of candy pieces in a large plastic egg.

We enjoyed the party and want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Peck for the big surprise.

Almost every week we pop corn one night. One of our boys, Curtis Chavis, won the Citizenship Award given each year by The Colonial Dames of America. "Congratulations Curtis."

Mr. and Mrs. Peck will soon be going on their weeks vacation. They plan to visit their son Dr. Robert B. Peck and family of Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

—Boys of Cottage No. 15

—:—

TRIP TO TRADE FAIR IN CHARLOTTE

On April 30, a group of boys who had made the Academic Honor Roll, some boys who were close to the honor roll and the remainder of the 10th grade boys went to Charlotte to the Trade Fair. Mr. Reading drove the bus and the following other supervisors went with the boys: Mr. Troutman, Mr. Mabry, Mr. Burris, Mr. H. Faggart, Mr. Caldwell, Mr. J. Cheek, Mr. Coggins and Mr. Lentz. Each of the adults walked about the exhibits with four or five boys. The Trade Fair is held in The Charlotte Coliseum and in The Merchandise Mart, which is a

very large building that is used for industrial shows, furniture shows and other industrial exhibits. Several of the boys saw articles that were manufactured in their home town, and many of the boys recognized items that they knew were made in North Carolina.

Other than seeing the exhibits the boys got the biggest thrills by accepting the free samples that were given by many of the concerns. The boys received hot rolls with honey, ham biscuits, pine trees (small ones to be planted at home), balloons, Scottish Caps (from the Scottish Bank), hot plate holders and other souvenirs. Even more important than the samples the boys got to see some of the most beautiful and fastest cars in use today. There were on show several Fords, with cut-away models, Chevrolet had an inflated sphere for their models, and had a cut-away model of an engine running. They both had their sportiest models on display. All in all it was a most educational and enjoyable evening.

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

BARBER SHOP

Besides our regular job of cutting hair we have been working on the farm helping with spring planting. When we got back there were plenty of boys who needed haircuts. The total number of haircuts this month are as follows: Mike Murphy 107,

Melvin Brown 67, Ronnie Burroughs 60, David Carter 59, Kenneth Barr 56, Clinton Martin 49, Robert Broadway 45, Gary Bullard 43, Ralph Shuffler 40, Donnie Hayes 35.

We have a boy we expect to go home this month, his name is Richard Christy.

—Mike Murphy

—Melvin Brown

—:—

BARN FORCE

Since the weather has cleared the boys on the Barn Force have been helping the boys on the farm. We have been setting out potato and tomato plants and picking up hay.

We have been killing hogs and cattle for the cafeteria this month, mixing feed, and keeping the pens and area cleaned.

—Virgil Jones

—Jesse Johnson

—:—

CAFETERIA

The cafeteria has got several new boys this month. The boys in the meat room have been working hard at cutting hogs and other meat. Some of the boys have been helping Mr. Ervin to make ice cream for the boys.

We have had a few boys to go home and we hope they will do well while they are at home.

—Melvin Lawson

—:—

CARPENTER SHOP

We have been very busy this month repairing the screens on all the cottages. We are now repairing and put-

ting new screens on the cannery. We have two boys to go home next month. They are Johnny Clark and James Ross. We also repaired the garage behind Cottage nine.

One of our boys, Rnchard Broome, went home last month. We would like to wish him luck.

—Johnny Clark

—James Ross

—:—

COTTON MILL

Several of the cotton mill boys have been working later after supper for the last week. They have been getting the slubber and spinning frame into shape. There has been several men from Cannon Mills in Kannapolis to supervise and direct the boys.

The remodeling of the mill is coming along well. Mr. Faggart and the boys are very pleased with the progress. We hope to have the mill in running order by mid May and and the boys can hardly wait.

—Max Burleyson

—:—

DAIRY

The boys in the dairy have been working hard this month. We have been getting about 42 crates of milk per day now. The cows are picking up some. We had one of our boys to come back from Swannanoa his name is Don Kantner. We have one new boy this month his name is Larry Buffkin.

They have about finished the new milk house. We will be glad when it is finished.

GYM

Softball season is in full swing. The P. E. classes have been playing softball on pretty days, and suicide dodge ball on rainy days in the gym. The basic rules in suicide are simple, but most of the boys enjoy playing it. Our intramural program in softball starts this Saturday, Cottage 1 and 7 will play first game along with Cottage 14 and 17 in the second game.

Our summer schedule which starts in June includes swimming, and most of the boys are anxious for this program to begin.

—Charles Driver

—:—

INFIRMARY

We have a couple of boys in the Infirmary with injured legs. One boy broke his foot. We have had a couple with sore throats but they are well now.

One of our boys, Gerald Baynard went home last month, Robert Thompson from Brunswick took his place. We wish Gerald luck at home and we are sure Robert will enjoy his stay at J. T. S.

Mr. Dry and his boys have been painting the Infirmary for us. Along with some men from Charlotte who have been remodeling. We will be glad when they get finished so we can get straightened out good. We appreciate them doing this.

—Billy Taylor

—:—

LAUNDRY

We have been busy washing

clothes as usual. A number of our boys have been in the hospital with the flu.

We have twelve boys working in the laundry in the morning section and twelve in the evening section. They all work very hard for Mr. Joe.

Troy Starnes and James Sutton went home this month and we wish them the best of luck.

—Gary Wayne Conner

—:—

LIBRARY

We have been working hard waxing floors and tables the past month in the library.

We have three pretty bulletin boards at this time. One is pictures of Easter. The other two are made up of summer pictures. We think that they are very pretty.

We are expecting to get some new books in the library soon. When we get them we hope all the boys will have many hours of enjoyment out of reading the books.

— Emmett McCall

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

The boys in the machine shop have been working on tractors. We had to take the front end out of the 100. The machine shop has a new jeep and trailer to go out on the farm and fix tractors. We got a new boy, and we hope he makes good.

—:—

OFFICE NEWS

The Office boys have been working

very hard as usual this month. We have been keeping the office extra clean this month. We realize that a clean buiding makes a good impression on visitors. We have a new office boy in the evening. His name is Carl Parker. He is a transfer from the Shoe Shop. He has been working very hard and he likes his work. A lot of new boys have been coming in through the office, and we try to help them in any way we can.

—Bobby Lee

—Johnny Hall

—Mitchell Newberry

—:—

PAINT SHOP

The paint shop boys and Mr. Dry have been trimming up all the gutters and ridge caps on the cottages. We hope to be finished by the next two weeks. It is hot on top of the cottages but we don't mind it because it is a lot of fun looking down on the other boys.

—Robert Philips

—Bruce Triplett

—:—

PLUMBING SHOP

The boys in the plumbing shop have been working hard this month painting some of the garages and painting the cannery. We have two new boys this month, they are Buddy Edison and Dennis Bledsoe. We hope they will like working in the plumbing shop.

—Barry Worley

PRINT SHOP

The Print Shop has been very busy this month. The linotype operators have been setting type for the Uplift and some letterheads for stationary and envelopes. The press boys have been printing envelopes, C.T. Forms, and the Uplift.

We have recently received a new roller for the V-50 press and some new matrices for the linotypes.

We have also been printing some purchase orders for the State Home and Industrial School for Girls.

We are now getting material ready for the 1963 Summer Camp Program.

—Mike Davis

—:—

SEWING ROOM

The cotton mill has just started getting us some more cloth. We are very glad of that. We have been making shirts and sheets.

Mrs. Spears has been trying to teach two boys in the evening section to sew. We hope they get along fine.

—David Hensley

—:—

YARD FORCE

The Yard Force boys have been working hard this month. We have been cutting grass on the campus. We have been planting and cutting flowers. The flowers we cut will go to the cottages. Our Peonies are exceptionally beautiful this year.

We had two boys to go home this month. They were Robert Bridges, and Bill Junaluska.

—Hubert Parker

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS**SOCIAL STUDIES**

The sixth grade is doing a unit on Africa, The Dark Continent. We found that Africa is divided into many republics or countries. Africa was colonized by European countries which were searching for good trading ports. They had taken much gold, diamonds, and ivory from Africa. It was from Guinean Coast that the American slaves were taken. The Negro is now taking Africa back from the European nations for the use of the Negro natives.

The eighth grade is studying the Federal Constitution. We think it is very important to know how we are governed and by what we are governed. We have learned that this is the nearest perfect form of government with the greatest liberty and justice for all that has ever been. We have found out that as near perfect as this constitution is, amendments had to be made to keep up-to-date.

The seventh grade is studying our Civil War period. This was a very exciting and disturbing period of our history. We are trying to study all the important battles, and famous men of the south.

—:—

SPECIAL D

In science we are studying the reproduction of plants. In arithmetic

we are studying addition and subtraction of fractions. In language we are studying the use of verbs and their meaning and how to use them in sentences. We are in the process of correcting book reports and learning to do them correctly.

We have a chart of the stars and constellations on our bulletin board which we study.

—Mr. Caldwell

—:—

THE ODDS HAVE IT

From Bath, England, comes a suggestion that appears to have merit. The chairman of a surveying committee in that city has recommended that all holes and excavations in streets should be labeled, so that the public knows which holes belong to whom.

The public gets sick of all these holes, says the committeemen, but everybody is inquisitive as to the work that is going on. Thus, when ever the gas board, the electricity board, or the sewer board gouges up a street, their excavations should be properly and attractively identified by means of signs that will let the people know what job is being carried out and who is doing it.

—:—

The year 1963 will prove that thousands die of gas. Some will inhale it, a few more will light it, and the rest will simply step on it.

There is plenty of room for all in this world, but not all of us can have front seats.

You can't kiss a girl unexpectedly. The nearest you can come to it is to kiss her sooner than she thought you would.

What this country needs is a good air brake for those who continue to boast of their accomplishments.

More good intentions would be carried out if they didn't get mixed up with bad habits.

Label on a box of fish in an express office: "If not delivered in ten days—never mind."

Don't boast of your ability until you have successfully folded a batch of road maps.

A woman can make a fool of a man in fifteen minutes; but, oh, those fifteen minutes.

There may not be much to be seen in a small town, but what you hear will more than make up for it.

Don't believe all you see; a dollar bill looks the same as it did ten years ago.

By the time one is rich enough to sleep late, he is so old he always wakes up early.

Lend a hand to a friend in trouble, and you can be sure he'll remember you—the next time he's in trouble.

If you figure you are going to do better tomorrow why not start today.

Honor Rolls

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

COTTAGE NO. 1

Melvin Brown
 Elbert McIntosh
 Mike Murphy
 Gerald Overcash
 Charles Williams
 Barry Worley

COTTAGE NO. 2

Thomas Carter
 Virgil Jones
 Harvey Locklear
 George Mabe
 Johnny Sheppard
 Robert Tilley

COTTAGE NO. 3

Reeves Ferguson
 Robin Lusk
 Wylie Parham
 Earl Patterson

COTTAGE NO. 4

Carl Pruitt
 Gary Pheifer
 Melvin Lawson

COTTAGE NO. 5

David Anderson
 Jerry Helms

Sanford Higgs
 Raeford Knight
 Hubert Parker
 Gurney Reavis

COTTAGE NO. 6

Buford Higgs

COTTAGE NO. 7

Richard Hall
 James Messer
 J. D. Sain

COTTAGE NO. 9

Christopher Atwell
 John Beach
 Randy Carver
 James Dobish
 Roger Hilemon
 David Hipps
 Jimmy Lowery
 Sammy Ray

COTTAGE NO. 10

Albert Adams
 Ellis Allen
 Randy Boyles
 Richard Cardwell
 Jack Cobbler
 Jonah Ferrell
 Jackie Garris
 Ronnie Jones
 Thomas Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 11

Karl Bullock
 Larce Jacobs
 Billy Overstreet
 Robert Pullen
 Tommy Pritchard
 Ralph Shuffler

COTTAGE NO. 13

Victor Cannon
 Cline Huskins
 Eli Johnson
 Lewis Murr
 Earnie Reavis
 Carl Spivey
 Cecil Spivey
 Gary Thompson
 Kenneth Westbrook

COTTAGE NO. 14

Gary Conner
 James Davis
 Benny Hollingsworth
 Douglas Love
 Steve Lowery
 Guaran Ward

COTTAGE NO. 15

Curtis Chavis

COTTAGE NO. 17

Claud Chavis
 John Frizsell
 David Lashley
 Billy Loving
 Harold Jones

SPECIAL "B"

James Smith
 Victor Cannon
 Claudelle Chavis
 Curtis Wyatt

SPECIAL "C"

No Honor Roll

SPECIAL "D"

David Anderson
 Gerald Baynard
 Raeford Knight
 George Mathis
 John Sain
 Ralph Suffler
 Bobby Bullard
 William Triplett

SIXTH GRADE

Gordon Brown

SEVENTH GRADE

No Honor Roll

EIGHTH GRADE

John Taylor

NINTH GRADE

William Albro
 Larry Bullard

TENTH GRADE

Ronald Borroughs
 Carl Pruitt

ELEVENTH GRADE

Ronald Morgan

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

SPECIAL "A"

No Honor Roll

NEW STUDENTS

Grant, Terry	Durham
Dayberry, Gary Lee	Casar
Howard, Johnny Edward	China Grove
Taylor, Johnny Henry	Lenoir
Yarbrough, Gernie Claude	Lewisville
Patterson, Eugene	East Flat Rock
Ritchey, Donald Alfred	East Flat Rock
Teer, Gary Wayne	High Point
Patterson, James Wiley	East Flat Rock
Skeens, William Ross	Statesville
Case, James Weaver	Candler
Key Jimmy Terrell	Clinton
Lail, Charles Junior	Brevard
Wright, Robert Edward	Shelby
Henson, Matthew Daniel	Shelby
Potts, Robert	Sylva
Starnes, David Bruce	Charlotte
Mills, Paul Everette	Rockingham
Everhart, Richard Garland	Lexington
Rogers, Marvin Horace	Asheville
Elmore, Garnie Logan	Asheville
Sowers, Charles Danny	Asheville
Whitesides, Ronald James	Mooresville

BIRTHDAYS

Willard Warren	5-1-63
Jasper Vincent	5-3-63
Harry Ellis	5-3-63
Robert Tilley	5-5-63
Richard Stinson	5-5-63
James McCurry	5-7-63
Steve Lowery	5-9-63
Harold Robbins	5-10-63
Cecil Hall	5-12-63
Harvey Locklear	5-12-63
Dan McCann	5-12-63
Hubert Parker	5-13-63
Treatus Hammonds	5-15-63
Billy Hager	5-16-63
Ellis Allen	5-18-63
Billy McGinnis	5-19-63
Steve Barton	5-20-63
Johnny Waldroup	5-20-63
Jesse Soles	5-23-63
Jimmy Lewis	5-23-63
Thomas Bolding	5-24-63
Donald Richey	5-25-63

Danny Murr	5-25-63
George Long	5-26-63
Thomas Lawson	5-27-63
Steve Buchanan	5-31-63

* * * *

The population of the developed portions of the world is about a thousand million; that of the underdeveloped portions about two thousand million. The contrast between these two sets of countries can perhaps best be exemplified by citing their figures of per-capita income. The average per-capita income of the richer parts of the world is \$1,200 per year; the average in the underdeveloped countries is \$125 annually. But averages, as always, conceal the true contrasts; for, at one end of the scale is the United States, with a per-capita income of almost \$2,700 and at the other end are such countries as India, which has a per-capita income of no more than \$70 per year.

The year 1961 had a curiosity of numerals, which caused the year to read upside down the same as right side up. This phenomenon of figures occurred 270 years ago, in 1691, but will not occur again, mathematicians say, until the year 6009, or 4,098 years hence.

Within seventy-five years it may be possible to take a photograph at night by the light of a single firefly, according to the Eastman Kodak Company. This prediction is based on recent discoveries in film-emulsion research.

Shaving is a daily chore that may be enjoyed by men who like to look at themselves in a mirror, but to others it may be a morning bore. It has been estimated that, during an average lifetime, a man could learn seven languages during the time he spends shaving.

Yesterday's experience plus today's action will make of tomorrow not just another day.

BOY SCOUT CAMPOREE

On May 3, 4, and 5, Troops 60 and 61 of J. T. S. attended the Central North Carolina Council Camporee.

We started packing our supplies early Friday morning and left the school after dinner.

Our first stop was Camp Cabarrus, where we picked up some cooking utensils and some dishes. After this, we were on our way again.

The Camporee was held at the rear of the Charlotte Motor Speedway. When we arrived there we found that we were among the first to arrive.

We found a good location for the camp and started clearing a campsite. In about forty-five minutes we had a good site cleared. Now came the task of unloading the truck and setting up camp. In another ninety minutes we had accomplished this.

At 4:30 we had our first inspection at District Headquarters. After this we ate supper. After supper we had another inspection.

At 6:30 we held the flag lowering ceremony and a few announcements were made.

When the ceremony was over we went to other camps and visited with the other scouts. Some of us stayed at the camp and talked to Sergeant R. S. Church of the Concord Police Department. He told us about the boys he works with. He gave us a lot of pointers on how to prepare for the inspections. All the boys enjoyed talking with him and are looking forward to seeing him at our next troop meeting at Camp Cabarrus.

Between 8:00 and 9:30 we had a District Campfire and Tug-O-War. At the campfire the different troops were called on to do a short skit. These were very interesting and funny. After the skits we held the Tug-O-War contests. Both Troop 60 and 61 won their matches, and after everyone else was defeated they had to compete with each other. It was a very good match, but Troop 61 was too much for Troop 60. Now Troop 61 had to go against the winners of the Kannapolis District. They gave us a good pull but they went down also. This put us in line to compete for the Camporee Championship, which was held Saturday night at the Council Campfire.

After the Tug-O-War we all went back to camp and sat around the campfire talking about our victory. At 9:30 lights out blew, and at 10:00 taps blew.

At 6:00 Saturday morning reveille was sounded. Everyone got up and washed and prepared for another day.

At 6:30 we had another inspection and after this we ate breakfast.

At 8:00 we assembled for flag raising and final instructions for the physical fitness tests. After flag raising we had until 9:00 to do as we liked.

From 9:00 until about 12:30 the physical fitness tests were run. There were five tests that had to be taken: 1. Sit ups 2. Pull ups 3. Standing broad jump 4. Fifty yard dash and 5. 600 yard run.

The different troops went from one station to another and each boy was given a score on how well he did on each test. You received 1 point for a grade of fair, 2 points for a grade of good, and 3 points for a grade of excellent. All of the boys scores were averaged and the final score determined who won the District Championship and the ribbons. There were three ribbons awarded, Blue, Red, and Yellow.

After the tests we ate lunch and rested.

At 2:00 the seven district winners competed with each other for the Camporee Championship.

At 4:30 the families of some of the boys arrived for Family Night. During this time the boys showed their parents what they had been doing at the Camporee.

At approximately 4:45 P.M., the Charlotte Sky Divers, locally known parachutists, gave an exhibition for the Scouts attending the Camporee. This was one of the highlights on the program and was enjoyed by all.

At 8:00 we held a Council Campfire and the different patrols put on another skit. After the skits the Tug-O-War run off was held. Troop 61 won all of its matches and became the Council Champs. After the Tug-O-War run offs there were a few announcements and the Patrol Leader of Troop 61 was presented a certificate and Blue Ribbon for the Troop.

At 9:30 lights out was sounded and at 10:00 taps was blown. Everyone turned in for the night.

Sunday morning at 7:00 reveille was sounded and everyone arose. From 7:30 until 8:30 the Troops ate breakfast and cleaned up.

Sunday Services were held between 9:00 and 9:30. The Reverend Jack Davis from St. James Lutheran Church in Mt. Pleasant held the services.

After the services Troop 60 and 61 prepared to leave. We checked out at the District Headquarters and received a certificate and Red Ribbon for the 14 points scored in the physical fitness tests.

By 10:30 we were on our way back from three of the best days that I can remember.

—Mike Davis

* * * *

The Roman philosopher and statesman, Cicero, said it 2,000 years ago, and it's still true today. The "six mistakes of man" are:

The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others.

The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed or corrected.

Insisting that a thing is impossible because we cannot accomplish it.

Refusing to set aside trivial preferences.

Neglecting development and refinement of the mind, and not acquiring the habit of reading and study.

Attempting to compel other persons to believe and live as we do.

* * * *

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experiment your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

A good laugh is sunshine in a house.

There is a German proverb which says "Take it easy," and "Live long," are brothers.

Tom: "Did you give your wife that lecture on economy you were talking about?"

Bill: "Yes."

"Any results?"

"Yeah.....I've got to give up smoking."

HOW LAUGHING ENDED DUELING

"Bowie Knives in a Closed Room"—these six words, the answer to a dueling challenge, which an 1860 Wisconsin congressman wrote on a slip of white paper and delivered to a Virginia member of the House, are said, in some circles, to have brought about the end in the United States of what was left of the ancient custom of dueling.

The story is not long, but one or two historical references and a few old newspaper descriptions, it has always been somewhat of a legend kept alive in the memories of a group of old-timers.

For these words, plus other facetious remarks, placed dueling in such a ridiculous light that the tradition was practically laughed out of existence. Later would-be duelers refrained from challenging because they were really afraid their anticipated opponent might merely smile and pass it off as a joke.

Recent press accounts of minor dueling engagements in Europe call to mind the fact that the practice carried a not unimportant role in American history. The death of Alexander Hamilton at the hands of Aaron Burr and the eventful career of Andrew Jackson are known to every school boy and girl. But since 1859 there is no record of a fatal dueling engagement among high officials of the United States.

The man whose hand penned that terse phrase was John Fox Potter. At the age of 43 he was sitting in the House of Representatives as a member of the Thirty-sixth Congress from the First Wisconsin Congressional District. He was 21 when he came to the Badger State from his birthplace in Augusta, Maine, and he had just been admitted to the bar.

One incident in his boyhood Potter believed significant. A British member of Parliament, Thompson by name; was to give a speech in the interest of the anti-slavery movement in an Augusta public hall. But the Britisher was mobbed by an irate crowd, and Potter, then only 12, offered his protection to the speaker and walked home with him. Of course the protection of a 12-year-old boy is nothing to boast about, but Potter himself later traced his opposition to slavery to this rather small event of his youth.

Potter never became an abolitionist, but his sense of fair play was responsible for his belief that each State ought to decide for itself whether

it should be slave or free. By no means a giant he was strong, rugged, and compactly built. As a man he was positive and uncompromising, and although he was not reckless or pugnacious, was said to be "utterly lacking in physical fear." His congressional friends knew him as "Potter the wiry, from woody Wisconsin," say's Edward Goodman, a pallbearer at Potter's funeral, now living in the village of Mukwonago, Wis.

An indication of what was to follow could be seen in something which occurred in February, 1858, two years previous to the matter in question. Even then the air was filled with forebodings of the coming of the War Between the States. A certain Galusha A. Grow was speaking on the floor of the House, when several Southerners took exception to his remarks, and in a flash there was a fight.

But let Potter himself tell the story, as quoted in an issue of the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin: "When Grow was attacked," declared Potter, "it was nearly 4 o'clock in the morning. I seized the man who had him by the throat and threw him to the floor. Then Reuben Davis (Tennessee), Lamar (Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Georgia), and others came up and joined in the melee. It was raining blows all around.

"I hit Davis and he drew a knife. Someone seized him. Barksdale (William Barksdale, Mississippi) came up then. I never saw a man who looked more as if possessed by a demon than he did at that moment; he was gritting his teeth like a tiger.

"I struck out right and left and men fell down. I never struck any of those fellows but once and every blow was in self-defence. It appeared to me that half a dozen were down at one time. The floor seemed strewn with men.

Afterward, another member of the House, apparently a Quaker, spoke to Potter saying, "Thee must have taken lessons in the pugilistic art."

"No replied Potter. "I never took a lesson in my life."

"I notice thy blows were very effective," the other responded dryly.

And now the Virginian, the man whose challenge elicited such an extraordinary reply, was Rodger A. Pryor, born in 1882 near Petersburg, also a lawyer and member of the House. Having been graduated from the law school of the University of Virginia he was admitted to the bar, but instead decided to enter journalism on the staff of the Richmond Enquirer.

At 27 he was sent by President Pierce on a diplomatic mission to Greece, and on his return trip he refused an appointment as minister to Persia. Elected to congress in 1859, he became known as a fiery orator and exponent of the Southern cause, frequently finding himself involved in bitter arguments with his Northern opponents.

Pryor was only 32 when, as a result of these set-tos, he and John F. Potter became personally opposed. The year was 1860, and Owen Lovejoy (Illinois), brother of the abolitionist martyr, was delivering a speech on the subject which was so important at the time. Pryor, quick to take offense, jumped to his feet to reply. And Potter rose to the defense of his colleague, thinking to prevent a fight. Thereupon Pryor directed himself to the Wisconsin man. However after a few exchanges of wit, things cooled off and Potter forgot the matter.

On the other hand Potter did not forget. He went to the office of the Congressional Globe publication in which the Congressional records were printed, and struck from the proof the remarks made by Potter. When the latter's friends informed him of this, he too went to the Globe office and reinserted what he had said, being sure to reproduce his exact words.

A few days later Pryor read the Globe. Immediately he demanded that Potter's remarks be expunged from the record. Potter refused. The Virginian turned upon him and asked, "Do I understand the gentleman from Wisconsin to say that he did make these remarks? Do you stand by them?"

Potter replied that he did.

"The sequel shall demonstrate," Pryor hissed, "whether you do or not!"

"Let it demonstrate," rejoined Potter. These words, "Let it demonstrate," were afterward inscribed on the gun John F. Potter which was used to fire salutes in Milwaukee during the war.

The same afternoon Potter received his challenge. "I was not a good shot with the pistol," the Evening Wisconsin again quotes Potter, and I did not propose to have any hairtrigger business." He may have remembered that Senator David C. Broderick of California was killed in a duel with Judge Terry of the same state when the former's gun exploded prematurely.

"I proposed to bring the combat down to the first principals of human butchery," Potter continued. "Pryor, having already been concerned

in a duel which bowie knives were weapons, could not consistently refuse to fight with bowie knives. Therefore, I accepted his challenge with the stipulation that the weapons should be bowie knives, and that the encounter should take place in a closed room in the District of Columbia, each of the principals to have two friends, both armed, and the fight to go on till one of the principals fell."

To "demonstate" that he meant business, Potter bought a knife for use in case the Virginian accepted the terms. (This knife is more on the order of a hunting knife, as its blade is straight and not curved, is now on display in the State Historical Museum at Madison Wis.) But people began to laugh at the story, and Potter, a lover of the practical joke, aided in the amusement by circulating the report that "being a farmer used to killing pigs back in Wisconsin, and that at the same time never having engaged in the gentlemanly game of killing men with pistols," his choice of weapons was only natural.

Potter's friends knew he had never killed a pig in his life, and the City of Washington began to hold its sides in mirth.

Several days passed. It chanced that one day both men were absent from the House roll call. So when Potter's name was called, a friend rose and responded for him, saying, "The gentleman from Wisconsin has gone to fill a Pryor engagement." And at the mention of the other's name, still another friend answered that Pryor had "gone to be made clay in the hands of the Potter."

The duel was never fought. Pryor's friends informed Potter that the terms were to "barbarious," although Pryor claimed these friends acted without his knowledge. The affair became the laughing stock of the Capital. Pryor declined his seat after being re-elected in 1860.

Pryor attended the first Confederate Congress and then was made brigadier-general in the Southern Army. He resigned his commission however, and re-entered the army as a private.

After the war he went to New York City to practice law and presided over a local court. Soon he was elected justice of the State Supreme Court.

His affair with Potter did not show Pryor at his best, for he was really a dashing figure, and his chest was covered with scars from numerous duels of his early career.

Pryor's fame as a lawyer was by no means small. Gilbert J. Clark of Kansa City, writing in his "Life Sketches of Eminent Lawyers" in 1895, cha-

acterized Pryor this way: "Mr. Pryor is more renowned as an advocate than as a counselor. He is an indomitable worker, a ripe scholar, and a cultivated, original thinker. As he sits, patient, dignified, impartial, long-haired, occasionally overlapping his nose with his lower lip, he looks every inch an English chancellor." Pryor lived until 1919.

* * * *

If all of us practiced religion, no one would have to talk religion.

Lack of cash in his pocket controls a man more firmly than his principles.

If it were not for the milkman, the cow wouldn't have to get up so early.

Only a light bulb can go out every night and still be bright the next day.

The man who lends free advise is actually borrowing trouble.

Given the choice, take one bad beating rather than a series of little ones.

Don't judge a man's future by his past. Experience may have taught him a lesson.

The man who runs a traffic light is betting his life against a few seconds' time.

Alcohol makes a man feel like he is a big gun just because is carrying a heavy load.

Oportunity may knock and keep its popularity, but you better not try it.

We may complain about the heat in the summer, but at least we don't have to shovel it.

The main trouble with the future is that it keeps getting shorter and shorter.

The impossible is something no one can do until someone goes ahead and does it.

He who spends today in bragging about what he is going to do tomorrow, probably did the same thing yesterday.

The man who marries a wisp of a girl is usually astonished at the will o' the wisp.

An egotist is a man who thinks that if he hadn't been born people would have wanted to know why.

The Sunday visitors had picked the farmer's fruit and his flowers, and their car was full of plunder. Pointing to and unexplored highway, they inquired of the farmer: "Shall we take this road back to the city?"

"You might as well," replied the farmer. "You've got almost everything else!"

FAITH IN THE HEART

As she hurried into the bedroom of the little German home to awaken her son, she paused a moment to look at the dark head on the pillow. He looked so relaxed in the forgetfulness of sleep that she could hardly stifle the desire to tiptoe out quietly and let him sleep on. Wishing happiness and joy for her family was her one desire, but the world wasn't like that, and awaken him she must.

"Albert, Albert, you sleepyhead, get up! This is the last call for breakfast!"

"Yes, Mother, I'm awake. I'll be there in a minute," he responded, remembering that if he didn't get his hair combed just right, the governess would be cross. She always seemed to be cross with him for one reason or another, although he really did try to please her. Maja, his sister, always brought smiles to their governess' face, but his slow movements and slightly faltering speech seemed to make him unpopular with her, and with his classmates and teachers as well.

Upon entering the kitchen, the mother found Maja and Gretchen, the governess, at the table, eating breakfast. Gretchen was a good governess and very fond of Maja, but she never seemed to encourage Albert as she should. The father had left for the plant a half hour ago, and Mother must see the children off to school before she could get outside to give Adolph, the gardener, his instructions for the day.

Now Albert came in, seated himself, and ate his usual frugal breakfast as Maja chattered on about her classmates to Gretchen. Soon the governess, glancing at the clock, announced that it was time for the children to be off for school, and there was the usual scramble for books as she kissed them good-by. As she handed Albert his pencils, she cautioned him to give more time and thought to his language studies, and not to question the teacher so much about arithmetic.

Returning to finish her own breakfast, the mother was greeted with a cheerful "good morning" by Jacob, her brother, who was a definite asset to the family, both in the business and at home; and seeing his cheerful face this morning gave her troubled heart a lift.

"For such a beautiful morning your worried face seems out of place," observed Jacob. "Is it anything I can help you with—perhaps Albert?" he inquired.

"You are too shrewd for me, Jacob. My thoughts are with Albert this morning. He does hate school so much, you know; he does so poorly with his lessons, and yet I know he isn't an ignorant child."

"Don't worry, Pauline," said Jacob to his sister; "the boy's sensitive nature doesn't take to this type of school and teaching. His speech was slow in coming, too, you remember; but he has made the necessary progress in it. He has great possibilities, and I'm sure patience is all that is needed with Albert."

"Jacob, you're quite a comfort," she smiled, "and you make my heart much lighter; but I do think you may be prejudiced, since you are his favorite uncle. Now I must go to the garden and give Adolph his instructions."

After planning with the gardener his program of work for the day, she paused to drink in the beauty of the garden. The lovely solitude of the garden made time and space fade away, and problems that had seemed so mountainous anywhere else shrank into insignificance here. More than ever now she could understand why Albert, with his sensitive nature, often sought out the peace and serenity to be found in this spot. Her faith renewed, she arose and walked to the house with a determined stride. She would make those teachers realize, as she sensed, that some day Albert would be the greatest teacher of them all.

Upon entering the house, she went to the telephone and called the number of the school which Albert and Maja attended. She would make an appointment with the director. Now he was on the line.

"Yes, sir," she agreed, two o'clock would be fine. The name? Oh, I am sorry—it is Mrs. Hermann Einstein. I would like to talk with you about my son, Albert."

—Sunshine Magazine

* * * *

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of another.

I have often regretted my speech; my silence, never.

NATURES QUESTIONS

Why do we miss the beauty
that our eyes are made to see
Yes, some walk through the forest
and never see a tree.
Are we so blind we cannot glimpse
the color in the sky?
Are we so deaf we cannot hear
the songs of birds that fly?
Are we so dumb we cannot speak
with kindness all day long?
Are we so weak we cannot lift
our burdens with a song?
Oh, if we could but live, my friend,
with God in heaven above,
We'd daily feel the beauty
and the nearness of his love.
How can we be in tune with God,
When we have failed to see,
His wonders which surround us
and without him couldn't be?
How can the blind man see so well
with naught but finger tips?
How can the deaf man hear so well
by the movement of our lips?
How can the dumb man speak so well
with nothing but his hands?
How can the weak man lift his head
to the One who understands?
It's because they've felt His Love
in the patterns of their mind,
While most of us go searching for
the things we cannot find.

—Weekly Progress

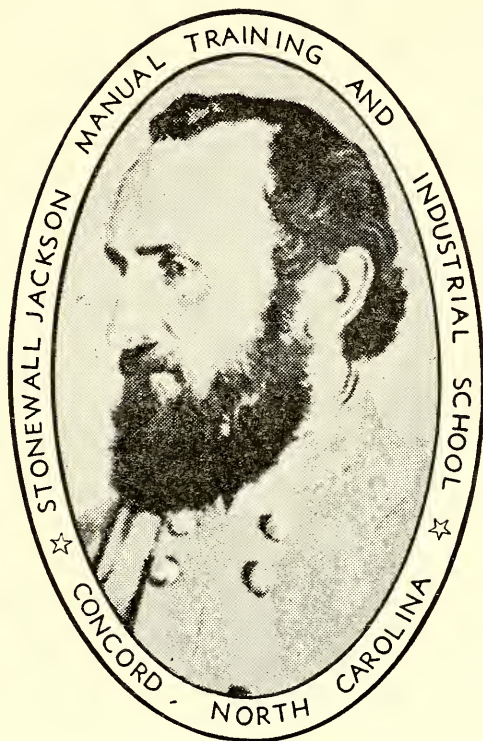
"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilt goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."

— Edwin Markham

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"Maxima Debetur Puero Reverentia"



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JUNE 1963



Carolina Charter Tercentenary

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THE FEATHERED CHOIR

It was a beautiful June day—not a cloud in the sky—and the campus of the university was one spacious expanse of green, dotted here and there with imposing buildings that reflected the bright sun in the long shadows. Members of the campus work crew were preparing for the great day—graduation. For several days throngs of parents, other relatives, and alumni had been gathering for the all-important event. They had attended many receptions and dinners, and as the final day of festivities dawned, everyone was exhausted.

Now, finally, the degrees would be handed out to the happy young men and women, and for them the experiences of college life would be over. The work crew were finishing their duties now. Row after row of chairs were placed in front of the administration building.

Today something new was to be added. An organ had been installed at the entrance to the building to provide musical accompaniment for the choir. Chairs were arranged for the faculty on the lower steps below the choir, and a small podium had been placed facing them.

Soon the seats on the lawn began to fill with candidates for degrees. Behind them the parents, other relatives, and friends filled every available seat, while many were obliged to stand.

As the faculty moved slowly in procession toward the platform, the motion of their academic robes and their vari-colored hoods added a touch of richness and dignity.

Now the dean stepped to the podium and the ceremonies began. After a prayer and some remarks suitable to the occasion, the choir rose to sing an anthem. Their white surplices imprisoned the sunshine in pools of light. The crowds became quite expectant. The music director raised his baton, the organist struck a chord, and the blended voices of fifty men and women sounded forth.

Just at this moment, unnoticed by most of the audience, two cardinals flew to the building and alighted on the edge of the roof, their scarlet bodies and black crests silhouetted against the blue of the sky.

Suddenly a high obligato filled the air, and the choir was all but forgotten as the audience watched the movements of the little scarlet-plumed songsters and listened to their full-throated melody. As the choir increased

fainter, except that as the organ finished, the birds seemed to sense it and they trilled an enchanting cadence, then flew away.

A perceptible sigh passed through the audience, followed by a brief silence, after which the crowd lowered their eyes again and gazed at the faculty and the dean in the rostrum.

Then, out of the stillness, somebody whispered: "A little bit of heaven, and it was so beautiful, and so real!"

in volume, so did the song of the birds. When the organ sounded a sustained chord, the two cardinals warbled together in full strength. Once the choir paused while a soprano soared in a cadenza; and the birds, not to be outdone, followed in a cadenza of their own, many octaves above the range of the human voice. When the choir held a note in unison, the birds did likewise. The longer the singing continued, the stronger became the birds' song. At last came the finale. The sound of the organ died away and the voices gradually ceased. Simultaneously, the song of the birds grew

—John A. Morrison

* * * *

WHATEVER IS -- BEST

I know, as my life grows older
 And my eyes have clearer sight,
 That under each rank wrong somewhere
 There lies the root of Right.
 That each sorrow has its purpose
 By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
 But as sure as the sun brings morning,
 Whatever is -- is best.

I know that each sinful action
 As sure as the night brings shade
 Is somewhere, sometime punished,
 Though the hour be long delayed.

I know that the soul is aided.
 Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
 And to grow means often to suffer--
 But whatever is -- is best.

Meditations



A JEWEL FOR YOUR MEMORY COLLECTION

(LET'S MEMORIZE IT)

Do not neglect to do good and to share what you have, for such sacrifices are pleasing to God.

Hebrews 13:16

* * * *

Jane Froman, one of America's best loved singers, toured the army hospitals in Europe just after World War II, singing to the wounded men. One of the high lights of her entertainment was when she asked, "Anybody here from my home state of Missouri?" Usually there was and she would have them come onto the stage and sing with her.

One day a patient timidly raised his hand and walked to her. When Miss Froman asked him his name he painfully whispered, "Bert."

When she began to sing he joined her in a low incoherent voice that, because of shell-shock, had not uttered a sound in over three months.

Miss Froman said later: "I realized that magic healings often come through affection and friendship."

Remember: You have not lived a perfect day, even though you have earned your money, unless you have done something for someone who will never be able to repay you. (Ruth Smeltzer)

Prayer: Our Father, help us to see the needs and desperate longings of those about us, and may we as Thy servants do something about it. Amen

Sunday Services

By Lorin Randolph

Our speaker for Sunday, June 2, was Reverend Crawford White from the Second Presbyterian Church.

Mr. White took his scripture from Nehemiah 2-11-15. The builders of the wall Nehemiah arose in the night with a few men, neither a man he told what God had put in his heart to do at Jerusalem. And he went out by night by the gate of the valley and to the dung port and viewed the walls of Jerusalem they were broken down and the gates were on fire. He then went on to the fountain and to the Kings pool, but there was no place for this beast to pass. He then went by the brook and viewed the wall and turned back and entered by the gate of the valley and so returned.

After Nehemiah had viewed the ruins of the wall he asked the King to let him build the wall back. With a few men he began to rebuild the wall. The people laughed and made fun of him, but Nehemiah would just keep on working and ignore them. The people started a "Whispering Campaign" against him. The people

and him went to Nehemiah and said let's talk this over Nehemiah answered "I've got great work to do, I can't."

People will try to question us the same way, but we have to be like Nehemiah "I've, got great work to do, I can't," and we will get our wall built.

—:—

Reverend I. M. Brendle from Memorial Methodist Church in Kannapolis was our speaker Sunday, June 9.

Mr. Brendle, as Mr. Liske said, has been a faithful stand in, or substitute, for the school in the last few years.

Mr. Brendle took his scripture from the sixth chapter of Daniel 1-22 verses.

The story in the scripture tells the story, well known, of Daniel in the lions den. The story goes to tell about King Darius who was king following the slaying of King Belshazzar who was the king of the Chaldeans. King Darius was very proud of his position.

Daniel was the first of three

presidents and was favored above the other two presidents because of his excellent spirit.

The other two presidents tried to find fault with Daniel but they could not find any. Then the men said that we can not find fault with Daniel concerning the kingdom but we can find fault concerning his religion. The presidents of the kingdom and many other rulers made a law saying that anyone worshiping anybody but king Darius, for thirty days, would be thrown into the lions den.

Even though Daniel knew of the punishment, yet he still worshipped God three times a day.

The presidents seeing this told the king of it and said that Daniel must be cast unto the lions. The king did not want to throw Daniel into the lions den and tried to get him out of it. The presidents said that the law couldn't be changed and Daniel must be cast into the lions den.

Daniel was brought to the den and cast into it and the door was sealed. The king who loved Daniel could hardly sleep that night and awoke early the next morning to see if Daniel was alive. Daniel was alive and told the king of the angel closing the mouths of the lions. The king hearing this ordered that the men who were the cause of this be thrown into the lions den and they were along with their families.

King Darius made it a law to worship God or Daniel's God.

This story shows that if you have faith and believe in God enough that he will deliver you from anything.

We enjoyed hearing Reverend Brendle preach to us and would be pleased to have him back soon.

—:—

Mr Harry Lauder once confessed that the smartest answer to a stupid question that he ever heard was delivered to him in Butte, Montana, by an aged Negro cab driver.

On his visit to that city, Lauder made the trip from the railroad station to the town and back in this aged Negro's dilapidated buggy. The town was about a mile from the station, and on the return trip the famous Scot inquired irritably why they had built the station so far away from town.

"Ah don' jes' know, suh," replied the old Negro, "less it am to have de depot near to de railroad."

One day an elderly lady drove her car into a garage, and asked a mechanic if he would repair it.

"What seems to be the trouble, ma'am?" he inquired.

"Well, I don't exactly know," she replied. "I'm not very mechanically minded; but my husband told me the other day that it could be fixed up fine if I just bought a new head for the driver. Do you have one?"

It's the little things that bother us, and keep us on the rack; we can sit upon a mountain, but not upon a tack!

A brick is made of clay. So is a man.

CAMPUS NEWS

COTTAGE TWO

Early in the month of May, cottages one and two went to the Boger Chapel, a few miles beyond Concord. Mr. and Mrs. Liske went along with us, and after we arrived Mr. Liske led the singing while Mrs. Liske accompanied us on the piano. We all enjoyed singing for the church and would like to sing for them again.

On May 4, cottages one and two went to see the tournament of thrills held at the Concord Speedway. We saw the drivers, The Dare Devils, and their cars jump from ramps, turn a complete flip in the air, land on their wheels, and proceed to do the same thing over for as many as three times straight. We saw one Dare Devil do the reverse back spin. The driver, going in reverse at a speed of about 30 m.p.h. suddenly without stopping, he shifts to low and proceeds forward. We saw a couple of the Dare Devils perform a headon collision. The cars were a total loss, but the drivers were unhurt. We would like to thank Mr. Hahn and Mr. Hinson for taking us on the trip, which we enjoyed very much.

On June 8th cottages two and three went to Migro-Midget races held at the China Grove Speedway. There were 30 racers there. The drivers were from different parts of the state. The 1st and 2nd races the midgets ran about 20 laps. The 3rd and main event the midgets ran 40 laps. We all enjoyed the trip very much.

We have one boy expecting to go home this month. His name is James Ross. We hope he gets along well at home. We have also received some new boys in cottage two recently. Their names are Jimmy Cole, Terry Grant, and Woodrow Church. We hope they get along well while they are here.

—Lloyd McIntosh

—:—

COTTAGE FIFTEEN

The boys in Cottage Fifteen have been practicing softball a great deal this month. Our team has just recently been selected. Larry Case, the Captain, helped Mr. Peck select the starting nine. We feel that it was a tough decision, selecting only nine from a group of better than twenty able bodied, well conditioned **boys**.

We have a new boy in Cottage Fifteen, Jimmy Key is new to some of us, but he is like an old friend of many of the boys here. We hope he gets along as well as, if not better than, he did the first time he was here. Don Kantner has just returned from a short stay at Swannanoa. Lynn James is the only boy in our cottage who is suppose to go home soon. He will probably depart sometime in June. We wish him the best of luck in the future.

On May 12, 1963, Mrs. Peck, our cottage parent, was on television. She, along with some more members of the White Hall Home Demonstration Club, was on the Betty Freezor

Show. The proud president of this club, Mrs. Peck, and other members displayed some of their handy work. The pieces they displayed were very beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Peck went on their vacation on May 15. We trust that they had a very enjoyable trip. The boys of our cottage were sent out for a week and everyone was very glad to get back to the cottage.

—Ronald Morgan

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

BARBER SHOP

The barber shop boys have been very busy this month cutting hair. We have a boy who was transferred to the barber shop, his name is Johnny Hall. We feel certain that he will like his new trade. The total haircuts for this month is five hundred and ninety eight. Kenneth Barr was high with 96, Ronnie Burroughs 85, Mike Murphy 79, Gary Bullard 77, Ralph Shuffler 57, Melvin Brown 55, Clinton Martin 53, Robert Broadway 52, Mr. Burr 26, and Johnny Hall 18. The barber shop boys have been helping on the farm recently also.

—Michael O'Shea Murphy

—:—

PLANT BED

The Plant Bed boys have been very busy this month. We have been hoeing peanuts and sweet potatoes. We have also been cleaning up a-

round the plantbeds. In the green house we have parsley, celery, water-melons, and cantalopes. We are going to plant sweet potatoes very soon. We have also been gathering lettuce and onions and carrying them to different cottages. We have two new tomato plant beds.

We have a new boy in the morning section. His name is James Norton. We hope that he likes his trade. We have two boys who hope to go home next month. Danny Marshall and Buford Higgs are the lucky boys.

—Buford Higgs

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

We have been working very hard this month. We had to put two cranks in two tractors. We fixed the starter in the dump truck. We fixed the combine. Some of the boys have been helping haul hay. We put clutches in two tractors. Mr. Mabrey took some cows to Eastern Carolina Training School and brought some back.

—Billy Lovings

—James Messer

OFFICE

The office boys have been carrying out their usual chores this month. We have been keeping the Administration Building very clean.

We had one boy to transfer from the office this month. Johnny Hall transferred to the barber shop. We hope that he likes his new trade, and turns out to be a good barber.

—Bobby Lee

—Mitchell Newberry

CARPENTER SHOP

We have just finished painting and putting new screens in the cannery. We are happy to have two new boys working with us. They are Jerry Grant and Ronnie Grant.

We have finished putting new screens in all the cottages. We have also repaired some screen doors for the cottages. We have been very busy putting new windows and screens in at the Administration Building.

We put some new lockers in the Infirmary for the sick boys to put their clothes in.

—The Carpenter Shop Boys

—:—

LAUNDRY

The laundry boys have been working very hard this month. The laundry got two new presses this month and we got three new boys. Their names are Perry Davis, Robert Wright, and Bruce Starnes.

—Wayne Conner

—:—

BARN FORCE

We have a good group of boys on the barn force, all of them have a good interest in their trade. We have been working on the farm a lot this month, we have been working in watermelons, cantalope and in the other beds also.

We have been slaughtering a lot of hogs and cows, and grinding feed for the stock also. We have a large herd of spring pigs and hope they turn out to have as much fat and pork as their mothers. Several of the boys have re-

ceived citations for good work at the barn.

We have had three boys to go home this month with a good record at the school and hope they will keep a fine record at home.

—Robert L. Faggart

—:—

PRINT SHOP

The boys in the print shop have been very busy this month preparing a pamphlet for the Raleigh Office. We are getting ready to print a pamphlet for Summer Camp showing all of the activities and crafts. We have been busy also setting up the Uplift this month, and keeping the different kinds of machines in good working order. We have had one boy to go home recently, his name is Mike Davis from Charlotte. We wish him the best of luck in the future.

—Forrest Hall

—Frank Dunn

—:—

LIBRARY

We have three new bulletin boards in the library. We have pictures of the North, South, and West. These are pictures of beautiful buildings and scenery pertaining to the above mentioned sections of the United States. We have some new magazines pertaining to everything from atomic energy to wildlife. One can acquire a lot of knowledge just from reading these magazines. We have one new library boy in the evening, Jerry Bell has quickly learned the routine of

library boy and is getting along very well.

—Emmett McCall

—:—
SHOE SHOP

The boys in the shoe shop have been working hard as usual this month repairing and mending shoes. We have two boys to go home this month, their names are Woody Meredith and Jerry Johnson. The shoe shop boys have been helping on the farm this month. The total shoes fixed this month was approximately 462. Douglas Love, 72; Jerry Johnson, 65; Karl Bullock, 62; Ronnie Beach, 59; Richard Christy, 56; Randy Carver, 43; Ellis Allen, 42; Ernest Cook, 30; Charles Carter, 21; and Woody Meredith, 12;.

—Richard Christy

—Mike Murphy

—:—
YARD FORCE

The yard force boys have been very busy this month. We have been getting a lot of eggs this month. We vaccinated the young chicks for chick-enpoxs. We have been busy cutting grass and keeping the lawns clean, we also sprayed the flowers for bugs.

—James E. McNeill

—Mike Lowery

—:—
DAIRY

The dairy boys have been very busy this month, we are getting 42 to 43 crates of milk per day.

We have got three new boys in the dairy this month, they are Larry

Buffkin, James Case, and Jimmy Key.

This month we have had one cow that has come to the dairy and one that has been slaughtered. All the Dairy boys are getting along with Mr. Moretz and all of us like him very much.

In the construction of the new milk house they have finished the walls, and putting tile on the floor. The freezing departments are almost completed except for the wall and the roofs.

—Larry Case

—:—
GYM

Our softball season has just begun. Winners so far have been cottage 14, 13, and 2. Games this Saturday will be cottage 11 verses 15 and cottage 9 verses 3. During our rainy days we've been giving calisthenics and playing dodgeball for indoor sports. Swimming season will open up this month. We are in the process of getting the pool ready for opening. A few minor repairs are being made at the present time and will be completed soon.

—Floyd Austin

—:—
CAFETERIA

We have been busy preparing toss salad with the nice lettuce which has been grown on the farm. The strawberries have been abundant this year. Mrs. Bost has been busy preparing the green peas which have been brought in from the farm. We used some of the strawberries for

strawberry shortcake.

We have three boys going home this month. They are Dennis Hamm, George Weaver, and Steve Overcash. We wish for them the best of luck.

—Dennis Hamm

—:—

SEWING ROOM

We have been very busy this month since we have been getting cloth from the mill. We have been making sheets, shirts, towels and aprons.

We have had one boy to go home this month his name is David Hensley. We also have a new boy, his name is James Patterson. We hope he gets along well on his trade.

—David Funderburk

—:—

PAINT SHOP

We've been working hard the past month. We've been painting the bus garage. We hope to finish painting the cottages and the infirmary soon.

—Bruce Triplett

—Robert Phillips

—:—

BAKERY

The bakery boys have been working very hard getting the ice cream ready and making other deserts for the staff and the boys. We made donuts this afternoon and that is an all afternoon job. The bakery is expecting to lose its fastest bread wrapper. His name is Bill Rymer. We hope we get a boy who can wrap as fast as Bill does. We wish him a lot of luck.

PLUMBING SHOP

The plumbing shop boys have been working pretty hard this month. We helped paint the cannery and hauled some cannery equipment. We fixed cottage seven's water heater. We got a new boy this month, his name is Paul Mills. We hope he gets along fine. We fixed a room under the laundry to store cannery equipment.

—The Plumbing Shop boys

—:—

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

SPECIAL A

Mrs. Barbee's boys have put up new bulletin boards, one of the boards has about eighteen individual stories which were written by the boys. There are stories about horses, cows, cats, dogs, and many other helpful animals. One very nice story by Jerry Helms tells about the way horses are useful for many types of work. Jerry's story also tells about cotton and he has a picture of a man and a cotton picker. Some of the other books tell the way that cows are useful. They also tell about many types of dogs. This bulletin board is very attractive and the boys should be proud of their nice work.

There is also a bulletin board on birds. This bulletin board shows many types of birds and tells a little about most of them. Another bulletin board has a variety of pictures.

There are parrots, chickens, dogs, bears, cows, and even a health slogan which says, sit tall, stand tall, and walk tall. All of these pictures are drawn nicely. On a table in the front of the room is some clay work shaped into cars and table ware. The table ware was made to help the boys learn how to set the table. This way should help them some because it is more interesting to them when they make the plates, cups and silver ware themselves.

All of these bulletin boards and exhibits are very nicely done and we hope the boys in Mrs. Barbee's room keep up their good work.

—:—

SPECIAL B.

Mrs. Stalling's boys have a couple of very nice bulletin boards. One of the bulletin boards has some spring scenes showing girls with flowers and bright new dresses. It also has boys who has baskets full of red apples which they have picked. There is also a bulletin board showing many red roses. There is also a bulletin board with all the Coca Cola bottle caps of the states in this room.

Mrs. Stalling's boys have been putting emphasis on reading, and arithmetic this month. Most of the boys have learned the multiplication tables. The boys are enjoying their new supplementary reading books, and some of the boys are making use of this opportunity. There are some new boys in Mrs. Stalling's room the names are: Danny Henson, Robert Potts, Johnny Taylor, Cecil Stepp,

and Bobby Wright. There has also been a boy to go home his name is Joe Melton. We hope he does very well at home.

—:—

SPECIAL C

Mr. Caldwell's boys have some copies of the Declaration of Independence and a food chart which pictures the foods that build good muscles, bones, and teeth on the bulletin board in their room. They are studying the circulation of the blood through the heart. They are still studying fractions in arithmetic, but expect to start on problem solving soon.

We have had one boy to go home this month, he is Donald Hargett. We also have had about six new boys to come into our grade. There has also been some of the boys in Mr. Caldwell's room to go up to the sixth grade, they are J. D. Sain, Clarence Hunt, Ralph Shuffler, William Triplette, and George Mathis.

—:—

SPECIAL D

We have several boys going home and we have received several new boys too.

We are learning the syllables and how to hyphenate many different words in spelling.

In arithmetic we have learned about fractions and are starting to learn problem solving.

In health class we have learned about the glands, arteries and many different parts of the human body.

—Mr. Caldwell

MR. LENTZ'S SIXTH GRADE

In history and geography we have just started a unit on the Middle Ages. It was during this period in history that the knights lived and did their good deeds. We have already studied about how a boy became a knight. He was taken from his home at age 7 and served a royal lady as her page for 7 years. During this time he learned to read and write as well as how to act in the presence royalty. He learned what we call "manners" or in those days it was known as chivalry. After this period he was made a squire. As a squire he learned to ride a horse and how to fight. They spent many hours learning to use the lance and their swords. At age 21 the young man spent 24 hours in the church praying and asking Gods help. The next day his master, a nobleman, would touch him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword and "dub" him a knight.

We will soon be studying about the Crusades and what they meant to the modern world.

NINTH GRADE CIVICS

In 9th grade Civics, we have just finished a chapter on the Constitution of the United States. The boys made some booklets containing an outline of the constitution. The boys put a lot of work and effort in these and made some nice and interesting booklets.

We have just started a new unit titled "Our Economic System" it tells of how our economic system is set up and how it works. This unit is a very

interesting and helpful one.

—Ted Pope

TENTH GRADE

In Biology class we have just finished studying the most advanced group of the Vertebrates, the mammals. We are on a new chapter about the structure of the human body Our endoskeleton has joints such as the pivot joint, ball and socket joint immovable joint, hinged joint, pelvis joint, and a number of ligaments attaching the bones. We hope to finish up the human body soon and start on the plant kingdom.

In World History we have just finished up the Industrial Revolution and it's results. In a few words this labor to machine labor. We are now beginning the study of the beginnings revolution was a change from manual of some of the causes of the first World War.

In English class, we are learning to diagram. We have learned to diagram nearly all kinds of sentences. In our literature we are on a unit of plays. We will read such plays as "The Man who liked Dickens," "The King and I," and "Julius Ceasar."

In Algebra class we are learning to find the square roots of numbers. We have a total of 11 boys in the tenth grade, but we are expecting a few to be promoted up from the ninth grade pretty soon.

We have 9 of our 11 tenth graders in typing class. Some of the boys have learned all the keys, but a few are taking them up now. We learn a

lot from our typing teacher, Mr. Edmisten. We are now learning to type the three kinds of business letters.

—James Jones

—:—

TYPING

The typing class has four new typewriters which has made it possible for four more boys to start taking typing.

There is now three sections of eighth graders taking typing since there is such a large number of them.

Most of the boys who are taking typing now are fairly new only having about two or three months of practice. They are progressing very rapidly.

Some of the boys say that typing is very helpful to them helping them to spell better. They all enjoy it very much.

All of the classes are divided up into two or three groups and individual work is done in each group.

Mr. Edmisten is doing very well with the boys and we all learn much while in one class. It takes but only a week to learn the whole keyboard of letters and about two weeks to learn the numbers and punctuation marks.

—:—

Mrs. Hilbrow: "I want you to teach my son a foreign language."

Instructor: "Certainly, ma'am. French, German, Russian, Italian, Spanish—?"

Mrs. Hilbrow: "Which is the most foreign?"

How little it costs,
If we give it a thought,
To make happy
Some heart each day;
Just one kind word,
Or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way.

Perchance a look
Will suffice to clear
The cloud from
A neighbor's face,
And the press of a hand
In sympathy,
A sorrowful tear efface.

It costs so little
I wonder why
We give so little thought;
A smile, kind words,
A place, a touch,
What magic
With them is wrought.

—Author Unknown

—:—

A little boy of six was invited to lunch at a neighbor's home. As soon as all were seated, the food was served, and they started to eat.

The little boy was puzzled. He had been trained to saying grace at the table. With his boyish frankness he asked, "Don't you say a prayer before you eat?"

The host was uncomfortable, and mumbled, "No, we don't take time for that."

The boy was quiet for a moment, then said, "You're just like my dog—start right in eatin'."

NEW STUDENTS

MAY

Norton, Robert Wayne	St. Pauls
Norton, James Earl	St. Pauls
Davis, Perry Lowe, Jr.	Gibsonville
Teer, Dwight	High Point

JUNE

Smith, Roland Douglas	Hickory
Burleyson, Billy Lee	Concord
Taylor, James Donald	Murphy
Bell, Paul James	Statesville
Hooper, John Virgil	Wilmington
Lambert, Billy Jean	Jefferson
Riffle, Fred Lee	Lenoir
Riffle, Kermit Ray	Lenoir
Patterson, Henry	Lenoir
Angel, Donnie Ray	High Point
Wotts, William Jefferson	Wadesboro
Haire, James Clifton	Wadesboro

* * * *

A situation not frankly faced has a habit of stabbing us in the back.

There is no failure until you fail to keep trying.

The mark of an educated man is to see something in a mud puddle besides mud.

BIRTHDAYS

Lynn Honeycutt	6-1-63
Melvin Lawson	6-1-63
Billy Sain	6-4-63
Larce Jacobs	6-5-63
John Rayle	6-7-63
Bernard Scarborough	6-8-63
Donald Hayes	6-13-63
Jesse Sanders	6-13-63
Bobby Jacobs	6-14-63
Carl Patterson	6-14-63
Tony Walker	6-14-63
Barry Finley	6-15-63
A. C. House	6-18-63
Ronald Morgan	6-18-63
Charles Huddle	6-19-63
Jerry Johnson	6-19-63
William E. Smith	6-19-63
Charles Carter	6-21-63
Ronald Whitesides	6-21-63
Danny Marshall	6-22-63
Buford Higgs	6-22-63
John Clark	6-22-63

Elbert McIntosh	6-23-63
James Lowery	6-25-63
Bobby Smith	6-25-63
Barry Worley	6-26-63
John Sheppard	6-26-63
William Patterson	6-28-63
Jerry Penley	6-28-63
Jeff Wilson	6-28-63
Jimmy Cole	6-29-63
Robert Potts	6-30-63
J. C. King	6-31-63

* * * *

Character is the capacity to conduct one's self with restraint in times of prosperity and with courage and tenacity when things do not go well.

The distance a man goes is not as important as the direction.

You don't have to go places if you are happy where you are.

The smallest good deed is better than the grandest good intention.

Fortify yourself with contentment, for this is an impregnable fortress.

Oversleepng will never make one's dreams come true.

Only when we walk in the dark do we see the stars.

ROBERT LEE FROST

by Albert Rutledge

Men are lovers of many things. for with our hearts we can embrace the world. It is true that the heart can neither see nor choose the thing loved; but need it see? need it choose? Wise men say that love is blind, and they should know. How else but through love can men know wisdom?

The wise man is a special kind of lover. He is a lover of all things. Few men can boast of this honor, and those who can appear on this earth ages and ages apart. Some of us never meet them; those who do never forget them.

The world hides nothing from those who love her. She takes them to her bosom and teaches them to say to other men: "This is the stuff of life!"

Like indelible copies, these men are stamped into the minds of lesser men for generations and generations, for this is the price that admiration pays to genius. Robert Lee Frost was one such lover of the world.

Robert Frost was born in 1874, on March 26, in the City of Angels, Los Angeles, Calif., a descendent of the Lincolnshire Frosts. Young Robert was left fatherless at the age of ten years. His father, William Prescott Frost, editor of the San Francisco Bulletin (a democratic newspaper) and proud Copperhead, died of tuberculosis in his early thirties. Mr. Frost's mother, Isabelle Moddie, returned to the New England of her ancestry with the fatherless boy, to begin teaching school and rearing the lad who would one day be a man the world could honor.

The young Frost discovered poetry through the monumental works of Edgar Allen Poe and Ralph Waldo Emerson when he was about fourteen years old. While he was a student at the Lawrence High School he wrote a poem about the downfall of Cortez. It was published in the school paper. The seed was planted, though it would be many years before the great oak would bloom.

In the meantime he was left to grow as restless men will. During the summer he worked on the farm, in the shoe shops of Salem, New Hampshire, and as a bobbinboy in one of the great woolen mills in Lawrence, Massachusetts.

He graduated valedictorian of Lawrence High School. His sweetheart, Elinor Miriam White was salutatorian.

Following graduation, in order to please his family, he entered Dartmouth College, but found the great school too confining for his

taste. After the first few weeks he quit and returned home to teach school and work on a newspaper in Metheum, Massachusetts.

In 1893, *My Butterfly*, his first professionally published poem, appeared in a nationally circulated magazine called the *Independent*. He received a \$15.00 check for the effort.

His mother was proud of her son's accomplishment, but the head of the family—his grandfather was rather upset about the whole thing. He had no use for poetry or poets and felt that no one could make a living writing poetry. In order to direct his aimless grandson, knowing how much poetry meant to the lad, he offered him a compromise . . . "Tell you what," he said, "I'll give you a year to make a success at writing this poetry of yours, and if you fail, you give up the idea completely . . ." To this the young Frost replied, "Give me twenty! Give me twenty!" in mocking flippancy.

Someone did give him twenty years evidently, for it was a full twenty years before his first book was published.

There was someone else who believed in the young poet. The someone who was content to have him be poet or anything else he chose. That someone was the lovely Elinor Miriam White, who shortly became Mrs. Robert Lee Frost.

After his marriage, Mr. Frost entered Harvard University to delve into Greek and Latin philosophies. He remained at Harvard somewhat longer than he had at Dartmouth, but after two years became ill and returned home, saying that the place interfered with his creativity.

His family was now in a state of bewilderment over the apparent lack of ambition in the young man, but the grandfather was still determined to direct the aimless youth. The elderly Frost gave Robert a farm in Derry, New Hampshire, to which he committed him for ten years. The commitment required that Robert farm the land and not sell it for a period of ten years. This was intended to be a means through which the patient grandfather would instill in the lad a sense of responsibility and provide him and his wife a livelihood.

The farm became a sort of refuge for the 25-year old wanderlust and his wife, because his relatives had become discouraged and pre-

ferred to leave him to his daydreams. This isolation effected neither Frost nor his understanding wife. He depicted their attitude in a poem, naturally :

They leave us so to the way we took,
As two in whom they were proved mistaken,
That we sit sometimes in the wayside nook,
With mischievous, vagrant, seraphic look,
And try if we cannot feel forsaken.

In 1912, at the age of 35, Mr. Frost sold the farm, and with the money he received from the sale plus some he had saved as a farmer and part-time teacher, he and his wife moved to Buckinghamshire, England. They found a home in a quaint little hamlet called Beaconsfield.

England was at the time in the throes of, and he center of, the Georgian Poetry movement; but the Frosts remained in their wayside nook and were untouched by this great literary revival.

After a year of seclusion they moved to Gloucestershire and tried farming again. They chose a farm in the neighborhood of the fine poet Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (who later became one of Frost's closest friends and truest critics).

One evening after the chores of the day were done and he was relaxing with his wife, Mr. Frost decided that if he tried he might find someone who would publish his poems in a book. He consulted Mrs. David Nutt, who was carrying on her deceased husband's business. She read the poems and published the book, *A Boy's Will*.

The poet was then 38 years old, and the young stripling came into its first Spring.

Among Mr. Frost's favorite poets was a man by the name of Henry W. Longfellow, who had written: "A boy's will is the wind's will and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." It was as a sort of tribute to Mr. Longfellow that Frost titled his first book.

A Boy's Will took the English reviewers by storm. It was a smashing success. They were enchanted by the poet's ability to turn forgotten thoughts into unforgettable phrases. In the following year his second collection of poems appeared in the book *North of Boston*, and the heads of the stiff-necked English bowed in admiration. The

highbrow British critics acclaimed his poems for their "downright knowledge, their vivid observation, and their rich enjoyment for all kinds of practical life."

With the Spring came the showers, and the young oak began to reach out for the sun.

In 1915, Frost came home. He returned to find himself being hailed as the leader of a new era in American poetry. His two books were on sale all over the country. He purchased a small farm in the White Mountains of New Hampshire and began to introduce the American people—who had neglected him for twenty years!—to their homeland.

He co-founded the stellar Bread and Loaf School of English in Vermont and served as a member on the advisory board of the brilliant periodical, *The Seven Arts*. He was elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters; he was Phi Beta Kappa poet and Charles Eliot Norton lecturer at Harvard University; he won the Gold Medal for poetry from the National Institution of Arts and Letters; and he was awarded honorary degrees from Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Dartmouth, Amherst, Michigan and some forty other colleges and universities throughout the country. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1924 for his *New Hampshire*, in 1931 for *Collected Poems*, in 1937 for *A Further Range*, and still again in 1943 for *A Witness Tree*. He was the only poet ever to achieve such distinction. One of his monumental works, *The Gift Outright*, was chosen to be read by the poet himself at the inauguration of our 35th President, Mr. John F. Kennedy.

His birthdays have become all but national holidays. In honor of his 75th birthday in 1950, the United States Senate adopted a resolution of felicitation to the effect that the poems of Robert Frost had "helped to guide the American thought with humor and wisdom, setting to our minds a reliable representation of ourselves and of all men."

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued

On the occasion of Mr. Frost's 85th birthday, Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Udall held a banquet in Washington D. C. in honor of the octagenarian poet. It was attended by governmental dignitaries and many affluent sophisticates of the highest echelon of the international set. On this occasion Lionel Trilling read a paper in tribute to Mr. Frost in which he saluted the poet as being a "poet of terror." In the following weeks a lively controversy ensued between those who were inclined to agree with Trilling and those who were not. Whatever the merits of the controversy, Robert Frost was hardly a senile and delicate old man. A glance toward the adroit craftman's piercing journey into the world of chaos and darkness that resides at the depths of the human spirit in such poems as *Home Burial*, *The Fear*, *Snow*, *Death of a Hired Man*, and *The Code* will surely bring to mind something of the terrible. The poet sees and illuminates, and yet we find that the far-reaching implications of his verse somehow extend beyond imagination. He once wrote: "It begins with a lump in the throat, a homesickness, or a lovesickness. A complete poem is one where emotion has found its thought, and the thought has found the words." Simple. Yet totally undefinable. This was the way of the poet.

... Find what the hated need,
Never mind of what actual worth,
And wipe that out of the earth.
Let them die of unsatisfied greed.

It requires much more than definitions to divine the hidden shades of meaning moving imperceptively from phantasy to philosophy in Frost's method of presentation. Critics, I believe, have more or less chronologically bisected him. They see him as a poet of fire and passion in his youth and of wit and meditation in his later years. The difference here, I submit, was probably best delineated by Mary Callum in her review of *A Witness Tree*. Her eye was

particularly attracted by A Silken Tent, of which she wrote: "Here is the lyric in all its intensity, indeed with a greater intensity than the lyrics the poet wrote when he was young . . . These lyrics have wisdom, that revelation, which is time's last gift to the mature and powerful mind." The poet may have foreseen this dichotomy within himself and attempted to ward it off when he wrote, "They would not find me changed from him they knew, only more sure of all I thought was true."

The people and places, the natural experiences of living in the poet's words, are depicted with a brilliance that is shockingly honest. His is a poetry of an ordered mind—wise, intense, witty and terrifying. He lived by the creative spirit and possessed the rare ability to make others share his images and dreams so proudly that they became one's own.

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if I had to perish twice,
I think I knew enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

His voice—sometimes dark and haunting, sometimes radiant and ebullient—spoke to us in symbols, in moods, in pirouettes, in cadences, and in classic epigrams. He was fascinated by the conflict of mind and mood, between reason and emotion—simply because to him all things shared in the human drama. His devotion to fact appeared in a multitude of settings, visions, and characters, emanated an assurance of love with an ever-increasing vividness. His profound philosophies whisper intimately in our ear from beneath the sober analytical connotations of his lyrics. As he establishes mood, atmosphere, characters and settings, each comes into our presence with startling suddenness. The Frostian Genius propels us into the poet's world. The poet's depth is infinite. He has illuminated for our scru-

tiny life, love, and devotion, in events and settings so common to us all that we rarely, if ever, note them. Though he demanded more of life than most men dare to ask, he gave more than any of us should expect to receive.

This was Robert Frost, the artist, the creator, the Poet, the man making love to all the world. For all his extraordinary qualities he was nonetheless the man, an ordinary man so naturally at home among the deeper values of life that he could walk into the heart of America without knocking. We are far richer for having known him.

The epitaph on his tombstone, written by himself, condenses the whole of his life and philosophy into eight profound words.

I had a lover's quarrel with the world

ROBERT LEE FROST

March 26, 1884

January 28, 1963

May we add, respectfully: Requiescat at in pace . . .

—The Courier

* * * *

Shed no tears over your lack of early advantages. No really great man ever had the advantages that he himself did not create.

It shouldn't be necessary to blow out the other person's light to let yours shine.

Those who strive for merit shall attain success.

The full use of today is the best preparation one can make for tomorrow.

It often shows a fine command of language to say nothing.

The man who tries to please everybody shows little respect for his own way of thinking.

DEAF EARS DON'T HEAR

BY ANNE MCCOLLUM BOYLES

The wind came in hurried puffs of warmth, and tucked at the skirts of the trees. Grandma Mason sat by the window, rocking back and forth, enjoying the soft breeze.

'I've always dreaded living too long to be useful. But here I am, Fido, eighty-five, still able to cook and eat my three meals a day, for which I am thankful.'

The little dog raised his head inquiringly, then stretched his little body out on the rug at her feet.

Grandama winced as a bolt of lightning streaked across the clouded sky, but the peal of thunder which followed went unheeded. Outside, she noticed a young girlish figure in a gray tweed suit bending against the rising wind and standing still, as though bewildered, as the first drops of rain began to fall. The figure turned slightly, and a hand waved. Grandma Mason smiled as she waved in response.

"Thank God, I still have my eyesight. It means everything to me," she said reverently to herself. "That must be Laura Perdue." Laura was the young wife of Paul Perdue, a newcomer to town. "She's a pretty girl, all right. I wonder how she is going to like us."

The figure in gray disappeared, and Grandma Mason continued to rock back and forth, back and forth. Suddenly she looked up, startled. Someone had come into the room. It was Laura Perdue.

A wisp of coal-black hair, loosened by the wind, almost hid the frown on her young forehead. Her lips were parted as if she were about to speak. Her eyes betrayed her—they were red and swollen. She had been crying.

"No one answered my knock, so I took the liberty—"

Grandma Mason stared, smiled in greeting, and stopped rocking. Her face was concerned.

'I simply must talk to someone,' Laura Perdue blurted. "I—that is, we—have just moved in, you know. And I have no friends here—yet. And now I'm leaving Paul—he's my husband. We just can't make a go of it. I'm leaving!" There were sobs in her voice.

She glanced for a moment at the downpour outside, then bit her lips

to keep the tears back and looked intently into the eyes of Grandma Mason.

"My dear, you are terribly excited. Do sit down and relax for a bit."

Grandma's smile was a gentle caress. Laura Perdue sat back at once into the comforting curves of the old chair. Outside, the rain was still falling. She began to hear the loud tick-tock, persistent and measured, of the old clock on the mantel. When the clock struck in quick, sharp tones, Laura closed her eyes. It was a clock with a strike just like the one in her mother's home where she had spent her childhood.

Now Laura leaned forward again, slowly, eagerly, seeming to gain strength from the mere presence of her elderly companion, though few words had been spoken. "It is good to talk to someone like you," she exclaimed.

There was a pause. Grandma Mason studied the girl who sat before her. "Yes, yes," she said. "Now make yourself right at home and I'll make some cocoa. We'll have a little party this damp afternoon. It'll take me only a minute"

Laura Perdue watched her go through the door and then stood up. A somewhat faded marriage license hung above the horsehair sofa. There was a picture of Grandma Mason and her husband on their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Fifty years of married life! Well, of course, it could happen like that. The light of genuine happiness in their faces held her attention—until the tears threatened. She leaned over and patted the little dog as Grandma Mason returned.

"You know," Laura Perdue commented, as she lifted her cup, "this is wonderful cocoa, but I can't figure out why you should go to all this trou-
burdened myself as I have. You have your own worries—
burnded myself as I have. You have your own worries—"

She looked away from Grandma's face to the driving rain, and sighed. "Paul was wonderful at first. Now he's different.. Of course, he has been terribly busy. But I can't make all the concession— now it's all over. I've even packed my tthings—ready to leave." Her voice broke in a stifled sob.

The story hurried from her lips, then for a long moment all was quiet. Laura's mind ran in futile circles. The happenings of the day passed in kaleidoscopic view before her. Less than an hour ago she had sat before

her mirror, dressing to go out. It was then that she had reached her decision, and it hadn't been easy.

The little jewel case containing her diamond engagement ring and wrist watch had lain there on the dressing table. She remembered how she had swallowed hard and choked back a sob when she reached for the ring and slid it slowly into place above her wedding ring, and clasped the watch on her arm. These were Paul's gifts. She would take them with her. They belonged to her forever and ever!

Grandma Mason's face was as expressionless as the teacup she held in her hand. She seemed to hesitate as she said, "I see. Yes, yes, I see. Then she turned to an old family album on the table beside her chair, and began turning the pages slowly.

"I was looking at these just before you came in." She pointed to a photograph of a woman wearing bulging sleeves. "Would you ever guess that to be me? I was the belle of our little village then. They said I was pretty." She sighed, then laughed musically. "I once took home a prize from the country fair for being the prettiest girl—can you believe it? I could sing very well, too. They said I would have quite a career. I thought a long time before I gave up the idea for Joshua—you know, he was my husband."

Laura Perdue looked up. There was a twinkle in Grandma's blue eyes. Then she continued her soft-spoken monologue.

"We were a couple of modern kids for those days. We didn't get along at first. People said we both had minds of our own. I guess we were both pretty stubborn. But we were married more than fifty years. The longer we lived together the more we seemed to care for each other. We had a lot of good times together." Grandma paused, and then went on: "Maybe I shouldn't say it, but when Joshua died and left me, most of my life went, to." She reached for the hem of her apron and dried her eyes that suddenly were brimming.

From the back of the album she brought forth scenes of places abroad, summer vacations at the beach with the children, and happy events of later years. A single tear dropped on the page. For a long time the two sat beside the open album, busy with their own thoughts. The thoughtless clock on the mantel broke the sacred silence with three dull strokes.

"I must be going," Laura Perdue announced, suddenly. A bright

young smile she hadn't seen before caught Grandma Mason's attention. Laura's lovely face was transformed with a new radiance and myriads of thoughts flashed through her mind.

"This room—I'm going to call it the enchanted Temple," Laura Perdue exclaimed. "I slipped in here just to get out of the rain." She stood up. "Now I must run back—I want to unpack before Paul gets home. I can hardly wait till he comes!"

Grandma Mason smiled. "Come and see me again," she pleaded. "I miss young folks. I'm really a young pesron still, you know." Her laugh was merry, and her eyes twinkled.

"Well, Fido," she mused to the little dog, when her guest had gone happily on her way, "I do believe I'm good for something still. I do think I must have helped that poor young thing. She was terribly upset about something. I wanted to comfort her. I wonder what was the trouble? But deaf folks can't hear, Fido—not a word! I do hope I was a good Samaritan!"

* * * *

THE GATE AT THE END OF THINGS

Some people say the world's a stage,
 Where each plays a part in life;
 Others proclaim that life is quite real,
 Its joys, its battles, its strife.
 Some say its a joke we should laugh along,
 And smile at the knocks and stings:
 Whatever is true, take it from me,
 There's a gate at the end of things.
 Don't try to kid yourself with the thought
 You can do as you please all the while;
 Don't try and kick the fellow who's down,
 As you climb to the top of the pile.
 Don't go back on a pal because he won't know
 In his eyes he may rate you with kings.
 Someday he will see you just as you are
 At the gate at the end of things.

—Unknown

FRIENDSHIP

You entered my heart in a casual way,
And saw in a glance what I needed;
There were others who passed me or met me each day,
But never a one of them heeded.
Perhaps you were thinking of other folks more,
Or chance simply seemed to decree it;
I know there were many such chances before,
But the others--well, they didn't see it.

You said just the thing that I wished you would say
And you made me believe you meant it;
I held up my head in the old gallant way,
And resolved you should never repent it.
There are times when encouragement means such a lot,
And a word is enough to convey;
There were others who could have, as easy or not--
But just the same, they didn't say it.

—Grace Stricker Dawson

HAPPINESS

Two kinds of sorrows vex your lives with care:
Things that you can, and things you can't mend.
If you can change them, do it. Why despair?
If not, then why your days in torment spend?
For beauty is around you everywhere
In the blue sky or cloud, at noon or night,
And glory fills the heavens, and earth is fair,
Whether its mantle be of green or white.
Whence cometh joy? On many a pampered son
Nature bestows her richest gifts in vain,
While from some crippled, poor neglected one
Her songs arise with smiles that banish pain.
The well-spring is within to curse or bless;
In your own hearts is grief or happiness.

—William Dudley Foulke

THINGS WORK OUT

Because it rains we wish it wouldn't,
Because men do what they often shouldn't,
Because crops fail and plans go wrong,
Some of us grumble the whole day long.
But somehow in spite of the care and doubt,
It seems at last that things work out.

Because we lose what we hoped to gain,
Because we suffer a little pain,
Because we must work when we'd like to play,
Some of us whimper along life's way.
But somehow, as day will follow night,
Most of our troubles work out all right.

Because we cannot forever smile,
Because we must trudge in the dust awhile,
Because we think that the way is long,
Some complain that life's all wrong.
But yet we live and our sky grows bright,
And everything works out all right.

So bend to your trouble and meet your care,
For the clouds must break and the sky grow fair.
Let the rain come down as it must and will,
But keep on working and hoping still,
For in spite of the grumblers who stand about,
Somehow, it seems all things work out.

—Author Unknown

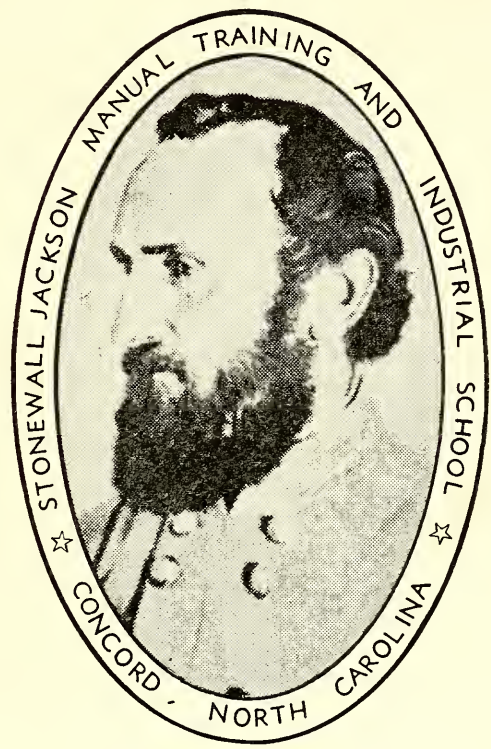
“We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilted goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows.”

— Edwin Markham

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The UPLIFT

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JULY 1963



Carolina Charter Tercentenary

THE UPLIFT

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THE BIRTHDAY OF FREEDOM . . . JULY 4 TH

To most Americans, July 4 means the first summer holiday—picnics, fireworks, a trip to the country or to the city. One must wonder what it was like in 1776, the first time our country celebrated Independence Day.

People shrieked in the streets for joy! They danced, paraded, blew bugles, rang bells. Cannons were fired to mark the moment. Feasts and banquets of every description were the order of the day, and a thousand toasts were raised in the name of a new-found nation.

From the balcony at the Old State House, one of the most famous meeting places of patriots along Boston's "Freedom Trail," the Declaration was read to loudly cheering crowds in the streets below.

America was free!! For the first time, this colony was its own.

Everyone did not hear about it at once, the way we might today with radio, television, and the press spreading news around the country. Records show that copies of the Declaration of Independence were distributed July 5 to governors of several colonies—and to army generals. The first public reading took place July 8.

The bell in Philadelphia's old State House, where Congress was in session, was rung to attract the people. Colonel John Nixon read the stirring words from a platform in the yard. Subsequently, the document was read in courts and council halls, on public squares and village greens, from pulpits and platforms throughout the land.

Few people know that our independence was actually decided on July 2 by the casting of one vote from each colony. Or that Thomas Jefferson's beautifully worded Declaration sprang from a resolution made in Congress earlier that year by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia.

Lee proposed on June 7, 1776, that the united colonies ought to be free and independent states. This was discussed for two days. Then consideration of the resolution was postponed—presumably

until a full declaration could be drawn up—but actually to give freedom a better chance to win!

The fact is that not all the colonies were ready to vote for independence. By delaying the final vote on the resolution, members who favored freedom gained three precious weeks to sway doubtful or objecting voters. As Jefferson delicately put it, "New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and South Carolina were not yet matured for falling from the parent stem, but they were fast advancing to that state. It was thought most prudent to wait a while for them."

This "waiting" period was one of the liveliest in history! While a committee headed by Thomas Jefferson drew up the declaration, congressmen opposing independence were "persuaded" to change their minds.

July 1 came, and unanimous consent on the Lee resolution was still in doubt. The Declaration could be submitted only if and when the resolution went through. Delegates from New York were without instructions from their colony how to vote. The majority of Pennsylvania's delegates opposed independence. Delaware was equally divided—one for, one against. A third congressman from Delaware, known to favor independence, was at home—80 miles from Philadelphia. A trusted express rider was dispatched to bring him to Congress in time to cast the deciding vote for his colony. The delegate promptly mounted his horse and rode at top speed throughout the night. He made Congress in time to vote.

South Carolina's delegation was finally convinced to vote "Yes." Two opposing Pennsylvania delegates were persuaded to stay away from the July 2 session, the third was persuaded to change his vote.

On the morning of July 2, the independence party was in complete control. Lee's resolution passed unanimously, with New York abstaining from casting a vote either way.

It was not until July 4 that the Declaration of Independence was adopted. No one signed it that day. The actual signatures were not begun until August 2, and names were still being added as late as 1781. Some men authorized to sign our "birth certificate of freedom" were not even in office when it was adopted! When Pres-

ident of the Congress John Hancock put his bold signature to the document, there was a 500-pound reward on his head! His fellow patriots performed equal acts of heroism by defiantly adding their names to this Declaration.

Think further than fireworks when the Fourth of July arrives. The day commemorates the birth of a nation "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

—Sunshine Magazine

* * * *

HARD EARNED WAGES

An artist, who was employed to renovate and retouch the great oil paintings in an old church in Belgium, rendered a bill, of \$67.30. The Church wardens, however, required an itemized bill, and the following was presented and paid.

For correcting the Ten Commandments	\$ 5.12
For renewing Heaven and adjusting the stars	7.14
For touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls	3.06
For brightening up the flames of hell, and putting a new tail on the devil, and doing odd jobs for the damned	7.17
For putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging the head of Goliath	6.13
For mending shirt of Prodigal Son and cleaning his ear	3.39
For embellishing Pontious Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet	3.02
Putting new comb and feathers on St. Peter's rooster	2.20
Re-pluming and re-gilding left wing of the Guardian Angel	5.18
For washing the servant of High Priest and putting carmine on cheeks	5.02
For taking spots off son of Tobias	10.30
For putting earrings in Sarah's ear	5.26
For decorating Noah's Ark and new head on Shem	4.31
Total	\$67.30

—Via: The Citizen

Meditations



A JEWEL FOR YOUR MEMORY COLLECTION

(LET'S MEMORIZE IT)

Thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not. **Isaiah 58:11**

When the boll weevil swept into Dixie and virtually destroyed the cotton crops George Washington Carver, the famous Negro scientist, began his search for a substitute. He was convinced that the Creator had deposited somewhere something that could bring about the economic salvation of his beloved Southland.

Dr. Carver said, "I went into my laboratory and said, 'Dear Creator, tell me what the universe was made for? And He declared, 'You want to know too much for such a little mind. Ask for something your size.' Then I asked 'Tell me what man was made for.' He answered, 'Little one, you are still asking too much.' 'Tell me then what the peanut was made for? Then the great Creator taught me how to take the lowly peanut apart and put it together again."

From this experience a plant used mostly to feed hogs was transformed into more than three hundred useful products to benefit mankind.

God has a purpose for each of us, and like the lowly peanut we can become useful instruments if our lives are transformed by the great Creator.

Our Father: Take our lives and use them for thy service. Give us a concern for others and make us instruments of thy will. **Amen**

Sunday Services

By Lorin Randolph

The Reverend Ernest P. Russell from McGill Baptist Church in Concord was the Sunday Minister here June 23.

Mr. Russell took his scripture from the second chapter of Luke 10-52 verses. The scripture tells of Jesus when he was growing up.

Mr. Russell started out his sermon by telling us that there were three ways in which to grow. He said that you can grow physically, mentally, or spiritually. He said that many people refuse to grow up and these that do are usually called crybabies. People who refuse to grow up need discipline and this is not an easy thing to take, in fact, it is easier some people think to buck it and try and skip it than to take it. Discipline is a must for all of us if we want to grow in any of the three ways.

Mr. Russell said that another grow in persistence. We must be persistent day in and day out. In thing that we must have in order to grow in Persistence. We must be persistent day in and day out. In order to be honest we have to be persistent. Persistence helps us in learning

things, like a baby who is trying to learn how to walk.

In order to do right we **must trust** in God to lead us.

Mr. Russell told us of a boy who was sent into the fields to plant some beans, the father told the boy how to do it and told him to take his time doing it. The boy was starting out right and was nearing the half way mark when a group of his friends came along with fishing poles, they were going fishing. His friends asked him if he could come along. He said that he had to finish planting the beans. The boy really wanted to go and decided to throw many more beans into the hole than he was told to. After he had finished doing this job, he asked his father if he could go fishing, his father said it would be alright for him to go. The boy had almost forgotten about the incident when his father asked him if he would take a walk into the field where he had planted the beans. The row looked alright until they came to where he poured all the beans. His father did not scold him or punish him he just sat the boy down and ex-

plained to him about cheating.

This boy in order to get something he cheated his father just as we do many times.

There are no short cuts in life, If you take a short cut something will come up in life that is the result of it.

Mr. Russell told us of a hunchback who had a very ugly body but a very handsome face. He said this was the way we were. We are the body which we are, all ugly with sin and hate. Jesus is the head which is right and beautiful. We should try to make the body match the head. We should look to the head, Jesus, to make us beautiful like him.

Mr. Russell delivered us a very fine sermon and we hope that he will come back again with another fine sermon for us.

—:—

Reverend Ben Stamey from Rocky Ridge Methodist Church in Concord came to speak to us Sunday July 21.

Mr. Stamey based his sermon on the one word Love. Love is respective, mature, enduring, and transforming.

Love is like a soap, it washes our sins away and makes us more pure. Love cleans our windows of life clear so that Christ may see us more clearly.

Faith and Hope opens the doors for love to come in our hearts and make us better people.

Love can change lives very easily but many people refuse to let love come into their hearts.

Mr. Stamey was a stand in

and he preached a very fine sermon and everybody should of profited from it. We hope Reverend Stamey will come back soon.

—:—

A NEW START

I will start anew this morning
with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining
of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining
while my duty's call is still clear;
I will waste no moment whining,
and my heart shall know no fear.
I will look sometimes about me
for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties
that elude the grumbler's gaze,
I will try to find contentment
in the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment
when another moves ahead.
I will not be swayed by envy
when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit,
but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty
spread before me, rain or shine;
I will cease to preach your duty,
and be more concerned with mine.

—Author Unknown

CAMPUS NEWS

COTTAGE FOUR

Saturday, July 20, Cottage 4 accompanied by Mr. Cheek and family went to the Catawba River for a very enjoyable afternoon. Some of the boys played ball while others tried their hand at fishing.

Some of the boys who had a birthday between January and July celebrated their birthday Saturday. We had cake and pepsi for refreshments.

The place we went is owned by Mr. Cheek's brother. The boys of Cottage 4 would like to thank him very much for letting us use his property.

Later we returned to the school and then left again to return Mr. Cheek's brother's keys. All of the boys of Cottage 4 would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Cheek for giving us such a good time.

—Bobby Lee

—:—

COTTAGE 6

On the 4th of July cottage 6 went fishing and had a picnic supper at the lake. Most of the boys caught some fish, but Paul Scarborough caught 14, which was the most. After fishing a while we were served sandwiches, cake, and Kool-aid, then we fished some more until about dark.

On Saturday July 20, Mr. and Mrs. Hill gave us a birthday party. We played games outside which was racing while carrying a bean in a spoon, bingo, balloon blowing contest, and bubble gum blowing contest. The win-

ners were Willie Poston, Wayne Norton, Roger Teer, Bobby Smith, Jeff Wilson, Jimmy Musselwhite, Buford Higgs, Bill Triplett, John Rayle, and David Phillips. Each winner was awarded candy, gum, or jack rocks.

Later for our supper we were served grape and strawberry kool-aid, hot dogs, potato chips, ritz crackers with peanut butter, and birthday cake. Before cutting the cake, we sang happy birthday to a few of the boys in 6.

The following 13 had birthdays: Bobby Hardin, Lester Hatley, Buford Higgs, Danny Marshall, Billy McGinnis, Willie Poston, John Rayle, Billy Sain, J. R. Sanders, Paul Scarborough, Bobby Smith, Gary Teer, and Jeff Wilson. All of the boys received birthday gifts, most of them were model cars, socks, and games.

We want to thank everyone who helped us to have a nice party.

—Billy Sain

—Jeff Wilson

—Bill Triplett

—:—

COTTAGE EIGHT

On Monday, June 24, Johnny Hall went home for a six day visit. He returned Sunday the 30th just in time to go to Summer camp.

While out at Summer camp we had a most wonderful time. All the regular boys went to the first session. We had a very good time with Mr. Cannon on the waterfront, with Mr. Hinson on Nature Study, Mr. Lowder in First Aid and Mrs. Liske in Handicrafts.

We just hope all the other boys had as good a time as we did.

On Friday, July 5, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson returned from their vacation. The regular boys were very happy to see the Hendersons arrive back safely.

Saturday morning, July 6, we all worked to get the cottage back to normal. About the middle of the morning Ronald Burroughs went home for a three day visit and even though he missed a lot of the fun the Hendersons and the regular boys had, it was still good to get back home. He returned Monday afternoon.

After lunch Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, the regular boys, and Gary Daniels, from number 7, took an excursion. First we left for Huntersville and saw where Mrs. Henderson was raised and Mr. Henderson showed us where he was raised. We went to visit Mrs. Henderson's sister and her husband Mr. and Mrs. Goodman. We then went to Lake Norman and saw the new Duke Power Dam and then we went to the Catawba River and saw some young people skiing. We visited Kenneth Barr's home in Belmont. Then we had a picnic supper west of Charlotte at a rest area on Interstate 85, it was very nice. We ate barbecued chicken, tomato and banana sandwiches, potato chips, cantelope, cherry pie, ice-cream and soft drinks.

We went to the Charlotte Airport and saw several planes land and take off. This was very interesting. Then we went riding through Charlotte and saw the Coliseum and Charlottetown Mall along with many other

interesting places.

Then to end a most wonderful day we went to visit Mrs. Henderson's brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Whitley in Charlotte. We returned to school about 9 o'clock and went to bed quite tired after a long day but quite happy.

Sunday morning dawned cloudy but this did not dampen our spirits as we had another whole day ahead of us without any new boys. After church on Sunday we rode down to the buffalo farm off highway 49 and then to Lake Lynn Lodge where we took a tour of the grounds. Then we went to Kannapolis where we saw the homes in which Mr. and Mrs. Henderson lived in their earlier married life and the places where Mr. Henderson was employed before coming to be with us at the school.

Soon after we returned to a delicious dinner. We then had an interesting evening of discussion and then went to bed.

Monday afternoon after Ronald returned we made some home made ice-cream and went out to Frye's Lake for a lake picnic of ice-cream, cookies, cake and drinks. Then we visited the faculty and boys out at summer camp. We returned to the campus for a much welcome rest.

Tuesday the 9th, we worked in Mrs. Henderson's garden, which had grown up some during their vacation.

We wish to express our deepest gratitude to Mr. Scott and Mr. Sloop for letting us take these excursions and to Mr. and Mrs. Henderson for taking us and for securing permission for us to go. We enjoyed them very

much and hope to have this opportunity again some time soon.

Monday, July 15, Kenneth Barr went home. We feel he enjoyed his stay here with us and hope he received much benefit from the school. We wish him the very best of luck in the years ahead.

—Claude Torrence

—Ronald Burroughs

—:—

COTTAGE 15

Ronnie Morgan and Larry Case were transferred to the Juvenile Evaluation Center, Swannanoa, this month. David Sutton is hoping to go home real soon. We all wish these boys the best of luck.

Nine boys from Cottage 15 were allowed to go to summer camp this summer. We are sure they enjoyed being at camp and we all hope we will be able to go next time.

On Thursday, July 4, Mr. and Mrs. Peck gave us a party. We played some games and prizes were given to the winners. We were served marshmallow krispies and kool aid. Everyone enjoyed the party and we are looking forward to having another one soon.

—Larry Biegert

—:—

BIBLE SCHOOL

Each morning and afternoon we would open our Bible School with scripture reading. After scripture reading we returned to our room and studied Bible verses particularly on Proverbs, Psalms and the Book of John. We made scrapbooks on the

old and new testaments. We got citations for memory work and being in the play on Sunday. In handicraft we made Bible markers and comb cases. We watched films on Johnny Appleseed and Daniel Boone. Each Friday we had parties. We feel that the two weeks of Bible School were profitable and enjoyable.

—Raymond Kemp

—:—

NEW SEWING ROOM INSTRUCTOR

Mrs. Connie B. Watts, the new Vocational Instructor in the Sewing Room, began her duties on July 15. She is a native of Tabor City where she received her elementary and high school education. She attended Mars Hill College and Woman's College of the University of North Carolina where she graduated with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Home Economics. She has taught in the Walkertown High School and McIver Elementary School in Kannapolis, North Carolina.

Mrs. Watts is married to Mr. Mickey Watts and they have one daughter, Lisa.

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

SPECIAL A

We have just got back from our two week vacation. Some of our boys went to Summer Camp the boys say they had a real good time. We haven't

had much time to redecorate our bulletin board. The boys are looking forward to start studying on a new chapter in their book.

—:—

SPECIAL D.

We are just back from our vacation. Our teacher went to Wilmington to see our Battleship the U. S. S. North Carolina. He said it was a wonderful thing to see.

We have a new pupil, his name is Jeff Watts.

We have two new presses. They are Science, on plant life. The boys seem to be interested in the science of plants.

—:—

SIXTH GRADE

The sixth grade is studying Early Greek History.

We find it was in this area that civilization began.

History had its beginning here.

—:—

SEVENTH GRADE

The seventh grade is starting a study of the Civil War. The mistakes and invasion that started the war.

We found it to be surprising since we thought the war was fought over slavery alone. The westward movement alone with the differences in ways of life in America caused the conflict.

—:—

EIGHTH GRADE

In the North Carolina History class

we have gotten to the period just after the Civil War.

We are seeing how it was hard to adjust to the new ways of life.

Our schools were poor and it was difficult to raise the standards of education.

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

SEWING ROOM

The boys in the sewing room have a new instructor, Mrs. Connie Watts.

We have the sewing room divided into two sections. We have a sewing period and an art period.

When we do not have material to sew we are developing our various talents in the sewing room. We are using looper clips to make pot holders, dresser scarfs, rugs, pocket books, table cloths and everything else we can think of. We have been doing some abstract painting.

In the sewing room we make shirts, sheets, pajamas, and aprons. We have started stitching down the front facing of the shirts to improve the appearance of the shirts.

Phillip McCreary was added to our sewing group recently.

In addition to our sewing and painting we also have our "Beep-Beep Library". We are sure we will enjoy our library.

—Bill Triplett

—:—

GYM

Most all of the practice games in softball have been completed and the playoffs will start around the first of August. The teams all are looking pretty good and we should have a very good softball season.

The swimming in the Physical Education classes is coming along fine, a lot of the boys who didn't know how to swim are learning. We plan to have some swimming contests in the Gym classes pretty soon.

All of the boys who went to Summer Camp enjoyed the swimming and boating on the water front. The boys also enjoyed the ball games. We were sorry when Summer Camp ended.

—Floyd Austin

—:—

LAUNDRY

The laundry boys have had a lot to do during Summer Camp. Now that summer camp is over the clothes have been coming in for us to wash.

We have two new pressess they are a lot of help, they make our work easier. We have three new boys in the laundry, Ronnie Whitesides, Donnie Angel, and Barry Boyd.

—Wayne Conner

—:—

CAFETERIA

The cafeteria boys have been real busy. We have been preparing fresh vegetables that have been coming in from the farm. The boys seem to enjoy eating these good fresh vegetables. We have had four new boys to

come to the cafeteria, their names are James Haire, Earl Patterson, Johnny Bean, and James Roberts we hope that they will enjoy their work while they are here.

The boys from the cafeteria that went to camp said they had a good time. We are glad to have them back so we can get in our regular routine again.

—Danny Murr

—:—

PLUMBING SHOP

The plumbing shop boys have been working pretty regular this month. We serviced all of the boilers on campus. We put two new presses in the laundry. We took all of the old light bulbs out of the night lights and put in new ones. We also put new lights in the cafeteria. We fixed a washer at the laundry. We helped put in a cooler at the dairy.

—Elbert McIntosh

—:—

CARPENTER SHOP

The carpenter shop boys have been very busy this month, we have been putting in screens at the cottages, and we have been repairing the porch at the cafeteria. We have got a new boy in the Carpenter Shop and we hope he makes good while he is with us.

We help put in the cooler in the dairy.

Mr. VonCannon and a couple of boys went to Mr. Troutman's house and put in screen doors and repaired them for him. We fixed some doors

in Mrs. Liske's room, and we repaired a door in Mr. Edmisten's classroom.

—Ronnie Grant

—:—

BARBER SHOP

The boys in the Barber Shop have a lot of hair to cut now that school is starting back. The barber shop boys have been working at the cannery for the last two weeks, we have been canning corn, beets, carrots, and snap beans. We had one boy to go home this month, his name is Kenneth Barr. The total haircuts for this month is as follows: Kenneth Barr, 104; Gary Bullard, 76; Bobby Broadway, 74; Clinton Martin, 71; Mike Murphy, 55; Ronnie Burroughs, 55; Johnny Hall, 53; Ralph Shuffler, 45; Mr. Burr, 30. The total haircuts is 563.

—Mike Murphy

—:—

BARN FORCE

Everybody enjoyed their summer vacation on the barn force. Every body has been working hard, we have been killing lots of hogs and cows for the cafeteria. We have a large number of summer pigs, we are expecting a large number for Autumn. A lot of the boys have been earning Citations for their good work. We have some boys who are going home soon. All of the boys are looking forward to the watermelons and canolope getting ripe and are hoping for a good crop.

DAIRY

The dairy boys have been working hard this month.

We are not bottling milk anymore since we are waiting to move into the new milk house, but as soon as we are moved in we will start bottling milk again. We are now trading raw milk for pasteurized milk with the Cabarrus Creamery in Concord.

We are now getting about 105 gals. a day for Cabarrus Creamery to pick up. They pick up the milk three times a week Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. We hold our milk in a 545 gallon tank that keeps the milk cold until the driver comes to pick it up.

We have three new calves in the dairy and they were all born in less than a week. We have our cows in a new pasture and it is raising the milk since they are eating more.

We have a new relief man who takes the dairy when Mr. Moretz is off, he is Mr. Poteat.

We had a boy to leave and to go to Swannanoa, his name is Larry Case, we wish him luck while he is there.

We hope to be in the new milk house by the last of August.

—Alvin West

—Otis Walker

—:—

COTTON MILL

The boys in the cotton mill have been working fairly hard getting cloth to the sewing room to make new shirts and sheets. The other boys have been spinning and keeping the looms up with good fillings.

For the last few days the boys in the cotton mill have been working in the cannery, cutting up cabbage to make sauerkraut.

We have had one boy to go home this month, his name is Donald Hargett, and we wish him the best in the future. We have one new boy in the cotton mill, his name is Wayne Lyman. We hope he gets along fine in the cotton mill.

—Marvin Griggs

—:—

INFIRMARY

We have been keeping the Infirmary clean this month. Mr. Dry and his boys have been painting some of the Infirmary this month. It looks very good.

We haven't had too many sick boys this month. Donnie Osborne had one of his teeth pulled this month, and we had to keep him in bed about four days.

We have been treating boys for cuts also. We have had about fifteen boys to come in with sprained fingers and thumbs.

—Billy "Doc" Taylor

—:—

LIBRARY

We have many classes coming in to check out books. We hope that they like the library. The library has some new Readers Digest Books. They are very interesting to read. We have lots of magazines at the library and all sorts of books. We hope all the boys who check out books will get the book

they need.

—Jerry Bell

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

We have been very busy this month working on the irrigation pump. We had to get some new spark plugs for it. We have also been working on the farm, the farm has not had enough boys. We also put new brakes on the cub tractor.

One of our group, Ervin Ward, went home last month. We hope he gets along fine.

—Bobby Massey

—:—

WORLD HISTORY

We have just started a unit on the formation of the modern German State. For a long time there was no national unity among the Germans and as a result of this the country that we know as Germany got behind some of the other countries in such things as world markets and a colonial empire. This caused much of the trouble made by the Germans in the first World War. We studied about the organizer of the great Prussian, later, German armies. This man's name was Ottovon Bismark. Bismark was not only a great soldier but he was an able politician. He made some very clever moves that helped unite Germany. Because of his sternness he was called the "Iron Chancellor."

—:—

Faith is the bird that sings when the dawn is still dark.



Hoyt O. Sloop
Director of Camping Activities

SUMMER CAMP 1963

On June 30, 1963 Jackson Training School commenced its thirteenth annual Summer Camp program at Camp Cabarus.

After a preliminary talk by Mr. Hoyt Sloop, Director of Camping Activities, the boys were given a brief outline of the schedule they would follow for the next three days.

The Counselors for the two week program and their classes were Mrs. Rachel Liske, Handicrafts, Mr. Frank Cannon, Waterfront Director, Mr. Sam Hinson, Nature Study, Mr. Sherman Lowder and Mr. Malcolm Cheek, First Aid.

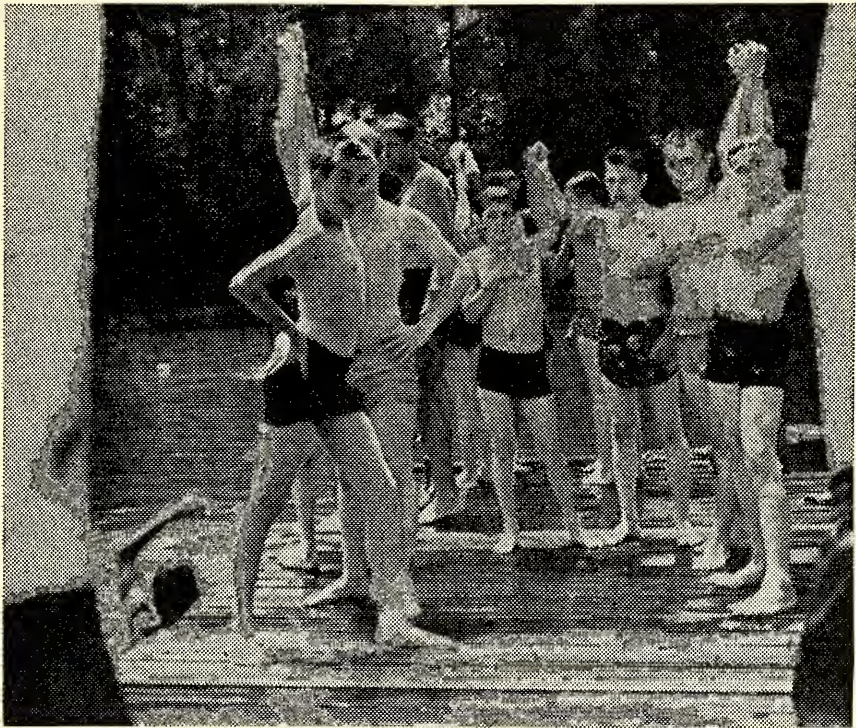
The program was divided into four sections, Group I, Group II, and Group III, and Group IV, each to remain at camp for four days.

We have requested one student from each group to write an article about the group he had been assigned to while at camp. Following you will find each student's views:

GROUP I

The members of the first group would like first of all, to thank the counselors out at camp for helping us have a most enjoyable time.

We especially enjoyed the classes. In these classes we were taught to do such things as how to treat a snakebite, how to make bracelets and lanyards, how to throw a buoy, and how to make a bucket out of elm bark. While we were there we saw two movies. We also had the Reverend Stamey from Rocky Ridge Methodist Church to come and talk to us. During this time we enjoyed hearing "How Great Thou Art" sung by Benny



"Grab a buddy and let's go."

Hollingsworth. Last but not least we enjoyed the cooking and meals which we were served. Sergeant Church from the Concord Police Department brought a german police dog out to show us some tricks. While Sergeant Church was there he showed us a film entitled "Death on the Highway" which showed how bad a car can hurt you if you do not drive carefully.

—Claude Torrence

GROUP II

On July 3, 1963 the second group to go to summer camp was the small and middle sized boys.

We were all excited when we boarded the bus to leave the campus.

bus to leave the campus. The boys talked about what they were going to do for the next four days.

When we arrived at camp we were assigned cabin and groups. We went to our cabins and prepared our bunks. We were told some of the things we would enjoy while at camp. We then went swimming in the lake, and afterwards dressed for supper. After supper we watched a very good movie and then went to bed.

The next morning after breakfast we began our different classes, Nature Study, Handycraft, First Aid, and Water Front. We learned some interesting things while at camp and enjoyed it very much.

—Ted Pope

GROUP III

On July 7, the third group of boys went to Summer Camp for four days of fun and relaxation.

We arrived at camp at 4:30 and were assigned cabins in which we were to stay during our visit. As soon as our beds were made neatly and our clothes straight we dressed to go swimming. After we finished swimming we ate supper and had some watermelon. After we finished supper we played ball and talked for a little while until they had the movie ready for us to see. After the movie we went to bed.

The second day we were assigned a group in which we would attend four classes during the day. We enjoyed Nature Study, Swimming and Boating, First Aid, and Handicrafts. We were eager for each class and we enjoyed them all. There were two ball games played the second day. They played each other the third day.

The fourth day we cleaned our cabins before getting ready to come back to the school. We all enjoyed summer camp very much and would like to thank all responsible for making it possible.

—Lorin Randolph

GROUP IV

On Wednesday, July 10, the last session arrived at Summer Camp about 4:30 P. M. We were assigned to our cabins and given instructions. Afterward we made up our beds and got settled. We ate supper about six

o'clock. Shortly after supper we had a watermelon feast. After the feast we saw a movie entitled 'Back To God's Country'. Then we had devotions and turned in for the night.

On Thursday we started our regular classes which were First Aid, Life Saving, Handicrafts, and Nature Study. In First Aid we were taught about wounds and snake bites. In Life Saving we were taught about the many different types of bouys and how to use them. In Handicrafts we were taught to make bracelets and lanyards. In Nature Study we were taught several different types of leaves, and we were allowed to stroll along the water front and hunt for insects.

On Thursday we started our regular classes which were First Aid, Life Saving, and Nature Study. Afterwards we departed from the camp and came back to the school.

—Forrest Hall

We would like to extend our appreciation to the members of the Camping Committee, Miss Mildred Shoe, Mr. Lewis Cross, Mr. Frank Liske and Mr. James Query. Also we would like to extend our thanks to Mrs. Beatrice Bost and members of the Cafeteria, and to each Cottage Counselor for their selection of the Student Counselors who helped to make our camping program a great success this year.

* * * *

Truth gives us a beauty that does not fade away, but assures us of what is just and lawful.

It wasn't raining when Noah built the ark.

A smile is a curve that can set a lot of things straight.

The heaviest load any man ever carries on his back is a pack of grudges.

We have found wealth when we have found enjoyment in unbought pleasures.

Honor Rolls

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

JUNE

COTTAGE NO. 1

Melvin Brown
Marshall Lowery
Barry Worley

COTTAGE NO. 2

Harvey Locklear
George Mabe

COTTAGE NO. 3

Reeves Ferguson
Robin Lusk
James McCurry
Mitchell Newberry
Wylie Parham
Jesse Soles

COTTAGE NO. 4

Gary Pheifer

COTTAGE NO. 5

David Anderson
Raeford Knight
Hubert Parker

COTTAGE NO. 6

Buford Higgs

Larry Webb

COTTAGE NO. 7

Floyd Austin
Robert Nelson
Robert Phillips
J. D. Sain

COTTAGE NO. 8

Johnny Hall
Claude Torrence

COTTAGE NO. 9

Christopher Atwood
Jimmy Lowery
Emmett McCall

COTTAGE NO. 10

Albert Adams
Ronald Cuthbertson
Jackie Garris
Ted Pope

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Arnett
Eddie Howard
Larce Jacobs
John Phelps
Cecil Stepp

COTTAGE NO. 13

Clarence Hunt

Victor Cannon
 Cline Huskins
 Eli Johnson
 George Mathis
 Lewis Murr
 Grady Rose
 Carl Spivey
 Carl Thompson
 Wayne Triplette
 Eddie Trivette
 Kenneth Westbrook

COTTAGE NO. 14

Gary Conner
 James Davis
 Treatus Hammonds
 Benny Hollingsworth
 Steve Lowery
 Guaran Ward

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jimmy Case
 Charles Skinner
 Edward Smith

COTTAGE NO. 17

William Branch
 Claude Chavis
 Harold Jones
 David Sheppard
 Jasper Vincent
 Ray Williams
 Curtis Wyatt

INFIRMARY

Bill Taylor

JULY

COTTAGE NO. 1

Jimmy Locklear

Marshall Lowry
 Richard Stinson
 Barry Worley

COTTAGE NO. 2

Thomas Carter
 Bobby Hollman
 George Mabe
 Chuck Nunnery
 Johnny Shephard

COTTAGE NO. 3

Reeves Ferguson
 James McCurry
 Wylie Parham

COTTAGE NO. 4

Gary Pheifer

COTTAGE NO. 5

David Anderson
 Jerry Helms
 Sanford Higgs
 Raeford Knight
 Johnny Waldroup

COTTAGE NO. 6

Buford Higgs
 Billy Sain
 Kenneth Courtney

COTTAGE NO. 7

Tommy Crump
 Gary Daniels
 J. D. Sain
 Robert Nelson
 Gernie Yarbrough

COTTAGE No. 8

Ronald Burroughs
 Johnny Hall

Claude Torrence

COTTAGE NO. 9

Christopher Atwood

Ralph Hawkins

Paul Bell

Donald Angel

Hugh Lovelace

Jimmy Lowery

Donald Ritchie

William Wafford

COTTAGE NO. 10

Albert Adams

Charles Driver

Jackie Garris

A. C. House

Clinton Martin

Tommy Shelton

COTTAGE No. 11

Eddie Howard

Marvin Rogers

COTTAGE NO. 13

Charles Crouch

Eli Johnson

George Mathis

Lewis Murr

Carl Spivey

Cecil Spivey

Gary Thompson

Wayne Triplett

Kenneth Westbrook

Ronnie Whitesides

COTTAGE No. 14

James Davis

Steve Donaldson

Jerry Hyatt

Fred Kinley

Steve Lowery

Freddie Riffle

COTTAGE No. 15

Curtis Chavis

Charles Reed

Edward Smith

Otis Walker

COTTAGE No. 17

William Branch

Claud Chavis

Harold Jones

Billy Lovings

David Sheppard

Jasper Vincent

Ray Williams

TRADE HONOR ROLL

MAY

OFFICE

Mitchell Newberry

Robert Lee

Carl Parker

PRINT SHOP

Carl Pruitt

Lloyd McIntosh

Charles Driver

Ted Pope

Mike Davis

Joseph Beaman

Thomas Pritchard

MACHINE SHOP

Cecil Spivey

Carl Spivey

Bobby Massey

Thomas Shelton

James Messer

Thomas Barsh

CARPENTER SHOP

Johnny Clark
John Sain
Guaran Ward
Curtis Wyatt
Bobby Martin

PLUMING SHOP

William Martin
Charles Martin
Elbert McIntosh
Wayne Winkler
Barry Whorley
Glenn Howie

TEXTILE PLANT

Paul Balanger
Bobby Good
Robin Lusk
Michael Chandler
Charles Barbour
Marshall Lowery
Curtis Chavis
Sanford Higgs
William Arnette
Wayne Lyman
Bobby Crouch
Oscar Hawkins
Oscar Hawkings
Tommy Crump

GYM

Floyd Austin

SHOE SHOP

Ronnie Beach
Ellis Allen
Karl Bullock
Charles Carter
Ernest Cook
Jerry Johnson

Douglas Love
Richard Christy
Johnny Wagoner
Woodrow Meredith

BARBER SHOP

Kenneth Barr
Ronald Burroughs
Mike Murphy
Clinton Martin
Ralph Shuffler
Robert Broadway
Gary Bullard

PAINT SHOP

Bruce Tripplett
Robert Phillips
Milton Heath
Robert Pullen

**POULTRY AND
YARD FORCE**

Henry Jackson
Eugene Foss
Tommy Pinkleton
J. T. Ashley
Lewis Murr
Zeb Christy
Richard Cardwell
Roger Neagle
Jeff Wilson
Steve Gunter
David Bell
James McNeill
Hubert Parker
Clyde Rose

INFIRMARY

Bill Taylor

LAUNDRY

Thomas Graham

Ronnie Tolbert
 Albert House
 Wayne Conner
 Jasper Vincent
 James Tullock
 Earnie Reavis
 Jesse Soles
 Ronald Sisk
 David Talbert
 Clarence Hunt
 Larry Callicut
 George Mathis
 Terry Motley
 Henry Yates

BAKERY

David Potter
 Harvey Glisson
 Bill Rhymmer
 Richard Stinson
 Gary Daniels
 Robert Miller
 J. C. King
 Charles Lee
 Steve VonCannon

CAFETERIA

Dewey McCall
 Melvin Lawson
 James Lee
 Willie Austin
 Ralph Davis
 Gordon Brown
 David Chase
 Ronnie Jones
 Kenneth Westbrook
 Melvin Foss
 Alfred Peters
 Tommy Carter
 Bobby Hallman
 Cecil Stepp
 Reaves Ferguson

Tony Chester
 David Lashley
 Bobby Nelson
 Chuck Nunnery
 Ray Williams

DAIRY

Lynn James
 Otis Walker
 Bobby Bryant
 Micheal Trivette
 Larry Biegert

FARM

Steve Lowery
 Roger Phillips
 Virgil Jones
 Michael Pruitt
 Jesse Johnson
 David Phillips
 Claude Chavis
 Larce Jacobs
 Larry Webb
 Cline Huskins
 John Walker
 Dean Carver
 David Hips
 Ronald Cuthbertson
 Johnny Franklin
 Jimmy Oxendine
 Billy Overstreet
 Robert Allen
 George Mabe
 Robert Tilly
 Bobby Taylor
 Donald Cummings
 Mike Basden
 Richard Ratledge
 Jimmy Lowery
 Leigher Hunt
 Harvey Locklear

JUNE**PRINT SHOP**

Lorin Randolph
 James Jones
 Forrest Hall
 Raleigh Grant
 Claude Torrence
 Carl Pruitt
 Ted Pope
 Charles Driver
 Tommy Brown
 Franklin Dunn
 Tommy Pritchard

CARPENTER SHOP

Terry Grant
 Grady Rose
 John Sain
 Ronnie Grant
 Billy Wilhite
 Jack Cobbler
 Guaran Ward
 Michael Rathburn
 Bobby Martin
 Curtis Wyatt
 Christopher Atwood

PLUMBING SHOP

Elbert McIntosh
 Barry Worley
 Wayne Winkler
 Willard Martin
 Glenn Howie

YARD AND POULTRY

Hubert Parker
 James McNeal
 Steve Gunter
 Jeff Wilson
 Eugene Foss
 Henry Jackson
 Tommy Bolding

Lewis Murr
 Zeb Christy
 Roger Neagle
 Wayne Norton

TEXTILE PLANT

Edward Williams
 Micheal Chandler
 Bobby Goode
 Paul Belanger
 Marvin Griggs
 Marshall Lowery
 Robin Lusk
 Eddie Trivette
 William Arnett
 Curtis Chavis
 Bobby Crouch
 Tommy Crump
 John Hawkins
 Franklin Hilton
 Benny Hollingworth
 Wayne Lyman

GYM

Floyd Austin

PAINT SHOP

Bruce Triplette
 Robert Phillips
 Robert Pullen
 Milton Heath

INFIRMARY

Bill Taylor
 Robert Thompson

LAUNDRY

Ronald Sisk
 Jesse Soles
 Wayne Conner
 Thomas Graham
 Albert House
 Ronnie Tolbert

James Tullock
 Jasper Vincent
 David Talbert
 George Mathis
 Larry Callicutt

Larce Jacobs
 Cline Huskins
 Claude Chavis
 Jonah Farrell
 Larry Webb

CAFETERIA

Dewey McCall
 Tony Chester
 Tommy Carter
 Reeves Ferguson
 Cecil Hall
 Melvin Foss
 Billy Skeens
 David Chase

DAIRY

Charles Skinner
 Larry Biegert
 Bobby Bryant
 Micheal Trivette

FARM

Jesse Johnson
 Steve Lowery
 Terry Price
 Fred Kinley
 Virgil Jones
 Jimmy Oxendine
 Robert Allen
 George Mabe
 Mike Basden
 Donald Cummings
 Richard Ratledge
 Jimmy Lowery
 Leiger Hunt
 Harvey Locklear
 Jimmy Lowery
 Lee Dee Locklear
 Treatus Hammonds
 Jerry Lane
 Raeford Knight
 David Phillips

One day during the early days of the airplane, the Wright brothers were working in their shop. Suddenly Wilbur, who had been looking out of the window, rushed through the door shouting after him, "Orville! Come out here! Look! Another aviator using our patent!"

"He certainly is," replied Orville, joining his brother. "That's our simultaneous warping and steering movement"

"Call a cop!" exclaimed Wilbur. "Get out another injunction! He can't do that to us!"

But Orville, who had been looking through his binoculars, laid a hand gently on his brother's arm. "Come on back to work, Wilbur," he said. "It's a duck."

First Fisherman: "It's getting late and we haven't caught a single fish."

Second Fisherman: "Let's let two more big ones get away and then go home."

We decided to spend our vacation right here in town this summer," reported our next door neighbor. "And that happy noise you hear is the eight hundred dollars singing in our bank account.

FOWARD MARCH

March, March, March! Bill Prentiss trudged along the country road. His injured knee was almost well, but he must exercise it and get the stiffness out.

A parade of disturbing thoughts moved in staccato rhythm through Bill's mind, accenting each step he took. March, march, march! Out of the hospital, looking for a job. March, march, march! Living with Marge's folks where the three children caused no end of confusion. Jobless because he had no trade. March, march, march!

While lying in the hospital a wall motto had burned into Bill's memory. "The world is full of suffering; but it is also full of overcoming." He had resolved to live by that motto. But now, here on the lonely road, he seemed to be up against a blank wall, because most farmers did not want a man with no experience.

Then Bill saw the sign: "Hired man wanted." Might as well stop, he thought. Not much use, but he'd try anything. It looked like a chicken farm—no milking machines and tractors. That might help!

A flurried little lady opened the door. "We've got to have somebody right away," she said hurriedly. "My husband is very sick. You have a family? There's the cottage—I'll give you the key."

"But—" Bill began, too astonished to say more.

"I must get back to my husband. Can you come this afternoon?" She hurried off, not waiting for an answer.

Come this afternoon! Of all things! When she didn't know a thing about him.

Inside the neat cottage he stood unbelievably. Why, it was Marge's dream house, just made for them. Plainly furnished, but Marge would fix it up with pretty curtains and things. Come this afternoon? Why not? Bill took a quick trip around the henhouses. The setup was like a book in a strange language, but he'd manage.

"My husband is very bad," the little lady said, when Bill returned the key. "You'll come? We've got to have someone this very day."

"If we could talk it over—" Bill began.

"The doctor will be here any minute." Tears were in her eyes. "I can't talk now. I—I'm worried. Keep the key. We'll see about details later. Oh,

there's the doctor!" Bill turned to see a car turn into the yard.

March, march, march! But a new spring lightened his step now. That little house—Marge would love it!

Bill found Marge trying to sush her three noisy children. "Mother's gone to bed with a headache," she told Bill. Then she listened incredulously to his story. "Maybe—maybe it's the way out for us. This afternoon? Well, what are we waiting for? Let's hurry. We can scramble together the things we need and leave a note."

A blue ambulance stood at the door of the big farmhouse when they drove into the yard. Attendants brought out a blanket-wrapped figure on a stretcher. The little lady followed, pulling on her coat.

"We're taking him to the hospital," she told Bill. "I'm glad you're here. I know you'll see to everything."

Marge managed a rather shaky laugh as they watched the ambulance out of sight. "Trusting soul! She didn't even shut the house door."

"She's so worried she doesn't know what she's doing." Bill closed the door and led the way to the cottage.

"Made for us!" whispered Marge, after looking around. "We were led here."

"I believe we were," he said reverently. "If only—"

"No 'if only' about it." Her arms were around his neck. He held her close.

After a long minute she turned briskly away. "Now I'll get things settled. You go size up your new job."

Hundreds of growing chicks. Hundreds of laying hens Bill's heart sank as he went the rounds. What did he know about them? Well, at least he could see that they had feed and water. And all those eggs! He'd store them carefully until Mrs. Larsen—that was the name on the mailbox—got back. Then he'd confess his ignorance and ask her to teach him the ropes.

Bedtime came, and three tired, happy children slumbered peacefully. But Bill could not sleep. Hens and chickens seemed flying around his head like mosquitoes in a jungle.

A black mood was on him when morning finally came. Marge was used to those, so she kept quite. But when she came back from a quick run around the place, her face was beaming.

"Don't bring any more of our things out here," Bill told Marge later

that morning when she had piled the children into the car and headed for town. "I was a fool to think I could run this place when I don't know a broiler from a fryer."

She drove off without a word, but somehow he suspected that she'd come back with the car piled full. She had faith in him. If only he had faith in himself.

"The world is full of overcoming." Those words blazed before his eyes. He saw them on the henhouse walls as he worked. But how?

Jed Kane, driving the grain truck, brought the answer. Jed was easy to talk to. Bill poured out the whole story.

"Mrs. Larsen," Jed told him, "is awful nice. But she doesn't know a thing about hens. She'll be no help to you. But I come out this way real often. I'll put you wise all I can, long's you use my grain. And say! My company got out a book that tells everything about the hen business. I'll get you one out of my truck."

Jed left Bill standing, book in hand, with a look of relief and determination on his face. Marge found him so when she came, car loaded, just as he had thought.

Later, just before noon, another caller came—a well-dressed, elderly man.

"My name is Baker," he said. "I'm buying the place."

"Buying!" All the exhilaration oozed out of Bill.

"I'm retiring, you see," the man went on. "But I'll help my son when I feel like it. He and his wife will live in the cottage."

Bill and Marge said little, and Mr. Baker finally drove away. There it was, a glimpse of happiness and success—nothing more. Overcoming? What was the use? But Bill decided he would pile up all the experience he could.

Mrs. Larsen came home for a few minutes that afternoon. Her husband was in a critical condition, and she must be with him almost constantly. She'd depend on Bill to carry on. He could use the egg money now.

Yes, they were considering selling the place, she answered Marge's anxious question. But nothing could be done about it until her husband was able to see to it himself. And she was thankful to have such nice folks here while they had to be away!

Days came and went. Bill's knowledge and interest increased rapidly. "I make plenty of mistakes," he admitted to Marge.

"But you never make the same one twice," she laughed. "And you're managing first rate. Jed Kane said so."

Marge laughed a lot out here, and so did the children. Bill found himself laughing with them. There was no time for black moods. Bill had grown surer of himself now. He put in long days of the hardest work he'd ever known, but he loved every minute of it. If only they could buy the place themselves! But soon somebody else would be living in the cottage that already was home to them. Someone else would tend the hens that were thriving under his care.

Then one day the Larsens came home, and after a while Mr. Larsen began to sit on the porch of the big house. He viewed the place with cool, calculating eyes, and he questioned Bill about his methods.

"We're going away on a trip," Mrs. Larsen told Bill one day. "My husband wants to talk to you."

This was it! Bill walked slowly up to the big house. That man Baker was here yesterday. Now he'd be taking over. This was the end for him and for Marge and the children.

"I've been watching you," Mr. Larsen said, and his eyes held a significant light. "You're doing a good job, Bill. Want to stay on?"

Stay on! Bill's throat ached with the things he'd like to say, but not a word would come.

"We thought we'd have to sell because we couldn't get good help. But if you would like to make this a permanent thing, we'll keep the place. We'll work out a fair agreement—salary and share of the profits. After a year or so, if you want to buy the cottage and the business, we'll make easy terms. You've stood by when we needed you. You've overcome a lot of difficulties—"

Overcome! The word sang in Bill's heart. It grew in volume until a whole choir seemed to be filling the air with its music—marching music!

* * * *

Nations do not go down because of any act of God, but because of the stupidity of the people.

BEAUTY

BY LILIAN S. FISHER

I looked for beauty, and I found
A tree with needles green;
Among the close grown branches
The birds sing, quite unseen.

I looked for beauty, and I saw
The snow-capped mountains high;
And lighting up my soul
I felt God's very presence nigh.

I looked for beauty and I found
It in loyalty of friends
Whose understanding heart for mine
Supplies my needs, till life shall end.

I looked for beauty, and I found
A vibrant joy within me sings;
Perfection glows in tree and flower,
In sky and river and all things.

“We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilted goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows.”
— Edwin Markham

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The UPLIFT

"Maxima Debetur Facto Reverentia"



STONEWALL JACKSON
(1824 — 1863)

AUGUST 1963



Carolina Charter Tercentenary

DARK SUNSHINE

It was a stormy, wintry day in Washington, D. C.—one of those unpredictable, variable attacks to which our nation's capital is often subjected. The day began warm and sunny, only to be converted suddenly to a disagreeable world of rain and snow, half-freezing as it fell to form a thick layer of slippery slush on sidewalk and street.

As the crowded cross-town bus crawled along toward the Mount Pleasant section that evening, its occupants stood like canned asparagus tips, dripping, shivering, uncomfortable. The air seemed heavy with a mood as disagreeable as the storm outside. On the front seat two boys from one of the city's universities were engaged in a heated discussion about their professors and an impending examination. A businessman buried his head in his newspaper, his elbow crowding the shivering, shabbily-dressed old man beside him. A smartly-gowned matron adjusted the orchid on her shoulder and pulled at her fur coat, trying to edge away from a three-year-old in the aisle. The small boy, so cold and wet his teeth were chattering, clutched with chubby hands at his mother's coat, then burst into tears when she scolded him for not being still.

Toward the rear of the bus a young couple, swaying unsteadily with each starting and stopping, exchanged occasional remarks. Then suddenly the young woman turned sharply on her companion and snapped in a shrill voice: "Yes, Bill, I said canned salmon. And canned tomatoes! Am I supposed to go home and cook a four-course dinner after standing on my feet all day behind a counter?"

The driver of the bus sat tight-lipped and grim, as he cautiously wove his way between skidding trucks and taxis. The windshield wiper packed and stuck. He stopped and manipulated it by hand until it cleared.

At Georgia Avenue the bus slid through the slush to a sudden stop, spraying mud and water on the crowd of people waiting on the curb. Above the various expressions of disgust and irritation, there was a howl of childish laughter, causing the occupants of the bus to turn to the windows and peer out. There on the sidewalk stood a slender, dark-skinned girl, some twelve or thirteen years of age, whom the bus had sprayed from head to foot with mud and water. But to her it was a huge joke! At-

most convulsed with laughter, she pulled a dingy rag from the pocket of the shabby boy's coat that she wore, mopped her face, then brushed her jacket and skirt, and shook the water from her old felt hat that covered a clump of black, curly braids.

After waiting until everyone was on the bus, she had one foot on the step when a group who had been waiting in the shelter of a store came running toward the corner. With a wide grin and a sweep of her arm she motioned for them to precede her—stepping backward squarely into the gutter. The cold water came up over her cloth tennis shoes. She threw her head back and laughed again, her voice clear and refreshing above the throbbing of the motor and beating of the storm. She shook first one foot and then the other, then tried to squeeze into the crowded bus.

The driver started to close the door, but it stuck. "Wait a minute, Mister." the girl giggled. "Half of me ain't in yet!"

The driver grinned broadly. "All the way back in the bus, please!" he called to the occupants. "Let the young lady in!" He watched until she was safely inside.

From Georgia Avenue on, the atmosphere in the over-crowded bus seemed to change as though by some strange magic. The university students stopped their discussion and showed an amused interest in the little passenger. The businessman folded his newspaper and offered it to the old man beside him, and the orchid lady lost a little of her disdainful look. The small boy in the aisle stopped whimpering, and craned his neck to see what was happening. The young couple looked up smiling, their quarrel forgotten for the moment.

At Eleventh Street the young girl got off the bus to let some passengers out and others on, again her smiles and gay peal of laughter inspired the passengers as she almost got caught in the folding door. The dripping, disgruntled crowd that got on at Fourteenth Street shoved her farther into the bus. A lady fumbled in her purse for a token, and dropped a coin. It rolled out of sight in a maze of muddy shoes.

"I'll get it for you, lady! I see it!" The small dark face disappeared as the girl ducked. Then a muffled "Te-he-he! Ha-ha-ha-ha!" came from near the floor. The restless crowd had pinned her down, her shoulder caught under the nearest elbows.

The driver urged the passengers backward. They gave her more

room, and the curly head reappeared, hatless, the coin clutched in her thin fingers.

"You keep it," the lady urged, but the child shook her head and pressed the coin into the lady's hand.

"Thank you, anyway, lady," the clear, musical young voice rang out. "Give it to the bus company. They need it" And the contagion of her gay laughter spread throughout the bus, as the passengers picked up the jest and threw sly, heckling remarks at the bus driver, who laughed at the surprising change in his passengers.

At Sixteenth Street the young students left the bus, calling, "So long folks!" The businessman nudged his seatmate, and they chuckled together. The orchid lady smiled at the little boy, and picked him up and settled him comfortably on her lap. From the rear of the bus the young husband was heard to say, "Listen, honey, you forget the cooking! We'll stay on till we get back to Fourteenth, then we'll eat some place and take in a show. A change will do you good!"

Someone rescued the battered felt hat from the floor and gave it back to the little girl. She tried to smooth it into shape. A man standing behind her leaned over to watch, and water dripped from his hat brim onto the back of her neck. Her jolly squeals produced a fresh round of merriment among the passengers.

Suddenly the driver shouted: "Seventeenth and Park Road! Change for the car line!"

The little girl was startled. "Oh, let me out, please!" her voice rang out. "I gotta get out here, mister!"

"Okay, sister, if you insist," the bus driver called cheerfully, "but I'll give you half a dollar if you'll stay on the rest of the evening!"

None of the passengers objected to the delay as the bus driver waited while the small dark-skinned figure made its way across the slippery street. Turning from the opposite curb, the smiling girl waved a friendly hand at the bus. Suddenly a car sped by and the girl ducked, but not in time to escape the wild spray of muddy water. Her laughter was lost in the noise of traffic, but as the bus moved on, the echo of it was carried on the lips and in the hearts of its not-quite-so-weary passengers.

Meditations



A JEWEL FOR YOUR MEMORY COLLEGTION

(LET'S MEMORIZE IT)

* * * *

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eyes. **Psalm 32:8**

In the little town of Enterprise, Alabama, there is a monument honoring a destructive insect, the Mexican boll weevil. When this pest was first noticed in Coffee County the annual yield of cotton was 35,000 bales, but this was cut 40 per cent with the arrival of the boll weevil. The pest spread from Georgia to Texas and threatened bankruptcy to the Southern farmers. Realizing that something must be done the farmers turned to diversified farming and began to successfully grow corn, potatoes and peanuts. In 1919, when the country's peanut crop yielded more than a million bushels a year a monumental fountain was constructed to the boll weevil as "the herald of prosperity."

If we learn to have faith in ourselves, our fellowman and our Maker, our adversities can become a blessing in disguise.

It is a wise and happy one indeed, who uses stumbling blocks for stepping stones.

Heavenly Father, give us serenity to accept what cannot be changed, courage to change what should be changed and wisdom to know one from the other. **Amen**

Sunday Services

By Lorin Randolph

Our speaker for Sunday, August 4, was the Reverend A. G. Ferris from the Young St. Baptist Church in Concord.

Mr. Ferris used as his scripture Acts 17: 24-27 verses. Mr. Ferris wanted to get to us a reason to be born. He asked us for what purpose were we born. Everybody is born for some purpose. We were born to fulfill a divine plan of God. Mr. Ferris told us that there were four good reasons we were born, we were born to glorify, born to have companionship with God, born to serve God, and born to be saved.

Mr. Ferris told us that we all have talents we can use. We may use our talents for God as a minister, or a janitor. Whether our job is big or small like a minister or a janitor, we are still working for God. We all were born for a certain purpose. We must make decisions in life and stick to them through out our life. We also must have reasons for making these decisions. Jesus keeps life in us always.

Our Minister for Sunday, August 11 was Reverend J. W. Braxton from Trinity Methodist Church in Kannapolis.

Mr. Braxton used as his scripture Matthew 14: 15-20. His scripture told of when Christ fed the five thousand with five loaves of bread and two fishes, which a boy had for his evening meal.

Mr. Braxton told us that there was a boy there like there is many other incidents when there is something done. When Lincoln was a boy he once saw a negro slave auction. There was an attractive negro girl there who had been separated from her family and was to be sold. Lincoln said then in his mind, that someday he would do something for the negroes. And as he became president of the United States he did help a great deal in freeing the negroes.

There was also another story of a little girl who one day went to church. She saw the condition of the church and Sunday school and decided to start saving money to help

build a new one. The little girl died three months after she had started saving money for the church. She had saved fifty-seven pennies and after she died her father took the pennies to the preacher of the church and explained about the pennies. The preacher took the pennies to a well known architect and with the fifty-seven pennies made a down payment on a new church. The architect spread this story in the papers and pretty soon many people contributed to the fund and built a very famous Methodist church.

Mr. Braxton was trying to put over to us that there is a chance for us to be of some use to humanity and that we all have some ideas which could help.

—:—

We were honored to have back so soon Reverend A. G. Ferris from Young St. Baptist Church in Concord. Mr. Ferris was a pinch hitter for Reverend Charles Easley from First Baptist in Kannapolis who was for some reason unable to come.

Mr. Ferris took his scripture from John 19:13—18 verses. This scripture is very well known, because it tells of Jesus's crucifixion. Six days before the crucifixion of Jesus everybody was praising and cheering Jesus the king of the Jews. Then on this day everybody was mocking and condemning him. People sometimes unconsciously can be rude and very inconsiderate of others. The people of Jesus's time were this way for they didn't see all that Jesus did for them.

Mr. Ferris told us of the soldier carrying Jesus's cross because Jesus was weak and tired because of the ordeal before. Mr. Ferris said we can be like the soldier and help carry the burden of Christ. Christ took all our burdens so that we all could see heaven. Christ died to give us life.

Mr. Ferris told us a story of an Indian and a white man. The white man asked the Indian what had Christ done for him. The Indian not answering, took some leaves and raked them in a circle and found a worm and put him in the middle of the leaves. He then took a match and set fire to the leaves and the fire began closing in on the little worm and it began to wriggle and squirm as it became hotter and hotter. Then about the time the fire reached the worm the Indian reached in and took the worm and placed him out of the fire. The Indian then spoke, he said that is what Christ did for me. He took me out of the burning fires of hell and placed me with my faith in him. We all are destined to hell if we don't trust in Jesus Christ.

Reverend Ferris delivered a very nice sermon and we will be glad to see him come again soon.

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Two of the hardest things to keep clean are a white vest and a spotless reputation.

"Etc." is a sign to make believe you know more than you do.

CAMPUS NEWS

COTTAGE ONE

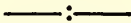
The boys in Cottage One have been very busy during the month of July. Some of the boys were privileged to spend part of the two weeks vacation at summer camp. They enjoyed it very much.

Mr. Hinson and some of the boys have painted our basement recently. We think it looks very nice. We plan to paint the rest of the cottage very soon.

We have improved the looks of the area surrounding the Administration Building, by building a flower bed directly in front of it. It makes a sharp contrast with the Administration Building and Cottage One grounds.

The boys of Cottage One, along with Cottage Two, went on a bus trip to Camp Spencer. We enjoyed swimming in the lake while we were there. The boys would like to thank Mr. Hinson and Mr. Hahn for making this trip possible.

—James Jones
—Raleigh Grant



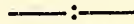
COTTAGE FIVE

On Saturday night, August 17, Cottage 5 had a birthday party for all of the boys that had a birthday recently. We played throwing darts horse shoes, dropping cloths pins in a bottle, skill ball, and blowing balloons. We won a lot of prizes.

For refreshments we had R. C.

Colas, popsicles, corn chips, and a nice birthday cake. We would like to thank Mr. Porterfield for sending the money for the party.

—Edward Stewart
—James Crouch
—Bobby Martin



COTTAGE FIFTEEN

On August the third we had a party honoring five of our boys who had birthdays recently. Their names are George Hyder, Charles Skinner, Bobby Bryant, Everette Smith, and Jesse Watts.

We played human checkers, toss the bottle caps in different size cans, bandit, going west and spin the bottle. We enjoyed these games very much.

We had three gifts which were given by various women's clubs, to give to the boys. One was a ball; the other two were model cars. The four boys shared these gifts, one car for two boys.

Each boy in the cottage received a comb.

For refreshments we were served the usual pretty decorated cake, ice cream, and Kool Aid.

We would like to thank Mr. Ervin and his boys for the cake, also Mr. and Mrs. Peck for planning the party for us. We always look forward to these parties.

—Boys of Cottage 15



JAMES L. COGGINS

James L. Coggins, who is a teacher of English at Jackson Training School, earned his Master of Arts Degree from Appalachian State Teachers College on August 16, 1963. He has been a teacher at Jackson Training School for the past five years.

Mr. Coggins graduated from J. W. Cannon High School in Kannapolis in 1951 and received his Bachelor of Arts Degree from Lenoir Rhyne College in Hickory in 1955. His wife is the former Miss Patsy Castor of Kannapolis and they have three children, Paul Stephen, Benjamin Luther, and Ann Caroline. Mr. Coggins is the son of Mr. R. R. Coggins and the late Mrs. Alma Coggins of Kannapolis. His wife's parents are Mr and Mrs. C. T. Wagoner of Kannapolis.

WASHINGTON REDSKINS

vs.

PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

Saturday evening, August 24, the boys of Jackson Training School went to watch the Redskins and the Eagles play an exciting football game at the Charlotte American Legion Memorial Stadium.

We went to the game by ten air-conditioned busses. The police of Charlotte provided us with an escort to and from the game. We sat at one end of the field and had a good view of the players.

Before the game started we were given a bag containing a hot dog, peanuts, popcorn, candy, and some lemonade. When the game started we saw some very exciting plays by the Eagles and the Redskins. The boys all had chosen their team and were rooting for it. We also were waiting for a football to be kicked into the stands when a team tried for a field goal. In the third quarter the Eagles scored and kicked a field goal right into our stands and there was a scramble for it. A boy from cottage 9 came out with the ball and was very happy.

Later on in the game we were given some ice cream which was enjoyed by all very much.

The game ended about 11:15 with the Eagles winning 41-13. We waited until the crowd cleared to go back to our busses. We were all pretty tired and were glad to be headed back to the school. With the police escort it didn't take long for us to get back.

We all enjoyed the game and the trip very much and thank the Charlotte people and all others who were responsible for making this trip possible.

—Lorin Randolph

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BAND VISITS J. T. S.

On the night of August 9, Bill McEntire and his dance band visited Jackson Training School. The band consisted of three saxophones, a set of drums, a coronet, a trombone, an electric guitar, and an electric organ. Some of the songs which were played were: "What'd I Say," Pennsylvania 6-5000, "What a Difference a Day Makes," "Tiger," "Raunchy," "Big Girl" and others. The boys sure enjoyed having the band and hope they return real soon.

—James Jones

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

SPECIAL C

This month we have put up a new train in our room. The train is made from construction paper. The engineer is Donald Duck. We named our train the Jackson Railroad. Out of the trains smoke stack comes the words "Toot toot toot books" Its cars are filled with book jackets to inspire us to read and enjoy these books.

SPECIAL D

In Arithmetic we are studying how to find the area of squares and rectangles.

In our Social Studies we are studying the early explorers of our country.

Our health class is studying how to keep the skin clean and the necessity of keeping it clean for proper growth and health.

We are putting our best exhibits on the bulletin board.

—:—

SIXTH GRADE

In science we are studying about the stars and the solar system. The people in Alaska can see stars that people in Brazil cannot see. If you would travel for 26,000,000 million years and only reach a few of them.

The biggest star, astronomers think, is Betelgeuse. The moon is a satellite of the earth. A galaxi is a mass of a million stars grouped together. Astronomers can tell about the temperature of a star. A star that is red has a temperature of 4,000 degrees. Yellow stars have a temperature of 11,000 degrees. A white star has a temperature of 36,000 degrees. All stars are suns. When the earth's sun burns out the earth will have a temperature of 214 degrees below zero.

—Eddie Brewer

—:—

NINTH GRADE

We have just completed a chapter

on "Our Public Utilities." In this unit we learned what an important part in our lives these utilities play. We talked about public water and public transportation. We learned that these businesses are usually monopolies and as such they come under strict government control. Each of these companies has a charter in which it is spelled out what they are to give to the consumers, what rates they can charge and how they can go about changing their rates.

We also discussed the fact that these utility companies are often government owned therefore they are competing against private enterprise. This goes against one of the principals on which this country was founded.

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TENTH GRADE

In History class we have recently completed a unit on The Arts, Religion and The New Social Teachings. In this chapter we studied about some of the great writers of the 19th Century. Some of these writers were Sir Walter Scott, John Keats, Percy Shelly and the great German poet Goethe.

It was during this century that some of the worlds best known music was written. Mr. Lentz brought two records from home and played them for us. We enjoyed hearing Ravels "Bolero" and "1812 Overture". Some of the composers were Chopin, Wagner and the outstanding Russian composer, Tchaikovsky. We also studied about the American composer George Gershwin.

We looked at some of the best known paintings by the worlds outstanding artists. We saw "The Blue Boy" by Gainsborough. "The Age Of Innocence" by Sir Joshue Reynolds, "Road Through The Trees" by Corot and "Don Carlos Baltzar" by the Spanish painter, Velasquez.

One other interesting thing was mentioned in this unit and that was the rising prominence of women in the world. This rise was largely the work of Lucretia Mott and Susan B. Anthony.

—:—

TYPING

The boys in typing have gotten several new boys now, and we hope they enjoy typing as much as the old boys do.

We find that typing helps us to improve in our regular classes such as English, spelling, and reading.

Most of the old boys are now learning how to erase, and how to cut down on making errors, and how to correct our own papers.

Mr. Edmisten celebrated his first year teaching typing at the school on July 17 and we hope he is here to celebrate many more in the future.

—Forrest Hall

—:—

LIBRARY

This month we have a new boy in the library his name is Perry Davis. He was transferred from the laundry. We hope he gets along fine at his new trade.

We have cleaned up the library

this month. We waxed and buffed the floors and straightened up the books in the library. We have been working hard to keep the library looking at its best.

—Perry Davis

wish them the best of luck in the future.

We are glad to have Mr. Cress, our purchasing agent, back from his vacation.

—Danny Murr
—Wayne Ramsey

—:—

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

SEWING ROOM

We have been fixing the facings in shirts this month, and making pot holders. We are trying to make some rugs out of pot holders. We are making pillows, scarfs, and bed spreads out of looper clips. We have also been making arm slings for the infirmary. We like our new supervisor very well. We have a new boy in the evening, his name is Dale Perkins, and we hope he likes it here.

—Billy Sain

—:—

CAFETERIA

The cafeteria boys have been preparing fresh vegetables this month that have been coming in from the farm. Mrs. Bost has been getting the butter beans ready for freezing. Mr. Liske has been preparing sliced tomatoes for the staff.

We have had one new boy to come to the cafeteria this month his name is Robert Lee. We have three boys expecting to go home this month, their names are Wayne Ramsey, Tony Dobish. and Tony Walker. We

BAKERY

We have been working hard this month making pound cakes, ice cream and corn bread. David Potter hopes to go home on September 7. We hope to get some new boys in the bakery. We have been working hard cleaning all the pie pans. Richard Stinson and Harvey Glisson have been working hard wrapping bread.

—David Potter
—Harvey Glisson
—Richard Stinson

—:—

PLUMBING SHOP

The plumbing shop boys have been working very hard this month. We tore out the boiler at the dairy and the cooler. We cleaned the sewer beds and cut the grass around it. We have been getting the boilers ready for inspection. We put a fan in at the cafeteria in the staff dinning room. We also helped Mr. Burris and Mr. Vonnannon put in a fan at the dairy barn for Mr. Moretz.

We have a new boy in the plumbing shop, he is Robert Potts. We have one boy who work in the morning to go home this month, he is Charles Williams.

GYM

The Cottage softball tournaments will begin this week. The regular season games ended up with Cottage One on top in A league, Cottage Fourteen took first place in B league, Cottage Thirteen took top place in C league.

We started swimming meets in the school class. Competition events are being held in diving, and swimming. To everyone the best of luck.

—James Jones

—:—

TRACTOR FORCE

We tractor boys have been working hard this month baling hay and cutting silage.

We had two tractor boys to go home this month, they are Jimmy Lowery and Jimmy Oxendine. We have a tractor that needs repairing. It is the 460 but it will be in good shape soon.

We have had a new silo built.

—Wayne Walker

—:—

FARM

The boys on the farm have been working in the gardens. We have taken watermelons, apples, and tomatoes to the cottages and cafeteria. We hope the boys liked the watermelons.

—Wayne Tuggle

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

The boys in the machine shop have been working very hard this month. We have been working on the hay

bearings in the Dodge farm truck.

We were assigned a new boy this month. We hope he likes the shop and does well.

—Tommy Shelton

—Cecil Spivey

—:—

BARN FORCE

The barn force boys have been pretty busy this month. We have been killing hogs as usual and some cows. We have been hauling silage, watermelons, and cantelopes. Several boys have earned citations for working well.

—Fred Kinley

—Gary Dayberry

—:—

SHOE SHOP

The boys in the shoe shop have been working in different places this month. First in the cannery, canning tomatoes, and tomato juice, also in the laundry. There hasn't been many shoes to repair this month. The shoe shop will open back up soon.

—Karl Bullock

—:—

YARD FORCE

We have been busy this month keeping the parasites away from the young chicks. We have been trying very hard to keep the lawns mowed and kept clean.

—:—

LAUNDRY

The boys in the laundry have been working very hard this month.

We had to get the boiler room ready for inspection Monday. We would like to wish Mr. Joe a happy vacation this week.

We have been assigned two new boys this month, their names are Thurman Woodring, and Wayne Morrow.

—David Talbert

—:—

CARPENTER SHOP

The Carpenter Shop boys haven't been very busy this month, we have been fixing the boilers and helping clean them up for inspection. We put a fan in at the dairy. We have been helping Mr. Cress by going after the milk at Cabarrus Creamery, while the dairy is out of order.

We work hard to keep the shop clean for Mr. VonCannon.

—Ronnie Grant

—:—

COTTON MILL

The Cotton Mill boys are working in the cannery, canning tomatoes most of the time.

We have been working very hard to get our big looms fixed and working properly again so we can make more cloth for sheets and pillow cases. We have just received some new warps for the looms. We hope to have the big looms producing more cloth in the next week or two.

—Benny Hollingsworth

—:—

PAINT SHOP

We have been working pretty hard

this month on the cottage windows. We have finished Cottage Fifteen's and Thirteen's windows. We are working on Cottage Eleven's now. We will be finished with Cottage Eleven soon.

Putting the scaffold up is pretty hard but we manage to get by. We are putting two coats of paint on all the windows and screens.

—Robert Pullen

—Milton Heath

—:—

DAIRY

The new milk house is just about finished all but moving the machines in. All the boys will be glad when it is finished so they can start bottling milk again. We have a new bulk tank that we pour the milk in now instead of putting the milk in the cooler in the evenings. We had a fan put in the rear of the barn to keep it cool when we milk and the cows don't seem to mind it very much.

Mr. Moretz went on his vacation last week and we missed him very much. We are glad he is back.

—Mike Shaw

—:—

BARBER SHOP

The boys in the Barber Shop have been very busy this month cutting hair. We had one boy to go home this month. His name is Gary Bullard. We feel sure that he will get along fine at home. The Barber Shop boys have also been working at the Cannery and helping on the farm. The boys have been canning

mostly tomatoes this month. The boys in the Barber Shop have been studying the different methods of barbering. The boys seem very anxious to learn about this.

—Mike Murphy

—:—

INFIRMARY

One of our infirmary boys Bill Taylor recently went home. Bobby Wright has taken his place. He is being kept busy since we are having a lot of sorethroats and colds. Bobby was transferred from the laundry and we hope he does a good job here.

We still have one dentist, Dr. Drake, who is caring for the boys teeth. He will be here throughout the month of August.

—Robert Thompson

—:—

IT IS GOOD TO FORGET

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your brother's faults. Forget the slander you have heard, forget the temptations, forget the fault-finding, and give more thought to the cause that provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points that make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they really are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeable things of life; they will grow larger when you remember them. The constant thought of the acts of mean-

ness, or worse still, malice, which will tend to make you familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for today, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only the things which are lovely and lovable.

—Exchange

—:—

LITTLE THINGS

One day in Colorado a great, stalwart tree fell down, according to "Mutual Moments." It was a sapling when Columbus landed at San Salvador. It had been struck by lightning fourteen times. It had braved storms, defied earthquakes, and bent beneath the fierce onslaughts of mountain torrents. But in the end, tiny beetles killed it. They bored under the bark, dug into its heart, ate away its mighty fibers — and one day down toppled the great king of the forest.

—:—

Remarked the wife, "Everyone in town is talking about the Smiths' quarrel. Some are taking his part, and some are taking hers."

"And," interrupted her husband, "I suppose a few eccentric individuals are minding their own business"

A Texan encountered a friend on the street of a booming oil town. "Hear you bought another limousine," he remarked.

"Yep, almost had to," was his friend's reply. "I went into their showroom to use the phone and didn't want to leave without buying something."

Honor Rolls

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

COTTAGE NO. 1

Jimmy Locklear
Marshall Lowry
Richard Stinson
Wayne Winkler
Barry Worley

COTTAGE NO. 2

Bobby Hollman
Virgil Jones
Harvey Locklear
George Mabe
Chuck Nunnery

COTTAGE NO. 3

J. C. Clayton
James McCurry
Mitchell Newberry
Wylie Parham
Jesse Soles

COTTAGE NO. 4

Charles Lail

COTTAGE NO. 5

Raeford Knight

COTTAGE NO. 6

Buford Higgs

Kenneth Courtney
David Phillips
Billy Sain
Larry Webb

COTTAGE NO. 7

Robert Miller
Johnny Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 8

Ronald Burroughs

COTTAGE NO. 9

Christopher Atwood
John Beach
Randy Carver
Ralph Hawkins
William Wafford

COTTAGE NO. 10

Albert Adams
Jackie Garris
A. C. House

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Arnett
Karl Bullock
Eddie Howard
Tommy Pritchard
Ralph Shuffler
Cecil Stepp
Wayne Tuggle

Julius Fredell

COTTAGE NO. 13

Larry Callicutt
Lynn Honeycutt
Eli Johnson
Lewis Murr
Gary Thompson
Wayne Triplette
Eddie Trivette
Kenneth Westbrook
J. T. Ashley

COTTAGE NO. 14

Treatus Hammonds
Steve Lowery
Michael Lowery
Guran Ward
Billy Lambert
Earl Patterson

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jimmy Case
Curtis Chavis
David Harrelson
Charles Reed
Edward Smith
Alvin West

COTTAGE NO. 17

William Branch
Ray Williams

TRADE HONOR ROLL

JULY

PRINT SHOP

Claude Torrence
Ted Pope
Charles Driver
Raleigh Grant

Tommy Pritchard
Franklin Dunn
Forrest Hall

GYM

Floyd Austin
Freddie Riffle

MACHINE SHOP

Thomas Barsh
Thomas Shelton
Carl Spivey
Cecil Spivey
Bobby Massey
Harold Jones
Robert Leopard

PAINT SHOP

Robert Phillips
Bruce Triplett
Robert Pullen
Milton Heath

SHOE SHOP

Ellis Allen
Randy Carver
Johnny Wagoner
Karl Bullock
Ronnie Beach
Ernest Cook

BARBER SHOP

Ronnie Burroughs
Johnny Hall
Mike Murphy
Clinton Martin
Gary Bullard
Ralph Shuffler
Bobby Broadway

CARPENTER SHOP

John Sain

Ronnie Grant
 Terry Grant
 Bobby Martin
 Christopher Atwood
 Guaran Ward

INFIRMARY

Bill Taylor
 Robert Thompson

LAUNDRY

David Talbert
 Ronald Sisk
 Jesse Soles
 Wayne Conner
 James Tullock
 Ronnie Tolbert
 Jasper Vincent
 A. C. House
 Larry Callicutt
 George Mathis

POULTRY AND YARD

David Bell
 Steve Gunter
 Eugene Foss
 Lewis Murr
 Zeb Christy
 Roger Neagle

CAFETERIA

William Branch
 Melvin Foss
 Tommy Carter
 Bobby Hallman
 Cecil Stepp
 Wayne Ramsey

DAIRY

Charles Skinner
 Michael Trivette

Otis Walker
 Larry Biegert
 Billy Smith
 Charles Reed

FARM

Larce Jacobs
 Jonah Ferrell
 Gary Thompson
 Billy Wafford
 Terry Price
 Steve Lowery
 Virgil Jones
 Robert Allen
 George Mabe
 Donald Cummings
 Harvey Locklear
 Lee Dee Locklear
 Leigher Hunt
 Treatus Hammonds
 Jimmy Lowery
 Wayne Walker
 Jeff Watts
 Raeford Knight
 Reggie Somerset
 Carl Patterson
 David Anderson
 Dean Carver
 David Hips
 Bobby Bullard
 James McCurry
 Johnny Franklin
 Ronnie Cuthbertson

—:—

Husband: "Let's talk this thing over, and maybe we can figure out what the problem is."

Wife: "I already know what the problem is. It's having too much month left over at the end of the money!"

SUMMER CAMP SCORES

During the Summer Camp Program the boys attending received points for the activities in which they participated. The final scores are as follows:

GROUP I

Grant, Raleigh	126
Belanger, Paul	119
Lovas, Mike	103
Grant, Terry	120
Locklear, Harvey	121
Stinson, Richard	126
Conners, Gary	122
Brown, Melvin	118
Jones, John	107
Lee, Bobby	134
Lowery, Mike	114
Torrence, Claude	118
Allen, Quinton	112
Brown, Gordon	120
Hollingsworth, Benny	123
Jones, Virgil	122
Locklear, Jimmy	111
Talbert, David	110
Arnett, William	121
Foss, Melvin	97
Lowery, Steve	117
Stepp, Cecil	106
King, J. C.	112
Ward, Guaran	108
Hall, Cecil	107
Burroughs, Ronald	121
King, Mike	113
Lowey, Marshall	111
Mabe, George	122
Phelps, John	102

Barr, Kenneth	123
Hall, Johnny	116
Hammonds, Treatus	116
Murphy, Mike	114
Oxendine, Jimmy	113
Pruitt, Carl	128

GROUP II

Kemp, Raymond	110
Carver, Dean	104
Helms, Jerry	106
House, A. C.	105
McCurry, James	114
Pope, Ted	122
Driver, Charles	118
Hawkins, Ralph	113
McGinnis, Billy	115
Lowery, Jimmy	111
Parham, Wylie	112
Triplette, Bill	113
Newberry, Mitchell	116
Chester, Tony	115
Howie, Glenn	117
Martin, Bobby	119
Ritchey, Donald	104
Sain, Billy	117
Phillips, David	103
Anderson, David	110
Cardwell, Richard	101
Garris, Jackie	105
Cobbler, Jack	113
Webb, Larry	110

Lusk, Robin	117
Allen, Ellis	114
Hilemon, Roger	102
Patterson, Earl	117
Rose, Clyde	106
Soles, Jesse	108
Carver, Randy	104
Adams, Albert	111
Gunter, Steve	109
Hunt, Leigher	110
Parker, Hubert	113
Smith, Bobby	106

GROUP III

Pritchard, Tommy	125
Austin, Willie	131
Mathis, George	116
Patterson, Eugene	119
Bryant, Bobby	125
Spivey, Cecil	116
Branch, William	123
Lovings, William	122
Miller, Robert	117
Randolph, Lorin	136
Sheppard, David	124
Tulloch, James	115
Chase, David	124
Barbour, Charles	121
Thompson, Gary	114
Reed, Charles,	125
Skinner, Charles	118
Wilhite, Billy	122
Buffkin, Larry	123
Biegert, Larry	116
Jones, Harold	120
Nelson, Robert	122

Spivey, Carl	122
Watts, Curtis	124
Callicutt, Larry	113
Bullock, Karl	111
Crump, Tommy	116
Honeycutt, Lynn	114
Massey, Bobby	126
Phillips, Robert	125
Taylor, William	115
Chavis, Claude	114
Case, Jimmy	112
Lee, James	111
Murr, Lewis	124
Walker, Otis	123

GROUP IV

Phillips, Roger	117
Hallman, Bobby	112
Jacobs, Larce	97
Robbins, Harold	121
Sisk, Ronald	116
Walker, Jimmy	97
Martin, Clinton	122
Hall, Forest	124
Ratledge Richard	115
Somerset, Reggie	101
Waldroup, Johnny	107
Trivette, Eddie	119
Lane, Jerry	119
Bell, David	111
Ramsey, Wayne	103
Hall, Richard	118
Knight, Raeford	101
Scarborough, Thomas	122
Smith, Edward	114
Bullard, Bobby	101

Goode, George	102
McNeil, Earl	115
Mills, Gary	102
Westbrook, Kenneth	117
Cummings, Donald	112
Funderburk, David	104
Lail, Charles	112
Musselwhite, Jimmy	99
Pruitt, Michael	87
Thompson, Robert	110
Hyatt, Jerry	117
Pullen, Robert	113
Kinley, Fred	105
Davis, Ralph	127
Tolbert, Ronald	102
Wagoner, John	106

—:—

Too many highways, too many cars, too many people behind the bars. Too much poverty, too much wealth too many people in ill health. Too much politics, too much booze, too many wearing high-heeled shoes. Too many spending their money on gas, too much taking of other folks' "sass"

Too many living beyond their means, too many buying canned corn and beans. Too many hiring their washing done, too many playing bridge for fun. Too much buying of goods on time, too many people "don't have a dime." Too much taken, too much spent, too many folks behind in their rent. Too much reform, too much law—why, it's the grandest mess you ever saw!

LEARN FROM THE ERMINE

Probably the most beautiful fur is that of the ermine. The formal robes of judges are lined with it, the white being emblematic of purity and honor. It is said that the ermine takes special pride in his white fur coat, and at all hazards protects it against anything that would soil it.

In the forests of northern Asia some hunters take advantage of the ermine's passion to keep his fur clean. They find his home—a small cave or the hollow of a decaying tree—and daub the entrance and interior with filth. When the dogs start the chase, the ermine flees to his home. He finds it unclean, and rather than soil his pure white coat he faces the dogs and preserves the purity of his fur at the price of his life. He feels it is better to surrender his life than to be unclean.

The danger of being soiled by the world, the flesh, and the devil is a real one. Thomas Guthrie said, "If you find yourself loving any pleasure better than prayers, any book better than the Bible, any house better than the house of God, any table better than the Lord's table, any person better than Christ, any indulgence better than the hope of heaven—take alarm."

—The Free Methodist

—:—

In choosing a life career for yourself, make it a tough one, then you won't have so much competition.

THE MISSIONARIES

BY BETTY JUNE RYAL

Trudy Walters had been bustling around the attractive kitchen of her farm home since dawn first cracked pink across the gray morning sky. She wiped the already spotless cupboard tops, rearranged the African violets blooming on the window sill above the long double sink, and brought her best tea set from the china closet.

When her husband came in with the milk, she had it in the refrigerator almost before the back door was fully closed behind him. He watched curiously as she put away the last of the freshly washed baking dishes, and when she stooped to open the oven of the big wood range, he sniffed the aromatic air appreciatively.

"Cake?" he guessed.

"No, cookies." She pulled out the baking sheet, then closed the oven door.

Caleb smiled when he saw the delicate, crunchy, date-and-nut-filled mounds. "I've suddenly remembered an important engagement!" he commented, wryly.

"Coward!" Trudy laughed.

"Not exactly. It's just that I get nervous for fear I won't crook my little finger at the right angle when I'm drinking my tea, or my napkin might slip out of my collar and I'll get a cookie crumb or two on my best red necktie and embarrass you in front of all your highfalutin' friends."

"Come now, Pa!" Trudy laughed. "Milly and Agnes aren't as bad as that!"

"Aren't they?" Caleb grinned. "Then why have you been scouring and hustling around since before sun-up?"

"There's time to sit a spell before they come," she said, deliberately avoiding his question; and he cast a slightly scornful look at the dainty bits she was arranging on a lacy milk-glass plate, "I know," she added, reading his mind accurately as a result of years of practice. "You're afraid you might get a cookie this size stuck in your hollow tooth, but I baked some bigger ones more to your liking." She put the cookie jar on the table and poured him a tall glass of milk.

"Does it sometimes bother you because they have so much more than

you do " Caleb inquired, unexpectedly.

Trudy's surprise was mirrored in her lined face. "They don't have more than I do!" she protested vehemently. "I feel sorry for them because I have so much more than they do! I wouldn't trade my life with you and the children for all they have, put together!"

Caleb smiled, and they talked of other things until Agnes and Milly drove in; then Caleb made his escape to the barn while Trudy put the tea water on to boil.

The women came in with much laughter and a gust of fresh air, and Trudy took them straight through into the parlor, where she saw Milly's glance flick from the worn spot on the rug to a place beside the organ where her two-year-old grandson had picked off a square of wallpaper.

At first they brought out a few old memories to laugh over, but by the time they had started on their second cups of tea, the talk took on a more serious note.

"Do you remember when we were all going to be missionaries?" Agnes asked.

"I had forgotten completely!" Milly exclaimed, but Trudy smiled and nodded.

"You, Milly, were going to work among the South American Indians and I had the plight of the poor Africans in my heart," Agnes said. "And, Trudy, you were to do your good work in America, weren't you?"

"Oh, surely not!" Milly broke in. "We're a Christian nation! Whoever could Trudy have helped here?"

Trudy started to answer, but already the conversation had taken another turn, and she listened as they discussed the new fashion shoes, the servant problem, and the unreliability of new friends.

"I've been restless these past few years," Milly admitted, "but I think it's the times. For instance, the daughter of my dressmaker is young and beautiful, well educated, and has a fine job, but she is completely bored with living. I just can't understand it. She has every reason to be happy!"

"I feel the same way," Agnes commented. "Henry spends more time with his business while I grow lonelier by the day. We already have more than we could ever spend, but what good is it? It can't buy happiness!"

Trudy listened politely, saying nothing, but finally her lips thinned and she didn't make the usual sympathetic noises. Instead she exclaimed,

"Bosh! Happiness can be bought if you shop the right places!"

"If you mean by giving money to charity," Milly broke in, "I agree that it brings a certain amount of satisfaction, but it doesn't take away the loneliness."

"It is probably what you spend that brings happiness," Trudy suggested. "I don't have much money to give, so I spend myself, and happiness always seems to stretch out past the spending."

"But I was never good at club work," Milly protested.

"And I'm not well enough to get out much," Agnes said, with a sigh.

"You don't have to do either," Trudy explained. "I would be one of the first to agree that money gifts and workers on a large scale are very important, but there's a special happiness that comes with spending of yourself for others in little ways that mean so much."

"You're talking in riddles!" Milly cried.

"I don't mean to," Trudy replied, gently. "It's just that so many times the little things are overlooked as not important enough to bother with."

"Such as what?" Milly demanded. "There are so many charity drives for first one thing and then another that we can't afford to add many more things to our list!"

"What I have in mind costs little, if anything, in dollars and cents," Trudy said. "For instance, it would mean a lot to some poor overworked mother to have someone take care of her children while she does some shopping or has her hair done. Then there are older people who need only a little attention and friendship. Have them in for dinner, ask them to go with you for a drive or to church. Also, I can think of a dozen new young families right here in this community that would appreciate having foster parents and grandparents, since they live so far from their own."

"That's fine for people who live in town," Agnes observed, "but we live away out away from everyone."

"That's no excuse," Trudy said firmly. "There are veterans' hospitals where some of the patients haven't had a personal letter in years, and many other very lonely people all over the world can be visited at your own convenience for only the price of a postage stamp. Almost every day there is a need for a sincere note of sympathy, congratulations to be offered for many different occasions, or a kind thought to be shared."

"Let's make that the objective of these visits together!" Milly ex-

claimed enthusiastically, just as if she had been the one who really had thought of it.

"And each time we meet we can tell about what we have been doing," Agnes added.

Trudy smiled and nodded as she passed another plate of cookies.

After they had gone, Caleb dared to come back to the house. "I've been wondering why you worry yourself by asking them out every month," he said over another glass of milk. "You don't have much in common any more. It's been a good long time since you all were in school together."

"I guess I have them come because I never gave up the idea of being a missionary," she replied, thoughtfully.

"A missionary! You mean that Milly and Agnes need the help of a missionary?"

Trudy smiled. "I guess it does sound presumptuous," she admitted. "But sometimes the rich need a missionary worse than poorer people do." She poured herself a glass of milk, then added, "Everyone has a need of some kind. Maybe only a gnawing ache that can be soothed away by knowing that someone cares—but a need, just the same. I guess loneliness is just a need to be needed."

"What's your need?" Caleb inquired, chidingly, and while his voice was teasing, there was a seriousness in his pale blue eyes as he rubbed one hand across his shaggy gray hair.

"I need to start supper!" she said, abruptly. "I asked old Mr. Potter to come and spend the evening with us, and I'd better get a move on or he will find only an empty table"

"You don't need to worry none," Coleb said, consolingly. "Your leftovers taste better than most people's banquets"

Trudy's eyes twinkled. "Getting in your missionary work for the day by passing out a few word bouquets?"

—SUNSHINE MAGAZINE

* * * *

A Bible and a newspaper in every home, a good school in every community—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality, and civil liberty.

UNBIASED OPINION

BY NEAL NEITZEL

Pretty good ball game, isn't it? Howard Wilson said, relaxed and comfortable in his box seat, scarcely looking at the younger man sitting to his right as the two teams traded positions on the floodlit diamond in front of them.

"Quite a pitcher's battle," quietly agreed his unknown companion, methodically emptying the last fluffy white buttered kernels from the red-striped popcorn sack, then discarding the container amid the other litter left by the noisy, good-natured crowd.

"This is the first night game I've attended," Howard said. "Not that I wouldn't like to come more often. My job keeps me busy on weekdays, and my family has always had first claim on Saturdays and evenings."

"I know what you mean. My wife thinks baseball and fishing—things like that—are a silly waste of time."

Howard frowned unconsciously. "That isn't quite what I meant. Naturally, I'm perfectly free to use my hours away from the office to do as I please. Our children are both in high school, and Marianne—that's my wife—has her own interests"

One of the umpires was dusting off the plate while countless insects flitted above the green grass and diamondshaped base paths of the infield beneath the glaring lights mounted on the roof of the stadium and on tall poles bordering the crowded sidelines. A noisy vendor was monotonously chanting about delicious red-hots while another white-jacketed hawker was extolling the benefits of the beverage on his cart. The teams appeared to be in no hurry to resume play—it was a scoreless game going into the final inning, but none of the players acted concerned in the least about the outcome.

The young dark-haired man beside Howard turned in his seat, scanning the restless crowds in the shadowy stands behind the reserved seat section. Then he turned his attention to the field and watched the players taking their places. Suddenly he leaned nearer to Howard and began talking, his voice full of belligerence.

"My wife's name is Barbara," he said. "I didn't tell her where I was going when I left the apartment. A man's entitled to his own interests. If he'd rather watch a ball game than stay home listening to the baby cry

while she nags about unpaid bills and oversensitive in-laws, who can blame him for walking out?"

Howard glanced quickly at this fellow spectator's lean, unsmiling profile, seeing the lines of bitterness. He looked away again just as quickly "Now, who leads off in this inning?" he murmured, pretending to concentrate on the activities ahead of him in the brightly-illuminated infield. He most certainly wished he hadn't spoken to the young man. The last thing he wanted to do was get involved in anyone else's problems!

"What would you say if your father-in-law kept trying to boss your life? If he never missed the chance to toss one of those 'I warned you not to marry him' looks at the girl you married?"

Howard deliberately continued to devote his outward attentiveness to the field. He resisted the impulse to turn and bluntly declare total neutrality.

"It looks as if play is about to resume," he said mildly. "You mustn't forget that parents can be overprotective about their children, sometimes. When your own child grows up, you and your wife—"

"No sir!" the younger man interrupted with sudden vehemence. "Our son isn't going to have us doing his thinking for him! When he's old enough to decide what he wants to do with his life, he won't have to come running back to us for approval."

The discussion had already drifted to dangerous grounds. Howard cleared his throat, beckoning to the uniformed purveyor of hot fresh roasted peanuts. While the coin proffered was passed along the row to the man standing in the aisle who dispatched the sack of peanuts on its mission in return, Howard considered excusing himself and changing seats. There were several empty places behind them in the reserved section. But something about his companion made him decide to stay where he was.

"Care for some?" he cordially invited, passing the peanuts toward the younger man. Screams of delight from the fans surrounding them signalled the occurrence of the first run of the game, and Howard turned in to see the hitter of the home jogging unhurriedly around the dusty bases.

"Barbara might not have married me if her folks hadn't been so dead set against me," said the other man, ignoring the conterits of the paper sack, unmindful of the game's progress. "By being overprotective, as you called it, they almost came right out and ordered me not to marry her.,, He

looked directly at Howard, then. "We all have our own lives to live. No one likes being forced to fit a pattern that someone else designed. Isn't that right? Don't you agree?" he persisted.

Howard dug hastily for a hot, fresh roasted peanut. "Why, uh, yes. Yes, I agree with that," he heard himself saying. The words were spoken against his conscious will because if the truth was known, he wasn't exactly present at the ball game by enthusiasm for the sport. He, too, had purchased a ticket to temporarily escape grappling with a problem that had crept into his life. When he'd stalked from the house, his daughter had been sobbing in her room, and his wife Marianne was trying to comfort her. His son's whereabouts was doubtful; the boy had deliberately defied orders to spend the evening studying to improve his grades. That's what had really caused Howard to sharply veto his daughter's request for permission to attend a record-playing party at a girl friend's house.

The young man beside Howard was speaking again. "There's lots of difference between helping people you love and running their lives for them."

Howard didn't reply. They sat in silence, each alone with intent thoughts that had absolutely nothing to do with the ball game being completed in front of them. As other men and women rose around them walking to join the hurring, jostling stream of spectators moving toward the exits, Howard and the man beside him also got to their feet.

"Love isn't perfect, but it's worth working hard to keep," Howard said, placing his hand on his unknown friend's arm. "I've made mistakes that have hurt those I love, and I've been hurt, too. Forgiveness and understanding are parts of love—and love is more important, more vital to happiness than any quarrels or problems encountered because of it"

The younger man stood motionless, looking at Howard. Slowly, the bitterness ebbed from his eyes to be replaced by hopeful determination. "Thanks, mister," he said quietly, a sincere smile coming to his lips. Just before he turned away and became enmeshed in the noisy, gaily-laughing crowd of fans, he said, "It was a pretty good ball game, at that. Good night, and thanks again!"

Howard remained in the deserted section of reserved seats, absently staring after the stranger long after the young man's form was enveloped by the hurrying throng.

"He wanted my unbaised opinion, and I gave it to him," Howard mused, speaking half-aloud. Then, squaring his own shoulders with renewed decision, he started out of the ball park. He was suddenly anxious to get home.

—SUNSHINE MAGAZINE

* * * *

MICHAEL FINDS FRIENDS

Michael was eight years old when his family moved to the city of Boston. His father had left Italy to find a new home for his family in America and work to do.

Michael's father and mother could speak only a little English. It was hard for the father to find work. He was often without work. One day Michael and his little brother went to the store for their mother. "Keep tight hold of brother's hand," said mother. "This is a strange place with so many people. There are no friends here to help us when we need them." Then she added softly to herself, "Everybody needs friends."

When the boys came out of the store, Michael turned left instead of right to go back home. At first he did not notice his mistake. Soon he saw that every house and store looked strange, different.

"Are we nearly home?" asked little brother, for his short legs were growing tired.

"Brother will take you home soon," was all Michael could promise.

Soon Michael became anxious, too. "Which way shall I go?" he thought. "I don't know. I don't know the way."

At the corner Michael saw a policeman. Although he had gone to school only a few days in this new city, Michael had learned that policemen helped lost children.

He went close to the policeman and touched his arm. "Please, will you help me find my home," he asked. Then Michael told the street and number.

The policeman looked at the children and shook his head. His voice was kind when he answered Michael: "I'm sorry, my boy, but

I can't understand you. But we are near Morgan Memorial Church where they help boys like you. I'll take you there,"

The policeman and two brothers crossed the street, turned the corner and then they came to the door of a large building. The boys watched the lady in charge while the policeman talked to her. In a few minutes a man came into the room. He spoke to the children and even little brother could understand every word he spoke for he spoke Italian.

"Come, my little friends," he said: "I'll take you home. I want to know your mother and father, too." The man was the minister for Italian people. Michael felt at once that he was his friend.

When they reached home, mother was overjoyed to see her children safe and sound. "You are so kind," she said to the minister. "You make me happier than ever before I've been. You make yourself our friend."

The minister and other workers at Morgan Memorial were the true friends of this little family. Before long little brother was going to kindergarten every day. Michael was invited to the Morgan Settlement House to play after school. His father and mother attended where they learned to speak and write English. On Sunday the whole family went to the church service at Morgan Memorial Church of All Nations where they met their good friend, the Italian minister.

—SUNSHINE MAGAZINE

* * * *

During a depression we lose our houses; during prosperity we lose our homes.

Never lose your sense of the enormous value of a minute.

We grow a little bigger every time we measure our friends with the Golden Rule.

Knowledge is one thing that doesn't become secondhand when used.

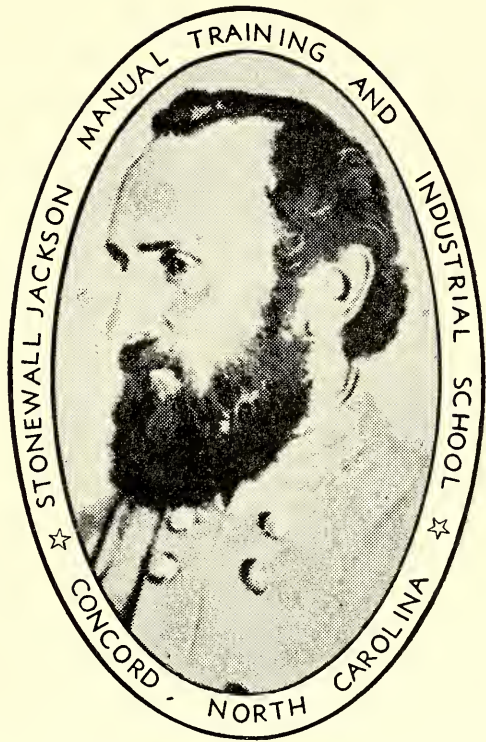
“We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilted goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows.”

— Edwin Markham

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The UPLIFT

"Maxima Debetur Puerto Reverentia"



STONEWALL JACKSON
(1824 — 1863)

SEPTEMBER 1963



Carolina Charter Tercentenary

THE UPLIFT

NORTH CAROLINA BOARD OF JUVENILE CORRECTION

BLAINE M. MADISON, Commissioner

VOLUME LI

SEPTEMBER 1963

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EDITORIAL . . .

WE POINT WITH PRIDE

(In the following editorial fictitious names have been used, but the colleges and vocations are authentic and have been taken from the records of the Jackson Training School. Agnes L. Yarbrough)

On September 17, 1963, the 10,000th boy crossed the threshold the Jackson Training School Administration Building for the first time. We are not proud that this many boys have needed our help, but we are glad that we have been available when the help was needed.

Ours is not a plant producing a product, for we do not turn out finished products. Our aim is to mend and refinish and give the boy a start on an even keel. We would like to say that we have been one-hundred percent successful, but records prove that this is not the case; however records do prove that a vast majority of our boys return home and make useful citizens of their community.

Almost every month former students stop by the school to visit old friends and express their appreciation for the help and guidance they received while here. Quite often they bring their wives and children, and with a sense of pride, introduce them to the staff and proudly show them around the place that was once home to them.

Joe came by one day with his wife and two beautiful youngsters. They had been vacationing with relatives in North Carolina and were on their way back home to another state where Joe has a law office. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. It was quite evident that here was a happy and successful young man.

Over the years we have received word, through newspapers and letters, that Thomas has been making continual progress with the Salvation Army and was promoted from Captain to Adjutant in a Western city where he has done outstanding work in this great organization.

A graduation announcement from the University of North Carolina put us on the trail of Bob, and we learned that he made excellent grades during his entire course and was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity. Bob is now employed by one of the largest electrical companies in America as an electrical engineer.

Ted and Calvin are ministers now. One a graduate of Duke University and the other from a college in South Carolina. Both these men have visited the school and talked to the boys in their Chapel program.

Jack stopped by one Sunday afternoon for a short visit. He now owns a jewelry store and is doing all right for himself.

Being appointed head of the R. O. T. C. at one of our leading colleges was not the only honor Mack has received since leaving Jackson. This young man was a member of the "Flying Cadets" and was recommended for his appointment by four political notables in this state. He also served as a page boy in the North Carolina Legislature.

Space will not permit our continual boasting. We wish it did for the list is long and impressive. From the experience gained in our Print Shop boys have gone out from here and obtained employment on some of the leading newspapers of the nation, government printing offices and private printing concerns. Boys from all our trades have taken advantage of their experience here and have continued that knowledge through study and work to make for themselves happy and successful careers.

Yes, we are proud of our auctioneers, mechanics, carpenters, engineers, steeple-jacks, deputies, sheriffs, department store managers, postal clerks, textile workers, farmers, advertising directors, chefs, ministers, chaplain assistants, and many, many more who have taken their place in society and are helping to make the world a better place.

Who can say where the turning point was in these young lives? No one person or organization or institution can assume credit for these accomplishments, for deep inside every boy who enters our doors there is a spark of decency—a desire to achieve success and stand above his previous environment. Who helped to develop that spark or desire is not important, but we are grateful that we had the opportunity to lend a helping hand.

* * * *

We are not fully educated unless we have knowledge and know-how. We learn by doing.

The soul is dyed the color of one's leisure hours.

A sign on the door of Opportunity reads "Push."

Meditations



A JEWEL FOR YOUR MEMORY COLLECTION
(LET'S MEMORIZE IT)

* * * *

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.

Psalm 119:105

At the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, just before the Communion Service, a book was presented to her by the Archbishop of Canterbury who used these words: "Our gracious Queen: to keep your Majesty ever mindful of the law and the Gospel of God as the Rule for the whole life and government of Christian Princes, we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords." The book was the Bible.

Through the years people of all walks of life have found inspiration, guidance, and comfort in this Book. Daily Bible reading is essential for Christian growth, and should be a vital part of every Christian life.

**Our Father, we thank Thee for the Bible and the great truths we find there.
Help us to seek the resources that are available to us and make them a part
of our daily lives. Amen**

Sunday Services

By Lorin Randolph

Our preacher for Sunday, September 1, 1963 was the Reverend Hoy Whitlow from Associated Reform Presbyterian Church, in Concord. Mr. Whitlow used as his scripture the sixth chapter of Luke the thirty-first verse. Mr. Whitlow used only one verse, which was the Golden Rule.

There are many rules in life and the Golden Rule is one of the most important of all. As a rule, when you are thirsty you want water, when you are hungry food satisfies your hunger, fresh air helps you when you have been in smoke and unclean air, and when you need spiritual help God is always there to help. Twelve inches equal one foot anywhere, thirty-six inches equal three feet anywhere, and five thousand two hundred and eighty feet equal one mile anywhere. There are rules for everything. Games, work, sports, schools, and many many other things. Even though there are many rules, there is one that if we mind and obey we should not go wrong.

When someone mistreats you, that is no reason to mistreat them. Try to

do something good for them and they might do the same for you. You don't have to love anyone's actions just love them and they will love you.

For God there are no small deeds and if you follow his rules you will never go wrong.

We were honored to have Mr. Whitlow come and speak to us and appreciate all of the work he has done for the school in the past. We would be glad to see him come back soon.

—:—

Sunday, September 22, the preacher at Jackson was the Reverend Moody Smith, from Kerr Street Methodist Church in Concord. Mr. Smith took his scripture from the Book of Mark the first and second chapter. In the first chapter he read In the second chapter he read the first through the seventh verses.

Mr. Smith told us that there are different stories in the books of the Bible, that is the four Gospels. There are many versions of the ways of God.

Mr. Smith told us that sin is

just like a coat when we enter a door we can drop it and not worry about it. The same rule applies to our sins. We can drop them and enter heaven without any worry or sin.

Everyone can have a beginning if they try and forget sin. When we try our best to do our best for others we are helping ourselves to heaven's door. There we can die without worry of sin eternally.

The story in the second chapter of Mark, first through seventh verses tells of the sick of the palsy and the way he was entered into the house through the roof to be healed.

It tells of the way the people doubt Christ. And what they say. We should never doubt any of Christ's work.

We appreciated Mr. Moody Smith coming and preaching to us and hope he will return.

—:—

Sunday, September 29, Reverend Rex West from Coldwater Baptist Church in Concord. Mr. West brought along a starting preacher from his church to look on as we had Church in Concord. Mr. West brought along a starting preacher from his church to look on us as we had Church and Sunday School. The guest's name was C. W. Barnhart. Mr. West took his scripture from (1 John 1:1-10). After scripture Mr. Barnhart led us in prayer.

The meaning of Mr. West's Sermon was dealing with the great love of God. It is a wonderful feeling to be loved by other people but it is a

much better feeling to be loved by God.

We make our lives what we want them to be. Love is free, sweet, and there is power and strength in God's love. God's love is unchanging. It is unchanging by weather conditions and by world conditions. Our sins do not change God's love. God's loves is unchanged by mans rejections. God's love is an understanding love. God knows our weakness, He will take care of the problems in our lives. We all have problems in life.

Mr. West told of a boy who was dirty, nasty, mean, and very ill tempered. This boy always had trouble in school so one day his teacher who was worried about him made him stay after school so she could talk to him about his problems. The boy looked mean at the teacher. She walked over to him and put her arm around him and talked to him about his problems. It made the little boy happy to know that someone cared about him. God's love is seeking, He seeks all of us, wanting to forgive us of our sins. There is nothing better in life than to live a Christian life and have the love of God.

We enjoyed having Mr. West come to visit us and also having Reverend C. W. Barnhart to visit us. We hope both of them come back again.

—:—

The average man is an excellent judge of human nature—except in his own case.

CAMPUS NEWS

FAIR BOOTH

Under the supervision of Mrs. Watts, and with help from Mr. Reading, Mr. Burr and Mr. H. Faggart of the Vocational Education Department, Jackson had a booth at the Cabarrus County Fair. Mrs. Watts entered several items that the boys under her supervision had made. These included shirts, aprons and towels. Also exhibited were hot plate holders, pillows, and a floor model of a house the boys had made and equipped.

The textile department had an exhibit that showed the process by which the cotton seed can be planted and eventually become a shirt, with most of the work being done right at Jackson.

Mr. Reading exhibited some of the work that is done in the Print Shop. This included some copies of the Uplift, programs of the Christmas plays from past years and some of the forms used by various state agencies.

Mr. Burr placed in the booth some of the tools used in the Shoe Shop, as well as showing some shoes that the boys have repaired.

There were many favorable comments from the fair-goers concerning this booth. It is hoped that through this kind of public relations, outsiders may become aware of some of the work done at Jackson.

The Scouts of Troops 60 and 61 were busy this month collecting in-

sects, rocks, drawing pictures and carving figures for their annual display at the Cabarrus County Fair Sept. 17-21, 1963. We also entered Leatherwork and Pioneering projects. Among them were coasters with the Scout Laws written on them. A Life Scout Rank insignia carved out of a cedar 4" by 4", when finished it was about 3" by 4". We were very proud of our display. We placed first, second or third in the following projects: Scout Neckerchief Slide 1, 3; Best and Splices 2, 3; Collection of Rocks and Minerals 1, 2, 3; Collection of Butterflies and Insects 1, 2; Best bird House 1, 2, 3; bird Feeding Station 1; Exhibit of Art 1, 2, 3; Best drawn Map featuring Conventional Signs 1, 2, 3; Best Model Airplane 1, 2, 3; Best Article of Woodwork 1, 2, 3; Best Article of Basketry 1, 2, 3; Best Article of Leathercraft 1, 2, 3; Best Article of Woodcarving 1;

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

MACHINE SHOP

We have been very busy in the machine shop this month.

We have been keeping the tractors in good running condition. We have also kept the trucks in good condition. The shop boys took the clutch out of the 460. We are also taking

the clutch out of the old "M" .

We have been working on the silage cutter. Mr. Mabrey was out sick for two days this month, but he is back and feeling better now.

—Billy Lovings

—Henry Faircloth

—:—

SHOE SHOP

The shoe shop has been pretty busy this month. We repaired 315 shoes. We have had one boy to go home this month. His name is Woody Meridth and we wish him the best of luck. We have been working at the cannery a lot and we are very happy to be back in the shop.

—Ellis Allen

—:—

FARM

We are getting our fall planting done such as onions, cabbage and collards.

We are gathering plenty of lima beans for the cafeteria. We have a field of young squash and cucumbers ready for the cafeteria.

We have several acres of late watermelons that will be ready soon. We have been getting plenty of acorn squash and the boys think they are delicious.

—Mr. Mullis

—:—

PLANT BEDS

The plant bed boys have been working very hard this month preparing plants for the fall planting season.

We have had one boy to go home this month his name is Larry Webb.

Mr. Yarborough has just returned from vacation, everyone in the plant beds hope he had a wonderful time and are glad to see him back again.

—Larce Jacobs

—:—

BARN FORCE

We all had a nice summer vacation. We all enjoyed it very much, and we are glad to be back at work again.

We have had a couple of boys to go home recently. Some were given citations.

We already have a few fall sows that already have pigs.

We have been grinding feed for the cows and pigs, and doing a good bit of work out in the fields too.

—:—

CARPENTER SHOP

The Carpenter shop boys have been busy this month.

We have been working on the machines at the dairy and we have been fixing doors at cottage fourteen. We put some windows in the machine shop, fixed the coffee pot and put some screens in the Cafeteria.

We put some glass, and put a fan in the milk house.

We put a window frame in the granary.

—:—

PAINT SHOP

The paint shop boys and Mr. Dry have been working pretty hard lately

painting the cottage windows. We have been on cottage fourteen windows for the past few weeks. After we finish fourteen we might start on twelves or we might start painting cottage roofs again.

We hope to be getting some new boys pretty soon.

—Robert Pullen

—Milton Heath

—:—

GYM

The swimming season is almost to an end. The swimming meets were held last month in the various P. E. classes. The winners of the free style swim were Steve Alexander, Wayne Conners, and Larry Biegert. The backward crawl swim was won by Wayne Conners, Larry Biegert and Ellis Allen. Underwater swimming goes to Charles Huddle, Ronnie Grant and Wayne Conners. The diving competition was won by Mark Pruitt, Wayne Conners, and Steve Alexander.

The softball playoffs were completed last Saturday in their respective leagues. The A league title was won by Cottage 7. In the B league Cottage 14 was crowned champion. The C league playoff was won by Cottage 3. Everyone tried and played hard. We are now looking forward to the volleyball season. We are starting to play "Tag Football" in our Phy. Ed. Class.

—Freddie Riffle

—:—

LAUNDRY

The boys in the laundry have been

working very hard the past week, washing clothes and other things.

We got a new boy in the laundry this month his name is Danny Langley. We hope he will like the laundry.

—Larry Callicutt

—David Tolbert

—:—

PLUMBING SHOP

The boys in the plumbing shop have been working very hard this month getting the boilers started back up for the winter.

We are building septic tanks for the dairy.

—Barry Worley

—:—

PRINT SHOP

The boys in the Print Shop have been quite busy for the last month.

The bindery boys have been making more scratch pads of different sizes. They have also been busy padding forms and receipts for Eastern Carolina Training School.

The pressmen have been printing on a different press recently. The Miehle Vertical press has been broken and they are using the Kluge, a plate press. The pressmen have been printing forms and receipts for other training schools.

The Linotype operators have been busy setting up news, articles, and stories to use in the Uplift.

We have received a new rack for the linotype magazines. This is helpful in keeping our magazines in a uniform manner.

We have received three new boys

in the Print Shop recently. they are Edward Lawrence, Edward Lee Hadnott Jr., and Patrick York. We hope they get along well at their new trade.

—James Jones

—:—

CAFETERIA

The cafeteria boys have been working hard this month shelling beans and peeling potatoes. Mr. Bost and Mrs. Bost have been working hard cleaning out the produce cooler, and freezer department, and the cooler and freezer look much better.

We have two boys expecting to go home this month, they are Reeves Ferguson, and Tony Walker. We have a few new rules now. We hope all the boys will abide by them. We have a new boy now, his name is Robert Lee. He is in Cottage 4. We hope he will stay out of trouble and make his stay here a pleasant one.

—Tony Lee Walker

—:—

INFIRMARY

We have a new boy in the infirmary now. We hope he will like his stay here at the training school. We haven't had many sick boys this month and hope they will all stay in good health.

The dentist stayed here with us a while and tried to fix all of the boys' teeth. He has left us now to go and work somewhere else.

We are looking forward to have our new equipment and landscaping done.

—Robert Thompson

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

SPECIAL B

Mrs. Stallings boys namely; William Arnett, Danny Henson and Johnny Taylor have drawn another pretty fall scene on the blackboard. The caption of this one is "The Covered Bridge in Connecticut," "The Red Covered Bridge," under which flows the river, is in the foreground. If one looks closely enough he can see a man fishing from a rock. The boys have colored the trees on the mountains in the distance, the beautiful fall colors of red, brown and orange. At the foot of the mountains is an old barn.

On the bulletin board are some inventions, along with silhouettes of famous early inventors. Among them are Edison, Howe, Whitney, the Wright Bros., Fulton, Bell and Stephenson.

We have had two boys to be released this month. John Rayle went to Florida with his family and Danny Henson went to Swannanoa. We have three new boys, Bobby Penny, Ray Courtney, and John Reed.

SPECIAL D

We have two new boys they are James Taylor and Phillip Perkins.

In our Social Studies class we are studying about the Pilgrims, and the value they placed on religious freedom.

In our health class we are learning how to take good care of our teeth, and learning the value of our teeth and how to brush them and many other things.

LIBRARY

The Library has some new magazines and they are very interesting. There are many books to choose from too. The Library is getting lots of new things.

—Jerry Bell

—:—

SOCIAL STUDIES

The sixth grades are studying the Middle East, home of the three largest religious faiths. Christianity, Judism and Moslem all call Palestine their holy land and Jerusalem their holy city. Much Bible history came from this section. These religions have fought to claim all of the Holy Land.

The seventh grades are working on a unit which tells us of the Reconstruction Period after the Civil War. Much had to be done to return things to normal.

The eight grades are finding out about North Carolinas change from a predomative agricultural state to one with much Industry.

A PRAYER FOR TODAY

Slow me down, Lord!

Ease the pounding of my heart by the quieting of my mind.

Steady my hurried pace with a vision of the eternal reach of time.

Give me, amid the confusion of the day, the calmness of the everlasting hills.

Break the tensions of my nerves and muscles with the soothing music of the singing streams that live in my memory.

Help me to know the magical restoring power of sleep.

Teach me the art of taking minute vacations—of slowing down to look at a flower, to chat with a friend, to pet a dog, to read a few lines from a good book.

Remind me each day of the hare and the tortoise, that I may know that the race is not always to the swift—that there is more to life than increasing its speed.

Let me look upward into the branches of the towering oak and know that it grew great and strong because it grew slowly and well.

Slow me down, Lord, and inspire me to send my roots deep into the soil of life's enduring values that I may grow toward the heights of my greater destiny. In Jesus' name, amen.

—Saint Anonymous

—:—

Faith is the bird that sings when the dawn is still dark.

Courtesy costs not a cent and pays off in real dollars.

Honor Rolls

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

COTTAGE NO. 1

Jimmy Locklear
Marshall Lowery
Richard Stinson
Wayne Winkler
Barry Worley

COTTAGE NO. 2

Thomas Carter
Jimmy Cole
Marvin Grigg
Bobby Hallman
Harvey Locklear
George Mabe
Chuck Nunnery
Johnny Sheppard

COTTAGE NO. 3

David Funderburk
James McCurry
Wylie Parham

COTTAGE NO. 4

Paul Belanger
Melvin Foss
Jerry Johnson
Kenneth Strickland

COTTAGE NO. 6

Buford Higgs
David Phillips

COTTAGE NO. 7

Lorin Randolph
J. D. Sain
Johnny Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 8

Johnny Hall

COTTAGE NO. 9

Donnie Angel
Christopher Atwood
Dean Carver
Randy Carver
Roger Hayes
Roger King
Hugh Lovelace
Kermit Riffle
William Wafford

COTTAGE NO. 10

Ellis Allen
Jonah Ferrell
Jackie Garris
David Moore
Ted Pope

COTTAGE NO. 11

John Phelps
Ralph Shuffler

COTTAGE NO. 13

Lewis Murr
Gary Thompson

COTTAGE NO. 14

James Davis
Henry Faircloth
Treatus Hammonds
Billy Lambert
Michael Lovas
Steve Lowery
Earl Patterson
Freddie Riffle
Harold Robbins

COTTAGE NO. 15

David Harrelson
Edward Smith
Jeff Watts
Otis Walker

COTTAGE NO. 17

William Branch
Jasper Vincent

TRADE HONOR ROLL**AUGUST****OFFICE**

Mitchell Newberry

PRINT SHOP

Ted Pope
Lorin Randolph
Raleigh Grant
James Jones

Raymond Kemp
Tommy Pritchard
Franklin Dunn
Robert Myers
Forest Hall

GYM

Freddie Riffle

LIBRARY

Perry Davis

PAINT SHOP

Robert Phillips
Robert Pullen
Mickey Heath
Bruce Triplett

INFIRMARY

Robert Thompson
Robert Wright

SHOE SHOP

Ellis Allen
Randy Carver
Johnny Wagoner
Ronnie Beach
Karl Bullock
Earnest Cook

BARBER SHOP

Johnny Hall
Ronnie Burroughs
Johnny Morris
Mike Murphy
Clinton Martin
Robert Broadway
Ralph Shuffler

SEWING ROOM

Bobby Hardin
Lester Hatley

David Funderburk
Bobby Smith
Willie Poston
Dwight Teer
Bill Triplett
Billy Sain

MACHINE SHOP

John Phelps
Cecil Spivey
Carl Spivey
Frank Trivette
Thomas Barsh
Bobby Massey
Harold Jones

COTTON MILL

Charles Barbour
Eddie Trivette
Marshall Lowery
Michael Chandler
Marvin Griggs
Bobby Goode
Paul Belanger
William Edwards
William Arnett
Charles Crouch
John Hawkins
Wayne Lyman
Sanford Higgs

YARD AND POULTRY

Steve Gunter
Jeff Wilson
Eugene Foss
Lewis Murr
Zeb Christy
Richard Cardwell

LAUNDRY

Ronnie Tolbert
James Tullock
Jasper Vincent

Jesse Soles
Ronald Sisk
Albert House
David Starnes
Ronnie Whiteside
Donnie Angel
Larry Callicutt
David Talbert
George Hammock

CAFETERIA

Donnie Taylor
Tommy Carter
Harold Robbins
Cecil Stepp
Melvin Foss
Bobby Hallman
David Chase
Eddie Brewer
William Branch
Johnny Taylor
Chuck Nunnery

DAIRY

Otis Walker
Charles Skinner
Billy Smith
Mike Shaw
Larry Biegert
Charles Reed

FARM

James McCurry
Dean Carver
David Higgs
Bobby Bullard
Johnny Franklin
Ronnie Cuthbertson
J. C. Clayton
Reggie Somerset
Carl Peterson
David Anderson
Robert Allen

Treatus Hammonds
 Harvey Locklear
 Raeford Knight
 Wayne Walker
 Jeff Watts
 Lee Dee Locklear

—:—

RECOMPENSE

You reap just what you sow,
 Sometimes fourfold!
 As sure as rivers flow,
 And dawn and dusk winds blow,
 And scarlet poppies glow,
 The seeds you plant will grow.
 The seeds you plant you reap!
 The tale is told!
 The folding days may keep
 The seeds you buried deep
 Until they seem to sleep,
 But soon or late you reap.
 Choose seeds you plant with care
 and diligence.
 There is no way to miss just recom-
 pense.

—:—

KNOWN BY HIS FRUIT

Give and it shall be given unto
 you, good measure, pressed down,
 and shaken together, and running o-
 ver, shall men give into your bosom.
 For with the same measure that ye
 mete withal it shall be measured to
 you again.

For a good tree bringeth not forth
 corrupt fruit; neither doth a corrupt
 tree bring forth good fruit.

For every tree is known by his own
 fruit. For of thorns men do not gath-
 er figs, nor of a bramble bush gather

they grapes.

A good man out of the good trea-
 sure of his heart bringeth forth that
 which is good; and an evil man out
 of the evil treasure of his heart
 bringeth forth that which is evil: for
 of the abundance of the heart his
 mouth speaketh.

—:—

Men always look small when they
 fly high on their credit.

Quarrels would not last long if the
 fault was only on one side.

Wise are the folks who keep others.
 from getting wise to them.

Statistics show that the general
 run of pedestrians is a little slow.

Never take advice from a stranger
 and ignore that of your own con-
 science.

Money has wings, and very little of
 it has been brought down by long
 shots.

The minute a man goes down his
 enemies quit kicking him and his
 friends begin.

The dividing line between right
 and wrong seems to be invisible to
 some people.

What people need is not more lei-
 sure time, but more time to practice
 common sense.

BIRTHDAYS

Newberry, Mitchell	9—2—63
Tolbert, Ronnie	9—2—63
Winkler, Leonard	9—4—63
Kemp, Raymond	9—5—63
Mills, Gary	9—8—63
Spivey, Carl	9—9—63
Spivey, Cecil	9—9—63
Goode, Bobby	9—10—63
Bell, Paul	9—10—63
Angel, Donnie	9—10—63
Fredell, Julius	9—11—63
Smith, Russell	9—11—63
Courtney, Kenneth	9—13—63
Riffle, Freddy	9—14—63
Lashley, David	9—14—63
Jones, Johnny	9—16—63
Poole, Terry	9—16—63
Hammock, George	9—16—63
Reece, Joe	9—19—63
Trivette, Frank	9—21—63
Murphy, Mike	9—22—63
Morgan, Sandy	9—22—63

Tuggle, Wayne	9—24—63
Penny, Bobby	9—24—63
Hollinsworth, Benny	9—26—63
Kantner, Donald	9—29—63

* * * *

IT'S ENGLISH, YE' KNOW

The English language can amuse us at times with the many meanings for one word. Take another word and see if you can work out something similar to this:

- A crowd of ships is termed a fleet.
- A fleet of sheep is called a flock.
- A flock of quail is called a bevy.
- A bevy of wolves is called a pack.
- A pack of thieves is called a gang.
- A gang of angels is called a host.
- A host of porpoise is called a shoal.
- A shoal of buffalo is called a herd.
- A herd of children is called a troop.
- A troop of partridges is called a covey.
- A covey of stars is called a galaxy.
- A galaxy of ruffians is called a horde.
- A horde of rubbish is called a heap.
- A heap of oxen is called a drove.
- A drove of hoodlums is called a mob.
- A mob of whales is called a school.
- A school of worshipers is called a congregation.
- A congregation of bees is called a swarm.
- A swarm of people is called a crowd.

* * * *

They err who think Santa Claus comes down the chimney; he really enters through the heart.

NEW STUDENTS

JUNE

Lingerfelt, Larry K.	Belmont
Courtney, Kenneth Ray	Morganton
Myers, Robert Edward	Winston - Salem
Alexander, Steve Lee	Charlotte
Bean, Johnny Wallace	Hickory
Morrison, Bobby Franklin	Hickory
Fredell, Julius Andrew, Jr.	Lenoir
Shelton, Roger Dale	Greensboro
Poole, Terry Hale	Raleigh
Mitchell, Edward Jackson	West Hillsboro
Boyd, Barry	Washington

JULY

Patterson, Earl Wilton	Brevard
Anderson, Terry Richard	Goldsboro
Jackson, James Thomas	Lenoir
Walker, Lewis Wayne	Greensboro
Akers, Jimmy Ray	Mt. Airy
McCreary, Phillip Gray	Mt. Airy
Stewart, Howard Edward	High Point
Woodring, Daniel Lewis	Tuckaseegee
Woodring, Thurman Ben	Tuckaseegee

Potts, Robert Charles	North Lumberton
Lee, Arthur Robert	Winton
Perkins, Joseph Dale	North Wilkesboro
Ashley, John Thomas, Jr.	North Wilkesboro
Hayes, James Roger	Greensboro
McEntyre, Jerry Denny	Forest City
Austin, Fredrick Douglas	Salisbury

AUGUST

Morgan, Sandy Lee	Eagle Springs
Morrow, Jackie Wayne	St. Pauls
Potts, Kenneth David	Sylva
Lawrence, Edward Lee	Raleigh
Hancock, Edward Junior	Asheboro
Penny, Bobby Lee	Clarkton
Owenby, Joseph Baxter	Asheville
York, Partick Arthur	Charlotte
Hadnott, Edward Lee, Jr.	Greensboro
Hinson, Ronnie Lane	Hickory
Pritchard, Jerry Wayne	Hickory
Gordon, William Gary	Charlotte
Reed, John William	High Point
King, Roger Dale	Lincolnton
Lashley, David Carlyle	Burlington
Hawkins, David Joe	Hays

Godwin, Bernard Benjamin, Jr.	Greensboro
Langley, Danny Carnell	Mebane

SEPTEMBER

Eraxton, Danny Lee	Greenville
Hall, Johnny Lee	Albemarle
Tyler, Warren Hanes	Fayetteville
Reese, Joe Wayne	Greensboro
Havener, Charles Patrick	High Point
Turner, David Allen	Charlotte
McMurry, David Yancy	Maiden
Wright, William Eugene	Kannapolis
Brewer, Terry Lane	Salisbury
Smith, Russell Daniel	Charlotte
Ramsey, David Gene	Banner Elk
Lovette, Truman Harold	Lumberton
Hillman, Gerald Wayne	Derita
Cornwell, Billy Arthur	Andrews
Mahaffey, George Braxton	Winston-Salem
Hefner, Roger Allen	Hickory
Newell, James Edward	Siler City
May, Robert Winston, Jr.	Greensboro
Bullock, William Henry	Oxford
Baldwin, Stanford Clinton, Jr.	Orange Station
Pope, Phillip Wayne	Goldsboro

Francis, Cecil Travis	Burnsville
Maness, Giles Tillman	Greensboro
Hunt, Randall Jay	High Point
Smoker, Francis John	Robbinsville
Moxley, Ballard Eugene, Jr.	Leaksville
Ferguson, Reeves Martin	Stoneville
Ball, Claude Richard	Bryson City
McGhee, William Percy	Raleigh
Austin, Rodney Eugene	Winston-Salem
Welborn, Ronald Dewitt	Winston-Salem
Thompson, Arthur Lynn	Charlotte
Turner, Donald Robert	Charlotte

* * * *

"I grumbled because I had to get up early in the morning—until one morning when I couldn't get up."

Did you ever notice how practically everybody improves on acquaintance?

Rejecting things because they are old-fashioned would rule out the sun and the moon.

Hats off to the man who is a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little larger in deed than he is in speech.

A great deal of what we see depends on what we are looking for.

If you would not add to your friend's treasures, do not add to his storehouse, but decrease his desires.

WHERE IS KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

THE MASONIC JOURNAL OF SOUTH AFRICA

Although the actual life of King Solomon's Temple was relatively short, its influence has been great, writes, Major Charles L. Bachtel, 32 degrees, in a recent issue of "The New Age". The knowledge of its beauty and purpose is recorded in the Bible and has lived on in the hearts and minds of men over the years. Equally important, the knowledge of the harmony and unity of effort that existed in effecting such a Herculean accomplishment has likewise survived. These shining examples have inspired each succeeding generation throughout the ages.

Where is King Solomon's Temple? How did it disappear so completely? Why hasn't it been located? These and numerous other questions have been asked many times. Despite considerable effort over the years the secret is still unsolved and probably will remain so for an indefinite period.

It is unfortunate from religious, Masonic and historical viewpoints that the remains of the Temple have never been discovered. Consider the chain of events that would unfold if it were to be located. History would naturally be enhanced, but imagine the immense activity and benefits that religion and Masonry would receive. The full impact is actually too great to comprehend without the benefit of special study and evaluation.

The Bible records that during the fourth year of the reign of King Solomon, 480 years after the children of Israel were delivered from the land of Egypt, the construction of the Temple was started. It was built on Mount Moriah, a part of Jerusalem, utilizing the basic plans drawn up by King David who patterned the Temple, in general, on the Tabernacle built by Moses in the wilderness. To effect the construction three Grand Masters, 3,300 observers, 80,000 hewers and 70,000 labourers were employed. Seven years were required to complete the work; the exact completion date appears to be somewhat uncertain. However, since considerable study and research have been devoted to this subject, the year 1005 B.C. appears to be the date generally accepted by most historians and theologians. Inasmuch as the Bible records the history of the Temple for a considerable time after it was built and considering the type of tools used in its construction as well as the excellence of the finished product, these factors indicate a time-frame somewhere near the end of the Bronze Age

or the beginning of the Iron Age. Let us assume, then, for the purpose of discussion, that the Temple was completed approximately 1000 B.C.

After the dedication of the Temple to God, its history seems to include a constant series of robberies, sackings, burning and rebuilding. Following its use for many years, the Temple was repaired by King Joash, who later robbed it of its hallowed objects and treasures and sent them to King Hazael of Syria. Later on, King Ahaz also robbed the Temple and sent its valuables to King Tiglath-Pileser of Assyria. Among other things, King Ahaz despoiled the Temple by removing the large water tank, known as the sea, from its supporting pillars (statues of brazen oxen) and placing it upon a pavement of stones. After a lapse of many years, the Temple was repaired and restored by King Josiah, only to be pillaged later on by Nebuchadnezzar, who carried the Temple treasures off to Babylon. A few years later, the Temple was sacked, burned, and destroyed by the Chaldeans. Following this, King Cyrus returned the vessels stolen by Nebuchadnezzar and, despite jealousy among the tribes, eventually succeeded in having the Temple rebuilt and restored. From this point on, little definite information exists.

A cursory review of the numerous factors surrounding the complete disappearance of so massive a structure as the Temple and its surroundings buildings, walls, and foundations indicates that two paramount possibilities exist: the first is that the Temple was completely demolished and covered over with volcanic ash and debris during one or more of the several great catastrophes of the second and first millenniums before the present era. The usable building materials of the Temple walls and foundations were carried off and used elsewhere and that other buildings were constructed on top of the Temple site, thus completely masking the ruins of the original construction. Both of these possibilities warrant consideration and may even have occurred in sequence. A third possibility lies in the answer to a question: Was the Mount Moriah on which the Temple was built within the city of Jerusalem as we know it today or was it located elsewhere? Could it have been some other location known at that time as Jerusalem? Could it have been Baalbeck in Lebanon? Baalbeck is located on a mountain and is supposedly the finest remnant of Roman architecture that exists today. Could the Roman buildings at Baalbeck have been constructed using the materials from, and on the site of, King Solomon's Temple?

Inasmuch as the Temple of Diana, one of the "Seven Wonders of the Ancient World" has just recently been discovered near Vraona, in Greece, some 24 miles east of Athens, time may yet provide a clue and thus the eventual solution of the mystery surrounding the location of King Solomon's Temple. The discovery of the Temple of Diana brings to three the number of ancient wonder that have been located. The other two are the Great Pyramids of Egypt and the tomb of Mausolos. Based upon this latest discovery, hope should not be abandoned for the location of more of the ancient wonders including King Solomon's Temple. In this regard, it is hoped that new evidence and definite information will be obtained from the Minoan Scripts, the Hittite pictographs and the Dead Sea Scrolls that will reveal many long concealed secrets of the ancient world.

Considerable geological and archeological evidence exists concerning continental upheavals and catastrophic occurrences at various times throughout the ages. Coincidentally, each seemed to make the end of an epoch. It is interesting to note that the most recent paroxysms of nature occurred in historical times, during the second and first milleniums before the present era, a time when the more advanced elements of the world's civilization were in the process of graduating from the Bronze into the Iron Age. Of further significance is the fact that these catastrophes coincide with the destruction of the Minoan Kingdom of Crete, the Middle Kingdom of Egypt, Troy at the Dardanelles, the Indus Valley civilization and the devastation of every major populated place in Palestine, Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, Cyprus, Asia Minor, and the Cucasus. Additionally the volcano of "Thera", near Crete, exploded and erupted with unimaginable fury, showering huge quantities of ash and debris over vast areas and pouring prodigious quantities of lava over the island and into the sea.

When one thinks of the full impact of these catastrophes upon the civilizations affected, their magnitude taxes the imagination. Great earthquakes shook the earth with gigantic shocks; volcanoes erupted with terrific violence; lava flowed from huge fissures in the earth and poured over the lands; intense winds showered the earth with volcanic ash; human and animal populations decimated; great land displacements occurred; tidal waves swept over coastal areas; lakes were emptied and rivers ran wild. As a result of these violent disasters, great areas lay prostrate, overwhelmed by the elements. Populations suffered great reduct-

ions and in some instances established living was replaced by nomadic existence.

An exhaustive study and analysis by the experts indicates that the last several of these catastrophes occurred at approximately 1500 B. C., 800 B.C. and 700 B.C. These dates were established in a variety of ways, but chiefly by carbon analysis, pollen analysis, archaeological analysis, and studies of the elevation and dislocation of mountains, laminations of lakes, drop of the ocean level, salt content of lakes without outlets, and sedimentation.

King Solomon's Temple could have been destroyed and covered over with the debris during any one or more of these catastrophes. If the Temple was constructed around 1000 B.C., or even earlier, it can be seen that the time-frame involved straddles that of several catastrophes, since they occurred after the Temple was constructed and thus present not only a possibility but a definite probability that they might have been responsible for the disappearance of the Temple. In this event it appears safe to assume that in rebuilding a devastated city, and area, resources being unavailable to reconstruct the Temple, houses and other structures may have been built over the site. As the years passed, succeeding generations built and rebuilt over the site until all traces of the original construction were lost and remain hidden for future generations to discover.

Until the day when the Temple is located and reconstructed for the use of mankind, we should carry the symbol of the Temple in our hearts. Let us reaffirm our faith and steadfastness in the tenets of the Craft. Let us purge our lives of every unwholesome thought and deed. Let us work faithfully and harmoniously in propagating knowledge, reason and understanding and in bringing the uninformed from darkness to light.

—ORPHANS FRIEND AND MASONIC JOURNAL

* * * *

Do not judge. One needs to know the whole heart of others, to understand their motives.

Ideas must work through the brains and the arms of good and brave men, or they are no better than dreams.

SAILING

By FRANK WILLIAMS, '63

The use of boats with sails was first started by prehistoric man, and since then sailing has passed through many changes in design of the boats, sails, and techniques. Prehistoric man started by tying logs, grass, reeds, or some other type of light material together with rope. Then he hung a very crude sail on a mast. These sails were made of animal skins or of grass and straw. They were tied together to form a rectangular mat. These crude sailing rafts or boats were used mainly for personal transportation and fishing.

Later, around 6000 B.C., the Egyptians developed sailing barges which were nothing more than barges with a sail hung from a yardarm or crosspiece. This was hung on a mast which was fastened in the center or forward part of the vessel. This sail was usually wider than it was high, and gave the barge the appearance of a barge with a large rectangle suspended over it.

As the Egyptian barge progressed, it took the shape of a boat. These boats were made of sawed wood and were built around a wooden frame. They were held together by the use of wooden pegs and rope. These Egyptian boats were used primarily for transportation of cargo and personnel, but also for the pleasure of the high officials of the Egyptian empire. These boats or barges used to go up and down the Nile River. When there was no wind, the boats moved by manpower which was supplied by slaves who rowed the boat along.

The Greeks added another sail above the usual square one found on ships prior to this time. This sail was called a topsail and its use gave the boats more speed and maneuverability.

The Romans made the greatest contribution to sailing by adding even more sails. These sails were placed in the bow or front end and in the stern or back part of the boat. The original topsail and square sail were still in the middle part of the boat with the other sails and mast in front of and behind the square and topsails. Previous to this time the boats could sail only with or before the wind. However, with the addition of these new sails, the boats could now sail into the wind and also could tack.

This development in sailing made possible the use of ships in war, during which they were used not only to transport men and supplies but

also to attack other ships. The sailing ships had by then progressed from crude rafts into boats which could carry freight around the Mediterranean Sea. Up until this time the boats had oars to propel them when there was no wind.

It was during the fifteenth century that ships were made large enough and strong enough to travel over the oceans. Since then they have not changed very much except in structure and quality of materials. The larger and faster ships were used primarily for the transportation of people and cargo. However, with the invention of the steamboat by Robert Fulton in 1807, the use of sailing ships for these purposes started to decline. Now there are very few sailing ships used for transportation of people and cargo.

The use of sail power is now extensively used for pleasure. The art and fun of sailing has been almost lost in this age of motorboats but there are now an increasing number of people who enjoy going out for a day of sailing or who take a trip on a sailboat.

In recent years the use of dacron, nylon, aluminum and fiberglass has played a major part in the sailboat industry. Sails were once made of cotton. The cotton sails would rot, mildew, stretch and tear very easily if they were not properly taken care of. The advantage of dacron is that it will not rot, stretch, mildew, or tear easily. Nylon is used extensively in the making of rope because it is tougher, stronger and more durable than manilla or hemp rope, and it will not rot. Aluminum is used mainly in the standing rigging. The standing rigging is the mast, boom, and stays or wire holding the mast in place. Aluminum is used because it is strong, flexible, and does not need the repair that a wooden mast has to have periodically. In the conventional boat the hull is made of wood. The wood has to have paint or it will rot, and if it is put together with nails or screws, these will rust or pull out. Also the wood hull must have constant attention to the seams, or it will leak. With the use of fiberglass there are not any seams to leak, wood to rot, nails or screws to pull out or rust, and the hulls never need to be painted. Fiberglass makes a much stronger, safer, and lighter boat.

There are several types of boats in use today—sailboats which have been developed for speed, boats made for safety and convenience, and boats built for fun with no regard to safety. The boats that are built for

speed are usually long and narrow and having a planeing hull. Those built for safety are usually wide and will not turn over easily. The majority of the really safe boats have two or three hulls joined together by a deck or cockpit suspended between them.

Some sailboats have a centerboard to keep them from sliding sideways, while others have a keel. The difference between the two is that the keel is permanently fastened to the bottom of the hull and the centerboard may be raised and lowered through a centerboard well which is located in the bottom of the boat. The centerboard boat can sail in very shallow water because the centerboard may be raised or lowered if it is necessary. But the keel boat must stay in deep water because the keel cannot be raised or lowered.

The modern pleasure sailboat falls into about five main classes. There is the racing class boat which is built especially for racing. There is the larger yacht which is capable of traveling great distances. The yacht is equipped to give the persons aboard a feeling of security and it also has cabins to let the people spend the night on board. It has many luxuries of the modern home. There is the small cruising sailboat. This boat is designed for comfort. It does not have a cabin in which to sleep. There is the small sailboat which is not built especially for comfort but just for the fun of sailing. This type of boat will turn over easily, and will usually carry several persons. Then there is the sailboard which is nothing more than a boat about ten feet long, about three feet wide, and about six inches deep. This boat carries about forty-five square feet of sail and is called a sailboard because it greatly resembles a board with a sail mounted on it. These sailboards are small and for the novice they are very hard to sail because they will turn over extremely easy. They are not recommended for anyone who does not want to get wet or those who cannot swim.

—The Patterson School News

* * * *

My interest is in the future, because I am going to spend the rest of my life there.

Declared Ralph Waldo Emerson, "All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen."

GRAYFRIERS BOBBY

BY MARY GARDNER

Would you like to hear the story of Grayfriers Bobby? He was a little dog and lived in Edinburgh, the beautiful capital city of Scotland. You know that not many dogs become famous. You all know Lassie and Rin Tin Tin from television programs, but not many dogs appear in history. However, Grayfriers Bobby is known by most Scottish boys and girls, and this is the reason.

He was a happy little dog, easily pleased. The best time of the day for Bobby was in the evening when his master came home from work. After supper his master would pick up Bobby's leash. That was the signal. Bobby's little tail would wag so hard that you would have thought it would come right off.

Such wonderful walks they had! Often they would go along Princes Street by the famous Gardens, up the Mound, then down the Royal Mile, and back home. When they walked in the evenings, Bobby's master wore his ordinary clothes, but on Sunday afternoons he wore his kilt. Bobby was always extra excited when he saw his master's kilt because he knew Sunday walks were the longest ones. Bobby, of course, didn't have a kilt, but his master put on his tartan leash on Sundays, that made Bobby feel very special, too.

While they were swinging along, Bobby's master would think of all the wonderful and sometimes cruel things that had happened in these historic streets, and sometimes he would feel humble as he remembered all the sacrifices great men had made to make Scotland the grand country it is.

But Bobby wasn't interested in history. He was just a funny, little dog running and barking and chasing imaginary cats or following interesting scents, or trailing dogs twice his size, holding up his little tail like a banner as he went along. How good it was to be out with his kind, gentle master. How Bobby loved him!

One day, however, Bobby's master didn't go to work in the morning and that evening there was no walk. This puzzled Bobby because it had never happened before. No matter what the weather, it never interfered with their walk. Even when the snow lay thick on the ground, even when it turned to slush and muddied up Bobby's hair, even when it was pitch dark by four o'clock, Bobby and his master had their walk together. So no wonder

Bobby was puzzled. He scratched at the door of his master's room. He pushed it and the door opened. And there was his master in bed.

Bobby barked to let his friend know he was there, and his master patted him and rubbed him behind the ear. By his tone of voice Bobby knew that his master was very sorry they couldn't have their walk, and he also knew that something was wrong. It was very, very wrong. The kind man became very, very ill, and there were many long days and never another walk for Bobby.

At last Bobby's master died. At the funeral Bobby ran alongside, his little tail up bravely. He expected to see his master jump out of the strange car and call him to go for a walk at last. But he didn't. Bobby barked so that his master would know he was there, but people tried to quiet him and chase him away. They had to put him out of the church yard that night when they locked the gates.

Early next morning when the gates were opened there was a little dog waiting to go in. It was Bobby. He rushed to his master's grave and lay there until evening when he was put out again, a dejected little fellow.

This happened every day for months. No one could induce him to leave his master's side. People used to bring him food and try to coax him out, but he wouldn't budge. On Sundays when he saw the men and boys coming into the church wearing their kilts, he would whimper as if he remembered the happy Sundays with his master.

Bobby died at last.

A wealthy lady in Edinburgh heard about Bobby and the story moved her to tears. She had a memorial made for the little dog, and today if you go to Grayfriars Church in Edinburgh, you will see it. On a column outside the churchyard is a likeness of Bobby, alert and adventuresome as he was, and underneath is a drinking fountain for thirsty travelers, then underneath that another one for thirsty puppies.

And people who pause to drink there read Bobby's story. On Saturdays and Sundays small, kilted lads and lassies are taken there to see Grayfriars Bobby. Bobby was faithful to his master, even unto death, just as the Lord Jesus wants every boy and girl to be faithful to Him. Bobby was only a little dog without the intellect that we possess yet he was faithful to the end. We are human beings with more understanding and knowledge.

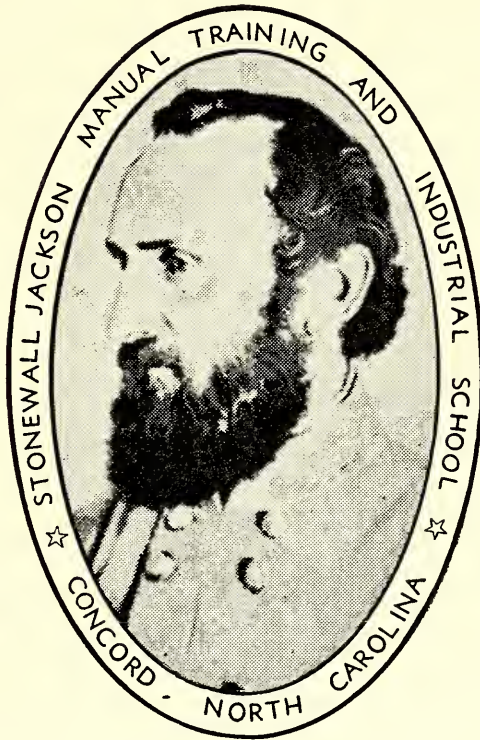
"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilt goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."

— Edwin Markham

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The UPLIFT

“Maxima Debetur Puerto Reverentia”



STONEWALL JACKSON
(1824 — 1863)

OCTOBER 1963



Carolina Charter Tercentenary

THE UPLIFT

NORTH CAROLINA BOARD OF JUVENILE CORRECTION

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EDITORIAL . . .

(Written by Mr. J. P. Cook, leader in founding of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, and Editor of THE UPLIFT. Taken from the January issue of the Uplift, 1921.)

It is very rare that reference is made to this institution as a "Reform" school; that term is intolerable and is resented by all, who understand the very essential principles governing successful work along the lines in which we are engaged. Studious effort has been made in developing the plans of the grounds and in the interior construction of the buildings to avoid every appearance or suggestion of prison life. The name of the institution comes nearer telling the exact truth and describes the character of life here better than could any words we might employ. It is worthwhile however, to make reference to the policy of control and the government that prevail here.

No guards with ugly pistols, clubs or guns parade the grounds, and none are employed. There are no fences, other than those in making pastures. We have just a slight idea of the appearance of ankle bracelets; and wrists chains are unknown. Physical restrainers have never been on this spot, except on two occasions when two great big boobies each escorted a boy to the school hand-cuffed and securely tied with ropes.

At the very opening on January 12, 1909, the policy was established and has since been adhered to rigidly and with great success, that when a boy comes the first business is to find out at as early day as possible whether there remains, along with the divine spark that we know every boy possesses, a lingering shadow of the sense of honor. It is very rare, even in cases that come with the most horrible reputations back home, that soon something is not offered as a handhold of hope—a thing to appeal to. Most boys, practically normal in mind, have the happy faculty of sizing up a proposition very quickly and generally in an unusually accurate manner. When he enters the school, he feels at once the atmosphere of order, system, regularity, cleanliness, humaneness, and a purpose that prevail throughout every department. He is impressed; he is awed; he is confounded; he is amazed; he is oftentimes befuddle, but never humiliated

—he must not be. He catches the step, he divines the purpose, and he begins to reason about the thing to himself. I have often enjoyed hearing boys, who have gone out from the institution, taking their positions in society, and are living uprightly and are assets to the state. He tells of the peculiar sensations that came over him for the first while in his life with us, and he concludes that the easiest and best way to make his stay pleasant and agreeable is to fall in with the habits of life prevailing around him.

Now and then, connection between that boy and that spark of honor is so fragile, and the call back to the allurements of wallow brings on a home-sickness, these forming a combination that he can not resist, and again takes his own future into his own hands for awhile, but soon he returns wiser and with a clearer understanding of just what all this means. After all a man's real character is nothing but a combination of habits—whether for good or bad, either is hard to break. The so-called bad boy appears as the sum-total of the habits that make up his life. Our purpose is to protect him against himself for a period, hold up to him good and tried ideals, teach him the beauty of order, system and frankness, give him a taste of that which strikes the soul, meet him always as a younger brother and, responding, he sheds those little habits, the love for them and the taste, and comes gradually and surely 92 times out of every hundred into his own. I have seen it. It works. It is beautiful.

No. This is not a reformatory—it is not a prison. It is a CHANCE, the only chance in many instances, coming into the life of these “dropped stitches” of a vanished control, and they show a gratitude, sincere and unstinted, look upon the school with a tender love; visit it; encourage the boys, and make substantial gifts. This then, is civic service, justice, civilization, home missions. It bids us go forward.

* * * *

A man may be down, but he isn't out unless he would rather talk about his ill fortune than his prospects.

Make more friends. Almost anyone will make a better friend than enemy.



COMMISSIONER'S COMMENTS

Blaine M. Madison

The following Long Range Plans have been developed and approved by the Administrative Staff and adopted by the State Board of Correction and Training:

LONG RANGE PLANS

If the trend in commitments to the Correction and Training Schools continues as it has since 1950, we will have 2,530 students by 1976. The following long range plans are designed for two purposes:

1. To accommodate the increase in the number of students.
2. To improve the level of service to more adequately meet the needs of students.

Capital Improvements

- A. Capital Improvements requested for the 1963-65 biennium, but not included in recommended appropriations for the biennium. These include the following:

Dobbs Farm

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Addition to School Building | \$ 140,000 |
| 2. Chapel (\$10,000 Gift Available) | 93,000 |
| 3. Swimming Pool | 60,000 |

Eastern Carolina Training School

- | | |
|--------------|-----------|
| 1. Infirmary | \$ 85,000 |
|--------------|-----------|

Jackson Training School

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Completion of School Building | \$ 382,000 |
|----------------------------------|------------|

Juvenile Evaluation Center

- | | |
|-------------------|------------|
| 1. Treatment Unit | \$ 250,000 |
|-------------------|------------|

Leonard Training School

- | | |
|---|------------|
| 1. School Building | \$ 278,000 |
| 2. Renovate present classrooms to dormitory space | 15,000 |
| 3. Swimming Pool | 60,000 |

Morrison Training School

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Addition to School Building | \$ 135,000 |
| 2. Chapel (\$9,000 Gift Available) | 125,000 |
| 3. Swimming Pool | 60,000 |

Samarcand Manor

- | | |
|------------------|-----------|
| 1. Swimming Pool | \$ 60,000 |
|------------------|-----------|

B. Enlargement of Cafeteria at Dobbs Farm

Since the recommended appropriation for one new student cottage at Dobbs Farm does not provide facilities for food service as requested, it will be necessary to enlarge the present cafeteria to accommodate the total school population.

C. Reception Unit at the Juvenile Evaluation Center

Rewrite General Statute 134-100 to provide for all commitments to be made to the State Board of Correction and Training and sent to the Reception Unit at the Juvenile Evaluation Center. The Reception Unit would provide psychological testing, evaluation and classification services. Assignments would be based on the findings of the Reception Unit. To be requested of the 1965 General Assembly and opened on July 1, 1966. Capacity 180 students.

D. New Correction and Training School

To provide services for older students and for students classified as being characterized by aggressiveness and a tendency to run away. Full custody features in all rooms for students. To be requested of the 1965 General Assembly and opened on July 1, 1966. Capacity 300 students.

E. Forestry Camp

To accommodate students characterized as shy, withdrawn and who experience difficulty in adjusting in large group of people. This type of student needs a program characterized by the following:

- (1) An informal, unregimented atmosphere
- (2) Minimum security
- (3) Relatively small group

The forestry camp should have:

- a. The help of a diagnostic services which screens the boys and sends those to camp whose particular needs can best be served in such a facility.
- b. An administrative person or unit to organize, direct, and coordinate the camp's activities and to create a generally positive routine and atmosphere.
- c. Health services that include preventive measures, health maintenance, and medical care.
- d. A counselling program designed to meet the individual needs of the boys, and arrangements for specialized psychiatric or psychological consultation on special problems that the boys present.
- e. A recreational program that is geared to meet the delinquent's need for group participation and personal expression, and that provides a choice of activities that have some carry-over value for the boys after they leave the camp.
- f. A work program that interests and challenges the boys but does not exploit them, that gives them a fair remuneration for their work, and that has some carry-over value for employment in private life.
- g. Religious activities to serve the spiritual needs of the boys.
- h. An educational program that is appropriate to the age, interests, and future needs of the boy and which meets the State educational requirements.
- i. Access to an adequate aftercare program for the boys.
- j. Casework, clinical, and related services available to the boys' families. This service will help the parents with their problem

so that they can provide the boy with a healthier setting in which to live upon his return. Generally, these services will not be provided under camp auspices.

- k. An evaluation program to clearly delineate the treatment processes and assess their effectiveness.

To be located in an appropriate forest area of the State and conducted in keeping with the best practices in forestry camps across the country. To be requested of the 1967 General Assembly and opened July 1, 1968. Capacity 50 students.

F. Additional Cottages for Students

In order to accommodate the increase in the number of commitments, the following cottages for students will be required:

1974 - One cottage for twenty-five students at Dobbs Farm

One cottage for twenty-five students at Eastern Carolina Training School

1976 - One cottage for twenty-five students at Eastern Carolina Training School

One cottage for twenty-five students at Samarcand Manor

One cottage for twenty-five students at Leonard Training School

One cottage for twenty-five students at the new training school

One cottage for twenty-five students at Morrison Training School

It appears that the foregoing capital facilities will accommodate the increase in the number of commitments through 1976. See attached table showing population from 1950 through 1976.

To Improve the Level of Service

The training school experience should be so therapeutic in nature that students change their sense of values. To help each student become an e-

emotionally stable and socially mature individual is the goal of the training school experience. The most effective way to improve the level of service is to further refine the treatment concept and the treatment process.

As a means of improving the level of service, the State Board of Correction and Training proposes the following:

Additional Professional Personnel

A treatment program requires professional personnel. The Board proposes that a request be made to the 1965 General Assembly for one Social Worker for each seventy-five students, or major portion thereof and for a Director of Cottage Life for each of the Correctional and Training Schools,

Reduction of Student Load

As is the case in other institutions providing services for students, effectiveness decreases as the load increases; or, the reverse of that is that effectiveness increases as the load decreases. In the Correction and Training Schools in North Carolina, the student load is far above the national average. Many members of our personnel are responsible for too many students and are working too many hours per week. The Board proposes that a request be made to the 1967 General Assembly for a reduction in the student load from four students for each member of the personnel to 3.5 students for each member of the personnel in the Correction and Training Schools; at the Juvenile Evaluation Center the student load be reduced from three students for each member of the personnel to 2.5 students for each member of the personnel.

After Care

The after care program for students released from the Correction and Training Schools should be strengthened and made more adequate. This service should be provided by the agency which has primary responsibility for the Juvenile Correction program in the State. At the present time the only after care available is provided by the welfare departments in communities where there are no special juvenile courts, and by the special juvenile courts in communities where such courts are available. The Board of Correction and Training proposes that the 1965 General Assembly be requested to make an appropriation for the installation of an after care program to be administered by the State Board of Correction and

Training and designed with the primary purpose of providing after care services for students released from the Juvenile Correction Institutions, and staffed by personnel trained and experienced in working with children and youth in trouble. Such a program would continue to make use of the services of the welfare departments and juvenile courts in some cases. Such a plan would further reduce the number of recidivists.

* * * *

NO MUSTARD SEED

There lived a woman in England whose house stood at the foot of two ugly hillocks, which prevented the sun from reaching the window at which she always washed dishes. She often wished that the hillocks might be taken away so that she might have the rays of the sun and see the valley beyond.

One day at church the minister read from the Scriptures, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

The woman resolved to experiment. She was going to see if it would work. So that night, taking one last hateful look at the hillocks, she pulled down the shade, washed the dishes, and seated herself in the other part of the house. Then she began to mutter, "Hillocks, remove hence to yonder place," repeating it many times and tried to imagine that in the morning the hillocks would be gone.

In the morning, when she got up, she pulled up the shade. The hillocks were still there. "Just as I expected!" she exclaimed.

* * * *

Buying a cheap article to save money is like stopping the clock to save time.

Happiness consists in activity. It is a running stream, not a stagnant pool.

Grow angry slowly—there's plenty of time.

Sunday Services

By Lorin Randolph

Reverend Jack Haymes from West Concord Baptist Church in Concord was our minister Sunday, October 6.

Mr. Haymes used as his scripture the fifth chapter of Matthew the 38-48 verses. He used as his topic "The Second Mile." Mr. Haymes read us a certain verse taken from his scripture. It was the 41st verse which said, "And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Which means if someone wishes you to go one mile go two in order to make him happier.

Mr. Haymes told us about some Jewish boys long ago who were by law supposed to carry any Roman soldiers pack who asked them one mile. The boys would take a stake and measure a distance in front of their house equal to one mile. They would also mark the distance of one mile behind their house and on both sides of their house. The reason for these stakes was that if a Roman soldier came along and asked them to carry his pack they would carry it out to one of these stakes and then

would drop it because that was as far as they had to carry it.

If we expect to live a happy life we must do a little more than what we do and what is expected of us. If we do this it will make us happy and it will also make Jesus happy.

Mr. Haymes also told us a story of a famous surgeon. One day this surgeon was performing an operation in front of some new doctors who were watching from a balcony above. When he had completed the operation he tied three knots at the end of his stitches. One of the new doctors jumped down from where he was and approached the doctor. He asked the doctor why he had tied three knots in the stitches instead of just one like the book said could be tied if it was tied right. The surgeon answered saying that the three knots were his stepping knots. He said he knew clearly what the book said and that it said one could be tied if tied right, but he tied three because he knew that one of the three knots was tied right and that knowing this he could

sleep at night.

This story shows how a man went an extra step just to help others and make himself happy. Going an extra mile will make our home, school, and all other places in life more happy. God hasn't asked us to do anything He hasn't done Himself.

We were very happy to have Reverend Haymes come and talk with us. We all enjoyed his sermon very much and hope he comes back sometime in the near future.

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Sunday, October 13, we had Reverend Robert Moody from Center Grove Methodist Church in Stanfield. Mr. Moody took his scripture from the 3rd chapter of St. John, 14-21 verses.

Mr. Moody used the word love as the topic of his sermon. Everyone must have love in order to live a complete life. No one can completely understand the love of God. The love of God is so great so powerful so wonderful and no one can really tell all about God's love. God loves us so much that he let the people of the world take his only son and crucify him to show his love for all. If you believe in God's love and have it you will not perish.

There are only two things which can happen when you die. First purpose is that no one should perish. The second purpose is that you should have eternal life.

Like a circle God has no beginning or no end. He lives for an eternity.

The strength of God's love is so great that we can't understand, realize it or visualize it. The love of God

is greater than that of anyone else. Mr. Moody told us a few stories connected with his life about great strength, about greater strength than any one of us could understand. God's love is much greater than any other kind of strength there is.

Life is like a football game. When there is co-operation on a team they will win. If there is no co-operation on a team they loose. When there is love in our lives we will win. If there is no love we will loose.

Whether anyone else in the whole world loves you or not God still loves you. No matter what you do or say God still loves you.

Reverend Moody brought us a very fine sermon. We all enjoyed it and wish him the best of luck in the future. We hope he will return soon.

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The Reverend Robert Swygert from the book of St. John, 7th chapter in Rimertown.

Mr. Swygert took his scripture pter 45-53 verses.

Christianity was the word which Mr Swygert talked and told us about. There will always be Christianity in the world as long as we can follow Jesus. As long as we believe in Jesus we will have everlasting life.

We enjoyed having Mr. Swygert come and speak to us and we hope he will come again soon with another fine sermon.

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When a man speaks badly of you so live that no one will believe him.

CAMPUS NEWS

COTTAGE TWO

Cottage Two has been very busy picking peanuts. We have been washing them and putting them out in the sun on large canvases. We recieved quite a few loads of peanuts, but we finished them pretty fast. Lately we have been bagging them, and picking the best ones for Halloween.

On October 5 we had a birthday party. We went to a horse show at the Concord Speedway, and on the way back from there we rode by a small air strip where paratroopers were jumping from an airplane. The day after that Mr. Hahn took us on a pleasure ride through Salisbury.

We went to the time trials at the Charlotte Motor Speedway, on October 12. We had a very good time there. They gave a demonstration of how fast the pit crews could change the two right tires and put in ten gallons of gas. The fastest timing was 21 and ninety-seven hundredths of a second. That was pretty fast.

—Robert Myers

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COTTAGE FOUR

On Oct. 6 Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cranford came out to the school and showed cottage 4 three very good films. The first film was about boat racing. The second film was about fishing and the third film was about an expedition in Africa. These films were donated by the Mercury Outboard Motor Co. We enjoyed the

films very much, and want to thank Mr. Cranford for taking his time to come and show these films to us, also we want to thank the Mercury Outboard Motor Co. for donating the films.

—Kenneth Strickland

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COTTAGE 5

Last Sunday, September 29, Mr. Parrish took the boys for a ride. We went to Douglas Airport in Charlotte. We saw two big jets take off and a couple of cub airplanes. After that we rode around. We also went out to Arbor Acres Farm and saw a lot of Whiterock chickens. We saw some ponies and black angus cows. After that we went to the cottage and ate supper.

—Edward Stewart

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COTTAGE 14

Cottage 14 had a very interesting softball season this year. We played five games and won five. We played Cottage 17 for semi finals and won 12 to 5, and on Sept. 14 played Cottage 11 for the trophy and won 7 to 5. Earl Patterson hit a home run for the first hit of the game.. We led 3 to 0 in the first inning, but as the game went on it became very close. As the game came to a close we had some very fine pitching by Freddie Riffle. We also had some good playing from Harold Robbins and Steve

Donaldson.

As a reward for winning the trophy Mr. Hooker took us on a trip to Lake Norman to see the new dam. We took our supper and some water-melons and stopped at a rest area on highway 85 heading toward Gastonia. After eating we went to the Douglas Airport in Charlotte and watched planes land and take off for a while. Then we drove through Charlotte past the Charlotte Motor Speedway going toward Concord. We stopped at an ice cream place outside of Concord and Mr. and Mrs. Hooker treated us to an ice cream cone. Then we returned to the training school. We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Hooker for taking us on the trip. We hope we can take another trip some other time.

—William Edwards
—Buddy Edison

BAND AT J. T. S.

On Friday night, October 11th, our school was honored with a visit from a band named the Pep Tones. The band consisted of seven members. They had with them five instruments which were a electric guitar, a base lead guitar, a steel guitar, and a five string banjo, and a set of trap drums.

They also had with them two singers, and some of the songs were "Froggie Went a Courtin," "You Get a Line and I'll Get a Pole," and the theme to the "Beverly Hillbillies." They closed the program with a hymn named "In the Garden."

We would like to thank everyone who made it possible for them to

come and entertain us. We hope we will be honored with another visit from them real soon.

—Forest Hall

HALLOWEEN PARTY

On Saturday, October 26, we had our annual Halloween party. It consisted of hot dogs, peanuts, drinks, candy, pop corn, and cake. We lined up by cottages. The people serving were Mr. Hinson, Mr. Lowder, Mrs. Bost, Mrs. Liske, Robert Miller, David Chase, and Tommy Carter. We used a little hut to serve the refreshments to the boys. All the cottage parents were there and some of the school teachers' families. We would like to thank all the people who made this party possible for the boys of Jackson Training School.

—Raymond Kemp

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

SPECIAL A

Mrs. Barbee's class has some new scenes on the bulletin boards which add some pretty attractions to the room.

On the board just inside the door there are pictures which the boys colored of Halloween characters and pumpkins and cats. There are pictures showing trick-or-treaters and pictures showing the games which are played at Halloween. Around the board are pumpkin faces and flying witches.

On the board in the back of the room, there are pictures of many different types of airplanes. There are also some pictures of Alaska and Holland which were colored by the boys

In the front of the room tacked up on the wall is a very nice picture of a boy laying on the ground with two birds in the foreground. This is very nicely done by Marshall Lowery. Mrs. Barbee's room looks real nice and we hope all of the boys try to help keep it this way.

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SPECIAL B

Mrs. Stallings boys have made some copies of the poem "The Old North State." All of the copies were done freehand by the boys, and they all look very good. The copies have a picture of the state flag and of a pine cone from the state tree, the long leaf pine.

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SPECIAL C

In Mrs. Liske's classroom there are Halloween characters such as bats, witches, black cats, and hobgoblins. There is also Halloween trains at the front of the room on the blackboard with pumpkin heads in each car and favorite books to read. There are many different types of pumpkin heads, some with sad types of pumpkin heads, some with sad faces, some with happy faces and some with sad faces.

On a bulletin board in the back of the room there are some boxes with

a few different scenes of the places of the world. There is one of Hong Kong and one of the Easter Island and several others. The boys have Mrs. Liske's room looking pretty neat.

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SPECIAL D

We are studying about the meaning of the Statue of Liberty. We have a chart on the bulletin board showing that the torch means liberty enlightening the world and liberty by law.

We also have some food charts on the board showing how you balance a meal to build strong and healthy bodies.

In social studies we are studying the big cities of the north.

We have two new boys to come to this month, they are Giles Maness and Larce Jacobs, we also have a new boy in the afternoon, his name is Francis Smoker.

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INFIRMARY

These past few weeks we have been receiving our new equipment, we are glad to be getting it. We have a new wheel chair, a clock, two radios, sewing machine, coffee pot, they are all nice articles.

We have not had very many boys in these past few weeks, must be because they like the cool weather. We hope it stays this way.

—Robert Thompson

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

PAINT SHOP

The paint shop boys have been working pretty hard this month. We have been painting Cottage Ten's windows for the past few weeks.

We painted the Pavilion ridge row last week. And we painted some more cottage roofs also.

Last week Mr. Dry was sick, he was out all week. We got three new boys this week.

—Robert Phillips

—Milton Heath

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CARPENTER SHOP

During this month we have been very busy, fixing and repairing the garage across from the Swink Benson Trades Building.

Some of the boys have been putting in shelves and painting the clothing department.

We have had one boy to go home this month. We wish him the best of luck.

—Christopher Atwood

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CAFETERIA

The boys in the cafeteria have been shelling beans and preparing other vegetables this month.

Miss Mooring, a consulting dietitian from Raleigh visited us September 23, 24, and 25. We were grateful for her visit. She helped us in

many ways giving us new ideas and helpful information concerning our work in the cafeteria.

We have four boys going home this month, their names are Mark Pruitt, Tommy Carter, Richard Hall, and Tony Walker. We wish them the best of luck.

—Bobby Hallman

—Tommy Carter

—Mark Pruitt

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SEWING ROOM

The sewing room boys have been making new pajamas, and we are working on a new shirt pattern. We have been making round rugs out of looper clips. We have some better sheet material. We have three new boys in the sewing room. their names are David Turner, Bernard Godwin, and Roy Rogers. They are all learning how to sew. We are getting a new sewing machine next week. We all like our new supervisor.

Dwight Teer

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YARD FORCE

The yard force boys have been doing good in their work. We have been moving chickens from the range in to the houses getting ready for cold weather. We killed chickens twice. Our eggs won 1st prize at the County Fair. Next week we are getting some day old chicks. We have had a hard time keeping the fox and stray dogs from our flock while on the range.

We have set out some pansies, and

have several thousand more to set.

We have fertilized the lawn at the new school.

We are beginning to rake leaves and gather pecans.

—Jeff Wilson

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TRACTOR FORCE

We have been working very hard this month. We combined for about two weeks. Three of the machine shop boys helped combine. We have been putting up a fence. We have also been carrying peanuts to cottages 1, 2, 3, 4, 11, and 13.

Wayne Walker

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SHOE SHOP

The boys in the shoe shop have been busy this month repairing shoes. We also worked in the Cafeteria for two days last week, making Chow-Chow. We also completed our work in the cannery and all the boys got citations. We are glad to be back in the shop again. We have one boy expecting to go home this month, his name is Ellis Allen, and we wish him the best of luck.

—Randy Carver

—Johnny Wagoner

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BARBER SHOP

The boys in the barber shop have been working regular this month. We have had a boy to go home this month, his name is Ralph Shuffler. We hope he gets along fine at home. We are expecting to have some new

boys to come in to the barber shop. We only have two barbers in the shop, their names are Clinton Martin and Bobby Broadway.

—Clinton Martin

—Bobby Broadway

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GYM

We have been playing a little of modified football in our regular Phys Ed. classes when weather permits us to. The boys enjoy it and play to win.

We have started our season of volleyball and hope to start competing between the cottages around the last of October. In November when the weather is bad and we can't play football we play volleyball inside. Most of the boys know how to play good and try hard.

We have a new boy in the gym. His name is Reeves Ferguson from Leaksville, N.C.

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DAIRY

We of the dairy are happy to be in the new milk house. It is such a nice modern building. We are real proud of it. The marble floors and tile walls are easily cleaned, but they get dirty easily too. It is so nice to have this nice new building to keep clean. We feel that our milk is so much cleaner and more sanitary in the new milk house than it was in the old one. Some of the equipment we are using is old and badly worn. We hope in the near future it can be replaced. We wish to express our appreciation to the woodwork, plumbing and main-

tainance departments for their splendid cooperation in getting everything running as smoothly as possible in the new milk house.

We invite you to visit our department any time. We will be glad to explain our processing operation to you and let you see for yourself.

For two weeks before the Cabarrus County Fair the dairy boys were training and fitting some heifers to show. We have washed them every day, brushed them and trained them to lead and to stand for judging. We are proud of the work we put in on the cattle to take to the Fair. We took first place in all three classes we entered. Working with these cattle was successful.

—E. D. Moretz

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COTTON MILL

The boys in the Cotton Mill have been working in the cannery for the past week, canning sweet potatoes. We also got one of our bigger looms in working condition, and hope to make some good cloth.

We have had one boy changed to the morning, his name is Marvin Grigg. We hope he likes it.

—William Edwards

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MACHINE SHOP

The machine shop boys have been very busy this month. We have been servicing the bulldozer. The bulldozer broke the blade, we had to take it off and bring it to the shop.

We got a new boy last month, his

name is Freddy Austin. We hope that he gets along fine here and makes Mr. Mabrey a good machine shop boy.

—Bobby Massey
—Manuel Leopard

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LAUNDRY

The boys have been working very hard the past few weeks, getting things done and cleaned up. We have one boy expected to go home next month. His name is David Talbert.

We have gotten two new boys in the laundry they are Stanford Baldwin and Billy Cornwell.

—David Talbert
—Andy Hammack

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BAKERY

The boys in the bakery have been very busy this month cleaning up the bakery. We have had two boys helping us out until we get some new boys, which we hope will be very soon. We have one boy in the bakery that we hope will be going home in November, his name is Harvey Glisson.

—Harvey Glisson

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PLUMBING SHOP

The boys in the plumbing shop have been working very hard this month taking old pipes out of the old milk house.

We have one boy expecting to go home sometime this month, his name

is Barry Worley.

We have had two boys transferred to the morning section, they are Wayne Winkler and Buddy Edison. We hope they get along as well in the morning as they did in the evening.

We have put a new bridge at the fork of the gravel pit and another one below the green house.

—Barry Worley

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BETTY MILLER HOPKINS

Mrs. Betty Miller Hopkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Miller, counselors at cottage nine, died September 30, following a lengthy illness. Funeral services were held at the St. James Lutheran Church in Concord. Mrs. Hopkins is survived by her husband, Robert L. Hopkins; one daughter, Elizabeth of the home, the parents and one brother.

Our sincere sympathy goes to Mr. and Mrs. Miller and their family.

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LIBRARY

This month we have been cleaning up our library. We have waxed the floors and washed all of the windows. Some decorations about Halloween have been put up in the library. We have recieved a few new magazines this month. Most of the books have been checked to see if they need new cards. We have been trying to keep the library looking nice.

—Perry Davis

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Money talks—and when it does few people need hearing aids.

A dictator would have a tough time in a country like this, where the people would like to kill the umpire for making just one mistake.

We feel sorry for the man who wants to live in the country. He has moved out of town three times and each time the city overtook him.

A career woman is one who goes out and earns a man's salary instead of staying at home and taking it away from him.

If you can remember when two ash trays were enough for a seven-room house, brother, you are really an old-timer.

Consideration for others may delay traffic a bit, but it permits a few people each day to live out their natural lives.

Marriages frequently go on the rocks because a girl married a night owl and expected him to become a homing pigeon.

The quickest way to get people interested in a project is to tell them that it is none of their business.

Wonder if anybody has taken the time to enumerate how many things can go wrong with an automobile.

Some people have so many irons in the fire and change them so often that only the handles get hot.

Honor Rolls

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

COTTAGE NO. 1

Marshall Lowery
Richard Stinson
Wayne Winkler

COTTAGE NO. 2

Quinton Allen
Thomas Carter
Ronnie Grant
Marvin Grigg
Bobby Hallman
Virgil Jones
Harvey Locklear
George Mabe
Chuck Nunnery

COTTAGE NO. 3

J. C. Clayton
David Funderburk
Mitchell Newberry

COTTAGE NO. 4

Melvin Foss
Jerry Johnson
David Lashley
Bobby Morrison
Kenneth Strickland
Jerry Pritchard

COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Carter
George Hammock
Sanford Higgs

COTTAGE NO. 6

Buford Higgs
David Phillips

COTTAGE NO. 7

Johnny Morris

COTTAGE NO. 8

Johnny Hall

COTTAGE NO. 9

Donnie Angel
John Beach
Paul Bell
Randy Carver
Donald Cummings
William Wafford

COTTAGE NO. 10

Jack Cobbler
Jonah Ferrell
Clinton Martin
Ted Pope

COTTAGE NO. 11

Julius Fredell
 Eddie Howard
 J. C. King
 Danny Langley
 Billy Overstreet
 John Phelps

COTTAGE NO. 13

Barry Boyd
 Victor Cannon
 Charles Crouch
 Eli Johnson
 Lewis Murr
 Kenneth Potts
 Cecil Spivey
 Gary Thompson
 Arthur Ingram

COTTAGE NO. 14

Steve Donaldson
 Buddy Edison
 Earl Faulkerson
 Henry Faircloth
 Treatus Hammonds
 Benny Hollingsworth
 Billy Lambert
 Michael Lovas
 Earl Patterson
 Freddie Riffle
 Guaran Ward

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jimmy Case
 Curtis Chavis
 David Harrelson
 Edward Smith
 Jimmy Lewis
 Jeff Watts

COTTAGE NO. 17

Jimmy Akers

William Branch
 Harold Jones
 Ray Williams

TRADE HONOR ROLL**SEPTEMBER****OFFICE**

Mitchell Newberry

PRINT SHOP

Raymond Kemp
 Raleigh Grant
 Ted Pope
 Lorin Randolph
 Forrest Hall
 Franklin Dunn
 Joseph Beamon
 Robert Myers

TEXTILE PLANT

Tommy Crump
 Franklin Hilton
 Wayne Lyman
 Curtis Chavis
 Bobby Crouch
 Benny Hollingsworth
 Bobby Goode
 Marshall Lowery
 Paul Belanger
 William Edwards
 Billy Gordon
 Terry Brewer
 Michael Chandler
 Marvin Grigg

PAINT SHOP

Robert Phillips
 Bruse Triplett
 Robert Pullen
 Milton Heath

CARPENTER SHOP

Ronnie Grant
 Chris Atwood
 Billy Wilhite
 John Sain
 Guaran Ward
 Bobby Morrison

MACHINE SHOP

Frank Trivette
 John Phelps
 Carl Spivey
 Cecil Spivey
 Thomas Barsh
 Bobby Massey
 Harold Jones

SHOE SHOP

Ellis Allen
 Randy Carver
 Johnny Wagoner
 Karl Bullock
 Ronnie Beach
 Charles Carter
 Ernest Cock

BARBER SHOP

Mike Murphy
 Johnny Hall
 Johnny Morris
 Bobby Broadway
 Ralph Shuffler
 Clinton Martin

SEWING ROOM

David Funderburk
 Willie Poston
 Bobby Smith
 Billy McGinnis
 Bobby Hardin
 Dale Perkins

LAUNDRY

Barry Boyd
 Bruce Starnes
 Larry Callicutt
 David Talbert
 Billy Burleyson
 George Hammock
 Thurmon Woodring
 Thomas Graham
 Jasper Vincent
 Jesse Soles
 Ronald Sisk
 Ronnie Whitesides
 Donnie Angel
 John Nance
 Albert House

POULTRY AND YARD

Eugene Foss
 Steve Gunter
 Tommy Bolding
 Lewis Murr
 Richard Cardwell
 Wayne Norton
 Robert Potts
 James Norton

CAFETERIA

James Davis
 James Mosteller
 James Cole
 Earl Patterson
 David Chase
 Melvin Foss
 William Branch
 Lynn Honeycutt
 Kenneth Westbrook
 Bobby Hailman
 Tommy Carter
 Jackie Garris
 Johnny Taylor

Cecil Stepp
 Chuck Nunnery
 Robert Nelson
 Eugene Patterson

DAIRY

Bobby Bryant
 Otis Walker
 Charles Skinner
 Michael Trivette
 Jerry Ellis
 Billy Smith
 Jesse Smith

FARM

Larce Jacobs
 Jerry Helms
 Jimmy Locklear
 Robert Allen
 George Mabe
 Donald Cummings
 Treatus Hammonds
 Harvey Locklear
 Lee Dee Locklear
 Raeford Knight
 Steve Lowery
 Virgil Jones

—:—

A man in a doorway, struggling with a piano, was glad of the offer of assistance from a passer-by. A fresh struggle ensued, and after half an hour's tugging and straining, the owner of the piano remarked, "Phew! At this rate it will take us hours to get this thing out!"

"Out!" almost screamed the other, who was perspiring heavily. "Why didn't you say you wanted it out? I've been trying to push it in!"

"Pa," said Hector, looking up from the book he was reading, "what is meant by 'diplomatic phraseology'?"

"Well," replied Pa, "if you were to say to a homely girl, 'Your face would stop the clock,' that would be stupidity, but if you said to her, 'When I look into your eyes, time stands still,' that would be diplomatic phraseology."

The prosecuting attorney was having trouble with a somewhat difficult witness. Finally he asked the man whether he was acquainted with any of the men on the jury.

"Yes sir," announced the witness, "more than half of them".

Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the lawyer.

"Why, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together!"

Two fellows met one day on the street. One was wearing the initials "IATK."

"My friend," said the other, "I never saw a button like that. What kind of a lodge or organization is that?"

"It's a new organization I belong to," the first one said. "The initials mean, 'I thoroughly confused.'"

"I get the first three letters all right," answered the other fellow, "but what is the 'K' for?"

"It stands for 'confused.'"

"But you've spelled it wrong."

"Maybe so," was the retort, "but you don't know how thoroughly confused I am"

NEW STUDENTS

McGee, Douglas Wayne	Lenoir
Harris, Vernon Eugene	Lenoir
Ingram, Arthur Alvin	Lenoir
Holmes, Ronnie Lee	Statesville
Rogers, Roy Ronnie	Asheville
Rich, Millard Lang	Candler
Hinson, James, Jr. "Oscar"	Richfield
Brown, Johnny Mack	Belmont
Hannah, Stanly Sylvester	Belmont
Duke, Ronald Wayne	Charlotte
Stegall, Jimmy Ray	Charlotte
Thomason, Jerry Douglas	Canton
Robinson, Larry Gene	Hazelwood
Tucker, Obie Casteen	Spencer
Norton, Billy Ray	St. Pauls
Anderson, Donald Earl	Asheville
Anderson, Elmer Norris, Jr.	Asheville
Cole, George Wilson	Hickory
Warren, Jack Donald	Statesville
Williams, Jerry Michael	Spindale
Griffin, Joe Thomas	North Wilkesboro
Threadgill, William B., Jr.	Lilesville
Sells, Robert Wesley	Albemarle

May, Roger Dale	Aquone
Morgan, Tim Randall	Brevard
Bailey, Lacy Larry	High Point
Fisk, Channing Whitney, Jr.	Wilmington
Martin, Jerry Michael	Winston-Salem
Hill, Robert Earl	Raleigh
Bush, Earl Glenn.....	Kings Mountain
Garner, Elbert Hubert, Jr.	Greensboro
Grice, Mitchell Wayne	High Point
Robnett, Lawrence Patrick	Charlotte
Webb, Larry, Jr.	Highlands
Oxendine, Henry H.	Hamlet
Stanley, James Floyd	Lexington
Earker, Johnny Eugene	Statesville
Cain, John Washington, Jr.	Raeford
Carter, Dennis Paul	Draper
Kirkendall, William Henry	Fayetteville
Childress, Larry Wayne	Mt. Airy
Edwards, James Austin, Jr.	Lumberton

* * * *

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.

The man who continues pulling on the oars doesn't have much time to rock the boat.

FORTY - FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION

On Oct. 8, the South Piedmont District of the North Carolina Education Association held their annual meeting.

The Ten District Meetings were scheduled in October, and were held in Boone, Asheville, Mooresville, Highpoint, Rockingham, East Rowan, Greenville, Fayetteville, Durham, and New Bern. The South Piedmont, of which we belong, met in Rockingham.

All the meetings were designed to help teachers and other educators further themselves professionally.

A general session began at 9:30 A.M. with the following speakers:

General Session

9:30 A.M. Kate Finley Auditorium, Rockingham
High School

Invocation: Dan S. Davis, NCEA Past President,
Monroe.

Greetings:

Dr. Charles F. Carroll, State Superintendent
of Public Instruction, Raleigh.

Dr. Frank G. Fuller, NCEA President,
Greenville.

NCEA Activities: Dr. A. C. Dawson, Jr.,
NCEA Executive Secretary, Raleigh.

NEA Activities: Bert Ishee, NEA Director,
Fayetteville.

Recognition of Platform Guests.

Introduction of Speaker: J. E. Honeycutt,
Superintendent, Rockingham City Schools.

"Education in the American Mosaic," Imre
Kovacs, Student of World Affairs and
Authority on Central Europe.

Mr. Imre Kovacs, who is a world traveler, was very interesting

The Divisional Meetings were held at 12 noon. Directors of Instruction, Superintendents, Principals, and Educational Secretaries heard an address by Dr. Charles Carroll at a joint luncheon, Mr. Lentz attended this meeting.

The Departmental Sessions met at 2:30. These meetings embraced the following:

Agriculture, Audio-Visual, Bible, Business Education, English, Grammar, Grade Education, Home Economics, Industrial Arts, Mathematics, Modern Foreign Language, Music, Primary Education, School Librarians, Science and Social Studies.

We were at liberty to choose the class we felt that we would get the most good concerning our teaching fields.

All eating places dressed up in their Sunday best and offered the most delicious food. Every one talked of the nice luncheons.

Another entertaining part of the day was the visit to the Exhibit hall, which offered free materials.

—Paul W. Lentz

* * * *

To live is not to encompass but to expand; to love is not to absorb but to radiate; to know is not to hoard but to express.

We judge ourselves by what we are capable of doing; others judge us by what we have done.

Friendship without self-interest is one of the rare and beautiful things of life.

Don't expect to be paid a dollar an hour for your working hours when you use your leisure hours as though they were worth five cents a dozen.

Nothing is easier than faultfinding no talent, no self-denial, no brains no character, are required to set up in the grumbling business.

Prosperity is only an instrument to be used; not a deity to be worshiped.

GRANDMA'S HALLOWEEN PARTY

BY BON MILLER

Tom, Dick, and Harry were perched on a log on the bank of Trout stream. Each had new fishing tackle and was eager to rival in catching the most and largest trout. But their expressions were enough to tell you that luck was against them. The baskets were empty, and each boy was winding his line prior to eating his lunch.

Lunch began, also the chatter. Tom suggested they lay plans for Halloween tricks. All three agreed. Harry began the naming of the victims. His first suggestion was Grandma Benner.

"Goody-good," said Tom, and they laughed—except Dick.

"What'll be the trick?" Dick asked.

"Well," said Harry, "Grandma always puts her cabbage crop about this time of the year on her back porch. We can roll the cabbage heads down the hill back of the house in to the creek."

"And see her fish them out of the water!" Tom almost shouted.

"Do you think we should do that?" queried Dick. "You know, Grandma's eighty years old and lives alone, and I guess is poor. The cabbage may ruin, or she may get hurt trying to get the cabbage back."

"Aw!" exclaimed Harry, "She'll just laugh at the trick! Besides, we did that last year, and she got all the cabbage back the next day."

At last Halloween came around, and the three boys proceeded with their "tricks or treat" plans. The morning before Halloween night they went by Grandma Benner's house on their way to school, and, sure enough, the cabbage was on the back porch. The boys tripped along quietly until Dick saw some smoke far out in Grandma's back yard. "Look!" he exclaimed, "there's Grandma Benner—stirring apple butter in a kettle."

Just then there was a loud squawk in the chicken house near where Grandma was cooking the apple butter. The excited boys rushed to the chicken house, and there was a big red rooster fighting Grandma's prize white rooster. "Shoo! shoo!" shouted the boys, waving their arms. "Shoo! shoo!" And they kicked at the red rooster, which, with a squawk, flew out of the yard.

Tom who was standing in the door, gave the rooster another quick kick just as he flew past, which caused him to soar up in the air and direct-

ly toward Grandma. Then, believe it or not, the rooster tried to light on the edge of the big kettle, but instead fell smack-dab into the cooking apple butter!

Grandma and the boys just gasped. But now the school bell was ringing, without saying a word, the boys ran off toward the schoolhouse, leaving Grandma alone with the dead rooster and the ruined apple butter.

Evening came. And it was Halloween, and the moon was shining brightly. Grandma Benner was settled in her rocker, wondering how she could face the winter without her apple butter. Tears were on her cheeks when she heard a noise on the back porch. "Halloweeners!" she gasped. "Oh! my cabbage! my cabbage!"

She was making her way quickly to the door when there were three quick taps on the door, and it opened before she could get to it. In marched a ghost, a gypsy, and a cowboy. Each carried something heavy. The next moment Grandma was looking at three large crocks, each tied with wax paper. She smelled the spicy fragrance of apple butter.

"I do declare," She exclaimed in glad surprise; "What can ye boys be up to now? Can this be a new kind of Halloween trick?" Then she said with a smile, "Who be ye; I couldn't guess?"

The trio pulled off their disguises, and there stood—Tom, Dick, and Harry!

Grandma did not seem much surprised, but neither did the boys. But Grandma said cordially, "Find some chairs, boys, and we'll have a party—we'll have cider and cookies—all we can eat and drink—and we'll play games, too!"

A whole jolly hour was spent with Grandma, but she finally said, "Now, boys, it's time to go home. I want to thank ye for the nice trick ye played on me this Halloween, with that fine apple butter! It is going to help me so much. But now promise me that ye won't be playing any real tricks as ye go home."

"Only one," said Tom.

"On Mother Smithers," said Dick.

"She sure needs it!" said Harry.

And with that each boy held up a clean new dollar bill!

Grandma Benner's face beamed! "God bless you boys!" she said with tears rolling out of her eyes. And the boys were off.

RULING A KINGDOM

By Mary Gardner

Once upon a time a young prince awoke in the morning to find himself a king. He was no longer merely a prince who must obey his teachers, and elders, but a king, the ruler of a wonderful and mighty kingdom. He felt very young and very ignorant; but he wanted to be the best kind of king and to make his kingdom the greatest and the happiest kingdom in the world.

So he began to look about and see just how that was to be done. He had hardly time to think, however, before this one and that one began to come to him, each begging to be allowed to tell him his plan for making him the greatest king of the greatest kingdom in the world.

"Let me show you how to rule," said the first. "You should do as a king has the right to do; enjoy everything that please you and do nothing that is disagreeable. Let other people attend to the hard things. You are a king, and you are young. You shall have good times from morning until night. I will teach you to be gay, and to laugh, and you can leave sober business until you are too old for fun."

The prince thought very hard. "I do not think I should want to play and to have fun all the time," he said. "And I should like to be happy when I am old, too. Besides, I want to rule over a great kingdom, and a happy people, and I must attend to that myself. No—I cannot rule by your plan."

Then another advisor came. "You will have the mightiest kingdom in the world if you take my way. You will have lands and wealth and bigger armies than anyone else. Your people will build you great cities, and ships, and factories."

But the prince interrupted him. "Armies"? "Armies, you say? But armies bring wars—and war means terrible bloodshed, ruined towns, suffering, and grief. That will not make a happy kingdom. Oh, no—no! I cannot let you tell me how to rule. There must be a better plan."

Others came, but none of them offered a plan that would make him the ruler of a splendid kingdom and a happy people. Then a wise and noble counselor who had known and loved the prince's father came to him.

"There is but one way to be a great king, my son," he said. "It is to

rule your kingdom and yourself; to study your people, and think of their good; to learn wisdom of those who have proved themselves wise; to give of your time, your strength, your thought to the business of your kingdom. I will give you the Book which guided your father. If you are guided by the wisdom with which it is filled, you will be a great king, though you forget pleasure and have no great armies or wealth. Here, my son—I will show you the place your father marked—the first thing, he said, that a king must learn.”

And in the book the young king read where the wise counselor’s finger pointed: “He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.”

—North Carolina Christian Advocate

* * * *

GIFTS

No soul may pay a giver for a gift.
 What price be fit, save only gratitude?
 No gift’s complete, without a sacrifice
 By him who gets, as well as he who gives.
 But he who gives himself for other’s need
 Is doubly paid—whate’er his sacrifice—
 When he who gets, gives self in gratitude
 To someone else. And only thus, Love’s chain
 May be complete, and all His purpose served.
 In sacrificial love, God gave His Son,
 Whose heart, for us, was broken on a cross.

—SUNSHINE MAGAZINE

* * * *

Progress begins with getting a clear view of the obstacle.

No one has to explain something he hasn’t said.

There is only one person with whom you can profitably compare yourself, and this person is your yesterday’s self.”

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Drawer 870
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilt goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."

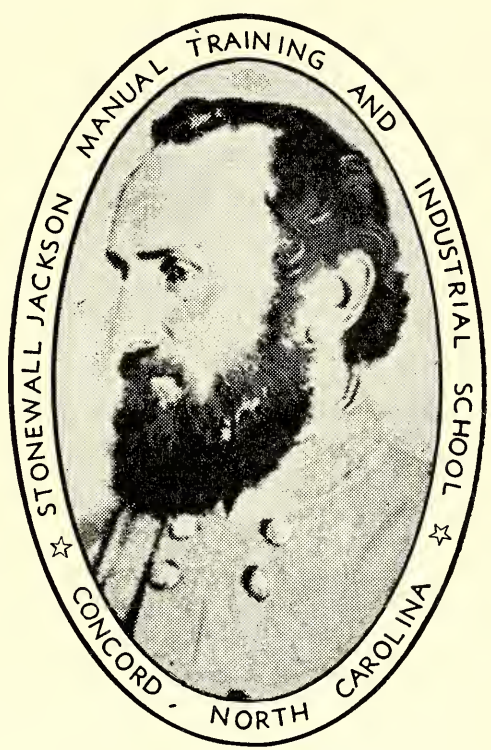
— Edwin Markham

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(1824 — 1863)

NOVEMBER 1963



Carolina Charter Tercentnary

THE UPLIFT

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VOLUME II

NOVEMBER

NUMBER 11

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EDITORIAL. . . .

A television had been placed in the school auditorium in order for the staff and students to witness with the rest of the world the final tribute to the assassinated President, John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

Small boys, big boys, first graders, tenth graders, all sat still and quiet as they viewed the solemn events taking place in our nation's capitol. Normally a youthful audience such as this would become restless in a short time, but not this day. One had the feeling while observing this group that they would have resented any noise or disturbances that might mar the sacredness of the occasion.

We were no different here than other citizens across the country. The feeling of disbelief, shock, grief and shame seem to ascend on the school and the terrible reality of it all was very slow in arriving.

The assassination of Presidents Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley are pages in a history book with places and dates to be remembered for an exam, but this hideous thing was real. We had seen it, and we would never forget. The shock will diminish, the wounds of grief will heal and the appalling shame will eventually pass away, but the memory of it all will be with us as long as we live.

Can God in his infinite wisdom mold and fashion something good from this horrible thing? Could it ever be that Catholic, Jews, and Protestant would worship and serve God together as they have prayed together on this occasion? Could a nation disagreeing on so many things, come to an understanding and brotherly love as completely as they come together in a common grief?

Could there be a time when people of all the world would respect and sympathize with each other as they have in this situation? Could it be possible that the leaders in the governments of the world could walk together as they walked on that Washington street between the White House and Saint Matthews Cathedral with mutual understanding and purpose for the future of the world.

If these things could be, then the horrible nightmare of November 22 would not be in vain, and the eternal flame that lights the darkness of Arlington National Cemetery would be seen around the world.

THANKSGIVING

Lord God, we give Thee thanks this day,
Humbly, in our simple way,
For all the gracious gifts which Thou
Hast deigned so richly to endow—
For life—for every passing minute—
For this, Thy world, and all things in it!

We give Thee thanks, dear Lord, for these—
The green beneficence of trees,
The kindness of rain, the birth
Of springtime from a barren earth—
The earth that bears the bread we break
In gratitude for Thy sweet sake.

We thank Thee, Lord, for healing song,
For courage, wise and tall and strong;
For all the laughter and the tears
That mold the pattern of our years;
For truth and trust and constancy,
For faith that lets us lean on Thee!

We give Thee thanks for ears to hear,
For feet to tread Thy pathways here,
For hands to touch, and lips to sing
Thy name in every lovely thing—
For friendship with our fellow men—
But mostly for Thy love.

Amen

—From: Cascade Mont. Courier

THE WAY TO THANKFULNESS

Once I thought palatial homes, fine raiment, rare old furniture, pictures, tapestries, the time and opportunity to travel—all these meant wealth. But little by little, with the turning of the pages of the Book of the Years, I am learning to measure riches by other things. I am learning what to be thankful for.

Looking back into the open door of the year, it is no longer discernible whether or not I was blessed with worldly goods. Time has erased inconsequential. But here, on this bright day, I made a friend, an event that will affect my whole life. Through the riches of one person's companionship, the things about me acquired a new meaning. Music became sweeter, the stars brighter, and the days were filled with abundance, though they must have been rather slender in worldly gifts. But looking back into them—how they shine!

I remember long walks through the rain. Tramps across the open country in the Spring, in the Summer, and then in Autumn; and how I seemed to touch, for the first time, the living qualities of these seasons, and to become a part of all things alive and growing and vital. This friendship opened my heart to what I did not know it contained, and made the year memorable. So I say fervently, "Thank You, God, for a friend!"

Looking through the door of another year, I find—a book. Just that. Not so thick, not so handsomely bound, but between its covers, packed into this slender space of rustling leaves, is life, condensed and clarified and sublimated. This man speaks my language because he has been through what I have experienced. His words walk along with my days. He has faced the same tragedy, this failure, this crisis. He, too, found it hard, but not insurmountable. And here, farther on, he found his way out, and I shall find mine! Not by propitious circumstances, nor by outside assistance, but by that which was within him.

This treasured book is not a book to place, as an ornament, on a table. The critics will probably pass it by. But I shall keep it on a little shelf at the head of my bed—a very personal little shelf. Everything there has won its place. Nothing finds its way to my shelf unless it has been a help in times of storm. Or is very dear and lovable, or offers me beauty. At night, at the end of some disturbing day, I shall reach up my hand and take down my book, and turn its tremendous pages, and enter into it. And I shall fall asleep with dross washed from my heart, with the stars swinging above me, and life, snug and trust worthy, enfolding me. And so, "Thank You, God, for a book!"

I look in at another door, and—this was the year of sorrow. Its days go past with veiled, averted faces. They are blurred, and even now I do not gaze at them so closely. But this I can see. Here it was that my hungry heart first went out to the wistful-eyed waifs on the streets, the homeless newsboys. Among them I was to find, eventually, true happiness because I brought it to them. I learned to give out instead of take—learned to forget myself. Strange and beautiful, the process of life! Now—ah, is it possible?—I can say, "Thank You, God, for sor-

row!" It opened my heart to the sorrow of others. It brought me understanding and tenderness and forbearance.

Yet another year, a year that appears sort of a mountain peak, because in that year I faced my greatest crisis. No one could help me. Our battles must be fought out on the battleground of our own souls. It was a temptation to give up to cry out, to go the way of least resistance. But something within me, some power, some unsuspected source of strength, came to aid me. I fought my way through. And in doing this, I formed something of my very own, a conviction, a philosophy.

Then I saw this, after all, was life's ennobling task. To grow from the roots of sorrow, despair, tragedy, the strong tree of faith; in the crucible of pain metal; from drifting sands to make firm rock; through the mists and vapor to discover the eternal purpose—in which "there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning." And so again, "Thank You, God, for truth!"

Little by little, as I read of the pages of the Book of the Years, I am learning what to be thankful for.

—SUNSHINE MAGAZINE

* * * *

If you have not often felt that joy of kindly act, you have neglected much, and mostly yourself.

Knowledge and timber should not be used much until they are seasoned.

The successful man lengthens his stride when he discovers that the signpost has deceived him; the failure looks for a place to sit down.

No amount of pay ever made a good soldier, a good teacher, a good artist, or a good workman.

When you know you are doing a job perfectly, look for ways to improve it, or someone else will.

True liberty consists in the privilege of enjoying our own rights, not in the destruction of the rights of others.

We should not judge a man's merit by his good qualities, but by the way he uses them.

Meditations



A JEWEL FOR YOUR MEMORY COLLECTION (LET'S MEMORIZE IT)

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; make melody to our God upon the lyre. He covers the heavens with clouds, he prepares rain for the earth, He makes grass grow upon the hills. (Selections from 147 Psalm)

* * * *

When President Theodore Roosevelt would return from a trip on his private train it was his custom to take time to stop by and express his thanks to the engineer and fireman for a safe and pleasant trip.

In our present day of hustle and flurry it is so easy to assume that the services rendered by our fellow man are rightfully ours. A brief word of thanks, a smile of appreciation or a small deed returned could make a world of difference to all concerned.

What a tragedy it is when we take for granted the blessings that surround us every day.

Prayer: Gracious God, we give Thee thanks for Thy goodness to us. Teach us to be ever mindful of our need of Thee. Amen

THE PRODDER

Bart Hudson flipped the switch on the intra-office communications box, and felt the old thrill of pride as the brisk, businesslike voice replied, "Yes, Mr. Hudson?"

"What time does my train leave for University City, Miss Miller?"

"10:20, Mr. Hudson. It arrives at 7:58 tomorrow morning, and I've reserved the usual room for you. I also have the reservations for you and Mrs. Hudson to dine at Rodger's tonight. Is there anything else you want me to take care of before I leave for the day?"

"Yes. Please wire Dr. Parkman—no, wait. Send the wire to Dr. Baker. I want to surprise Dr. Parkman when I get there. That's Dr. Baker, Vice-President, Middlewest College. Just tell him that I'm arriving at 7:58 tomorrow morning and would like to have a car meet me. And have a nice week end yourself, Miss Miller."

Bart leaned back in his big chair and folded his hands across his stomach with a satisfied sigh. He reached forward to pick up a small oblong check from the big desk. It was a certified check made out to Middlewest College in the amount of sixty thousand dollars. Bart looked at it and grinned.

If he closed his eyes he would still see old Parkman—he was not a Ph.D. then—standing in front of the desk talking to the sophomore Bart Hudson.

"You'll never make anything of yourself, Hudson," he had roared. "You were born in a slum, and you'll die in one! That's all the further you'll ever get!"

Bart remembered his answer as it poured from the heart that was hidden beneath a ragged sweater. "I won't? I'll show you!" And he had run from the room, hating Parkman and everyone else in the hard, cold world he knew.

At the end of that year Bart had left school to support his mother after his father's death, but he did not forget Dr. Parkman. It was the sting of the teacher's words that kept him working all day and attending classes at night to finish high school. He was determined to show Dr. Parkman.

"I've done it, too," Bart thought. "And tomorrow when I shove this check in his hand I'll prove it to him, too. I suppose he's done all right

himself getting to be a college professor, and then its president, and he probably doesn't even remember me after almost thirty years— but I'll remind him. How? I'll say, 'Here's the rest of the money you need for that new dorm you want. Here it is—from the boy you said would die in a slum!' That one thing should prove he was definitely wrong about me!"

Bart finished some paper work, drove home to dress for dinner, and then, having had time to merely skim the headlines of the evening paper, went with his wife to dinner in the best restaurant in the city. She saw him off on the train, and he went right to bed.

It was the next morning, as he drank some early coffee in the dining car, that Bart picked up a local paper and read the headlines:

MIDDLEWEST PRESIDENT PASSES ON

Bart read all of the long write-up with deep concern. Dr. Parkman had died two days before of a heart attack, and would be buried that afternoon in the town cemetery. The article mentioned that many of his former students were expected to arrive for the funeral.

Bart got off the train dazed by the news, but when a man came out of the crowd and spoke to him, he answered quickly. "Yes, I'm Hudson."

"Dr. Baker wants you to come to the president's house. Some of the others are there now."

Bart soon found himself in the large front room of Dr. Parkman's house. A number of well-dressed men stood about, talking in low tones. As Bart paused in the door-way, one of the men called to him.

"Bart Hudson!" Bart turned to see Leo Haney, a business acquaintance.

"What are you doing here?" Bart asked.

"I came as soon as I heard. I was one of Parkman's students here—years ago— and I thought I might be able to help Mrs. Parkman somehow. But I didn't know if you would come or not. I must admit I was surprised to see your name and record in the book; I didn't think you knew Parkman—you're not a Midwest man."

Bart frowned. "He was my English teacher in high school—sophomore year. What's all this about a book?"

"How well did you know Parkman?"

"He told me once that I'd never get anywhere—that I'd die in a slum,

just like the one I was born in." Bart laughed slightly. "I guess that was the main reason I kept on working so hard to get somewhere; I just had to prove that he was wrong."

"I know. I mean, I guessed when I saw your name in the book."

Bart let his hand touch the folded check in his pocket. "I was going to prove it to him today, but I didn't think it would be at his funeral. What's all this about a book?"

"They found it when they were going through his personal things," explained Leo. "Even Mrs. Parkman didn't know about it. It's a scrapbook of about twenty men; men who, at once time or another Parkman said wouldn't amount to anything. Told them to their faces, like he did you—and me, too. He kept a record on each one: clippings, notices of advancement, and things."

Bart leaned against the mantel, trying to understand his friend's words. "You mean he told you that you'd be nothing, too? And then he kept a record on us? Why?"

Leo grinned. "He wrote a short foreword to the scrapbook. It seems that whenever he saw a fellow with talents and abilities who wasn't using them as he should, he wanted to prod him. He tried compliments, but that didn't help, so he changed to telling them they'd never be worth anything hoping they would get mad at him that they would work to prove he was wrong. Like you did, and like I did, too. I think you were the first, and he has the date of your first raise, and the date you got your diploma from night school."

"And I thought he hated me!" Bart exclaimed.

"Just the opposite; he knew you had talent, and just needed prodding. I must admit he took an unconventional way to do it, but when you see the names he has listed, you'll have to agree it worked. You'll recognize almost all of them as leaders in their fields."

Suddenly Bart smiled. "That old so-and-so!" He pulled out the check and handed it to Leo. "I was going to give this to him today to finish that new dormitory he's wanted."

Leo looked at the check, thoughtfully. "It's enough to finish the building, Bart, but it will take a lot more to furnish it. Let me pass this around to the others who'll be here today, and I bet we can match it. We'll tell Dr. Baker we insist the dorm be called 'The Joseph Parkman Memorial Dormitory' in his memory."

Bart nodded. "And somewhere, somehow, I believe old Parkman will still be prodding his boys!"

—SUNSHINE MAGAZINE

* * * *

There isn't much chance of your dreams coming true unless you stay wide awake.

Money may be the husk of many things, but not the kernel. It brings you food but not appetite; medicine, but not health; acquaintances, but not friends; servants, but not faithfulness; days of joy, but not peace or happiness.

Few men during their lifetime came anywhere near exhausting the resources dwelling in them. There are deep wells of strength that are never used.

You can preach a better sermon with your life than with your lips.

The full use of today is the best preparation for tomorrow.

The man who moved the mountain began by carrying away small stones.

A motto which all employees should follow assiduously: "Make sure you are underpaid."

Worry gives little things big shadows.

You have to enjoy doing something before you can be successful at it.

Ralph Waldo Emerson: "So, of cheerfulness or good temper, the more of it is spent, the more remains."

There is only one way to improve one's work- love it.

OFF-STAGE SAMARITAN

BY U. S. ALLEN

In a north-side hotel in Kansas City one morning while my stomach was screaming for breakfast, I caught an elevator on its way down and found myself facing my pet peeve, and instantly the breakfast idea lost its appeal.

The "peeve" greeted me affably, and I—remembering the words of the photographer—"looked pleasant" and said, "Hi!" His name was Jimmy O'Donald. He and I worked together in the same theatrical production. Professional ethics forced me to play friendly—with my fingers crossed—reserving a strong prejudicial dislike for him. I told my conscience that my prejudice was all Jimmy's fault; that he was a clownish practical joker, the sort I had always detested.

Jimmy O'Donald was a comedian, and a good one; but he looked more like a prize fighter or a policeman.

We left the hotel together and turned west on Fifth, sharing the mutual, though tacit, understanding that we were headed for Jack's Cafe, next door to the Grand Theater. We had gone but a few paces when Jimmy said, "Will you look at that, now! What can't a man see when he keeps his eyes open?"

I saw a typical hobo coming toward us from the opposite direction. A small man of about thirty or perhaps younger, he carried a bundle wrapped in newspapers, and walked with a slight limp. His clothing had been slept in, and his hair made me think of a wrecked birds' nest.

"Now keep a poker face," Jimmy stage-whispered. "Just follow my lead and you'll see some fun."

I struggled with myself, hating Jimmy O'Donald and hating myself for not telling him what I thought of him and his distorted idea of fun. When the hobo stepped aside to pass us, Jimmy did a long side-step and blocked his pathway, saying, "Just a minute, buddy! When did you hit town?"

"Why—I—this morning—just got off the train."

"You mean," Jimmy roared, "you just crawled out of a box-car. Why didn't you brush the straw from your hair before you

went on parade?"

The tramp scrutinized Jimmy—all six feet of him—ending with the flat-toed number eleven shoes. Then he relaxed and said, "Yes, Mister officer, I'm not denyin' it. I did come in on a freight."

"And where do you think you're going now?"

"I'm on my way—I mean I was on my way up t'other side of town to see a man about a job."

Jimmy emitted a short stage-villian's laugh. "That's a good one!" he exclaimed. "So you want a job! Well, come on." He took the fellow by the arm, reversed his direction, and we started east to Grand in silence.

At Grand we turned south, and when we were in front of Jack's Cafe, Jimmy said, "In here a minute while I do some phon-ing." Inside, he motioned to a booth, saying, "You two step in there so as not to attract reporters."

The hobo and I entered the booth. From where I sat I could see Jimmy talking to the man at the cashier's desk. Then they both went out of sight, walking toward the kitchen. Soon Jimmy joined us and said, "Got to wait for a phone connection. We might as well order breakfast." He looked at me, and I gave my order to a waiter who had followed him in.

"And whats for you?" he asked the hobo.

"Me?—You mean—or—oh, could I maybe have—coffee?"

"Are you sick? How about this number five on the club breakfasts—orange juice; eggs, any style; bacon; toast; hot cakes; and coffee? That's what I'm taking." He turned to the waiter and said, "Two number fives." The waiter left.

"Thank you, officer," the little man said. "You did mean it! I can hardly believe it!"

When I ask a fellow to breakfast, I always mean it. But why do you call me 'officer'? I'm not the law. My name is Jimmy O'Donald. What's your name?"

"I'm Flannigan. And I thought all along that you—then you mean—I'm not pinched?"

"Of course not! Now, Jerry, you mentioned looking for a job. Did you mean that?"

"Of course, sir"

"Can you wash dishes?"

"Oh, yes. And I've had experience," he said eagerly.

"Good!" Jimmy said. "Remembering what you said about wanting a job, I told the manager of this place about you. He thinks he can use you. The pay would be twenty-five dollars a week and meals. The hours to be arranged between you and him. But he wants to know quick if you want the job."

Jerry Flannigan beamed. "Then I'd better go right out and see him. Shall I? Shall I go now?" At a nod from Jimmy, he was gone.

Jimmy mused aloud: "If I had handed him some change and passed on my way, I would have been helping him to accept his status as a bum. Now he's happy. The way we did it, he hasn't been hurt—inside, I mean. He feels like one of us. Useful according to his talents. Do you know, I get a greater kick out of such off-stage acts than from all the stage roles I have ever played!"

Now Jerry bounced in, looking as if he had won a million dollars, "I start today!" he exclaimed. "Ain't it grand? The hours are easy—from five to midnight. Five—that will give me time to get a haircut and have my clothes pressed."

"You'll need money for that." Jimmy stuck his hand in his pocket, but Jerry stopped him.

"No," he said. "Mr. Goldman advanced me enough for that and for room rent. You've done enough for me, officer—I mean Jimmy—more than I can ever repay; and I think you're the swellest guy I ever met."

They were shaking hands like a couple of lodge brothers. I no longer disliked Jimmy O'Donald. Somehow, I had never thought of him as an off-stage Samaritan, but this was his finest role.

—SUNSHINE MAGAZINE

* * * *

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully.

Honor Rolls

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

COTTAGE NO. 1

Melvin Brown
Frank Dunn
Richard Stinson
Wayne Winkler
Barry Worley

COTTAGE NO. 2

Quinten Allen
Ronnie Grant
Marvin Grigg
Virgil Jones
George Mabe
James Newell

COTTAGE NO. 3

J. C. Clayton
Mitchell Newberry
Ronald Sisk
Jesss Soles

COTTAGE NO. 4

David Lashley
Jerry Pritchard

COTTAGE NO. 5

John Cain
Charles Carter
George Hammock

Sanford Higgs

COTTAGE NO. 6

Buford Higgs
David Phillips

COTTAGE NO. 7

Thomas Barsh
Tommy Crump
Gary Daniels
Gary Dayberry
Edward Hadnott
Terry Poole

COTTAGE NO. 9

Randy Carver
Kermit Riffle
Charles Sowers
Daniel Woodring

COTTAGE NO. 10

Steve Barton
Edward Brewer
Michael Chandler
Jack Cobbler
Jonah Ferrell
Ted Pope
Dwight Teer

COTTAGE NO. 11

Eddie Howard

Danny Langley
Eugene Patterson
John Phelps
Marvin Rogers

COTTAGE NO. 13

Victor Cannon
Charles Crouch
Eli Johnson
Lewis Murr
Kenneth Potts
Carl Spivey
Cecil Spivey
Gary Thompson
Frank Trivette
Arthur Ingram
Joe Griffin

COTTAGE NO. 14

Steve Donaldson
Earl Faulkerson
Treatus Hammonds
Benny Hollingsworth
Earl Patterson
Freddie Riffle
Harold Robins
Guaran Ward
Ballard Moxley

COTTAGE NO. 15

Bobby Bryant
Jimmy Case
Jimmy Key
Edward Smith
Jeff Watts

COTTAGE NO. 17

David Hawkins
Harold Jones

TRADE HONOR ROLL**OFFICE**

Mitchell Newberry

PRINT SHOP

Ted Pope
Raymond Kemp
Joe Beamon
Lorin Randolph
Donald Turner
Franklin Dunn
Robert Myers
Ronald Holmes

SHOE SHOP

Randy Carver
Charles Carter
Johnny Wagoner
Sandy Morgan
Karl Bullock
Ronnie Beach
Ernest Cook
Roger King

BARBER SHOP

Mike Murphy
Robert Broadway
Clinton Martin
Johnny Morris
Johnny Hall

TEXTILE PLANT

James Newell
Wayne Lyman
William Arnette
Tommy Crump
Benny Hollingsworth
Bobby Crouch
Sanford Higgs
Michael Chandler
William Edwards
Terry Brewer
Frankie Hilton
William Gordon

PAINT SHOP

Robert Phillips

CARPENTER SHOP

Billy Whilhite
Guaran Ward
Bobby Morrison
Ronnie Grant
John Sain
Charles Fletcher
Michael Rathburn

SEWING ROOM

Bobby Smith
Billy McGinnis
J. R. Sanders
Dwight Teer
Phillip McCreary

INFIRMARY

Robert Thompson
Robert Wright

YARD AND POULTRY

James McNeill
Steve Gunter
Larry Lingerfelt
James Norton
Eugene Foss
Tommy Bolding
Lewis Murr
Zeb Christy
Richard Cardwell
Wayne Norton
Edward Mitchell
David Bell

LAUNDRY

Jesse Soles
Ronald Sisk
Donald Angel
A. C. House
Thomas Graham
Billy Burleyson
David Talbert

Larry Callicutt
Ronnie Whitesides
Barry Boyd
Thurmon Woodring
Bruce Starnes
Danny Langley
George Hammock
John Nance
Jackie Morrow

CAFETERIA

Eugene Patterson
David Lashley
Steve Donaldson
James Lee
Terry Poole
David Chase
Melvin Foss
Chuck Nunnery
Bobby Nelson
Ray Williams

DAIRY

Charles Skinner
Larry Case
Jesse Smith
Bobby Bryant
Larry Biegert
Michael Trivette

FARM

Larry Robinson
Johnny Reed
Johnny Waldroup
Larce Jacobs
James Crouch
Roger Teer
Paul Bell
Gary Teer
Kenneth Courtney
Jonah Ferrell
Buford Higgs
Claude Chavis

David Phillips
 Jimmy Locklear
 Paul Scarborough
 Jerry Johnson
 Mike Miller
 Kenneth Strickland
 George Smith
 Dean Carver
 Bobby Bullard
 James McCurry
 J. C. Clayton
 Roger Shelton
 Wayne Tuggle
 Davld Anderson
 James Carter
 Jimmy Smith

—:—

LET'S HAVE A LPL FUN

Grampa was entertaining the children with a series of hairraising yarns in which he sometimes permitted his imagination a liberal rein. The youngsters were drinking it in.

"Yep," Grandpa west on excitedly, "there I was, right in the middle of a ring of dirty redskins. They were closing in on me, ten thousand of 'em and every one with his arrow pointed straight at me!" Grampa paused to catch his breath.

"What happened?" cried the children.

"Did the only thing I could do," the old man said with a chuckle, "I joined the Indians."

A tourist in Kentucky called to an old resident:

"Hey, uncle, how far is it to Lexington?"

"I dunno, mister. It used to be about 25 miles, but the way things

have gone up around here lately, it may be near 40 by now."

A man entered a neighborhood pool hall with a piece of paper in his hand, and said, "This is a list of all the men I can whip."

There was some consternation, but finally a husky, broad-shouldered boiler-maker exclaimed, "Is my name on there?"

The man examined the list, then said, "Yes"

"Well," bellowed the husky, "you can't whip me!"

"Are you sure?" asked the challenger.

"Bet yer life I'm sure!" yelled the fellow.

"Okay, then," replied the man; "I'll take your name off the list."

—:—

Not only do falsehoods disagree with truths, but they usually quarrel among themselves.

A local doctor has admitted a serious mistake in life. He once cured a millionaire in three visits.

JUST SMILING

Doesn't change the things of course—

Just smiling,

But it cannot make them worst—

Just smiling!

And it seems to help your case,

Brightens up a gloomy place,

Then it sort o' rests your face—

Just smiling.

THIRD ANNUAL TRUCK CROP WORKSHOP

Clayton Mullis, Assistant Farm Manager

The third annual Truck Crop Workshop was held at Leonard Training School on November 15, 1963, under the direction of Mr. Dan Cameron, Director of Farms.

Mr. J.C. Wells and Mr. George Hughes of the North Carolina State College were present in the capacity of consultants. The Honorable L.Y. Ballentine, State Commissioner of Agriculture, was the speaker of the day.

Mr. Wells spoke at length, with pictures to emphasize, on beans watermelons, tomatoes and cucumbers, with tomatoes as his main topic. He gave us valuable information on the different diseases and their control.

Mr. Hughes spoke on tomatoes and other vegetable crop production, plant propagation, soil fertility, crop rotation, and the value of irrigation.

It was brought out that all vegetable crops respond well to irrigation during periods of deficit rainfall. Generally irrigation is most effective at two stages of growth. First at planting time to assure good germination and uniform stands, and secondly, during the first development stage. Attention must be given to the type of soil in which the plant is growing.

The day was spiced with some entertainment as well as valuable information received at the workshop. The special event was the Drill Team from Morrison Training School which was enjoyed by all.

The purpose of the workshop was to help us realize the real purpose of our schools and farms is first to serve the needs of the students in their process of rehabilitation. To bring to each of us the best information and knowledge in the area of truck farming, and to bring together the personnel to share their interest and accomplishments for the up-grading of our total program. To help each of us realize that the best production and success can come only when we give real attention to program timing and small details.

The Honorable L.Y. Ballentine spoke after lunch. He spoke of the joy and satisfaction that it gives us in reproduction from the soil. He commented on the good food being processed at the different institutions of Correction and Training.

It was announced at the beginning of the meeting that lunch would consist of an all farm menu.

We hope to have other workshop projects in the future which have proven to be both inspiring and fruitful.

Sunday Services

By Edward Hadnott

Sunday, Nov. 3, Reverend W. B. Penny from Westford Methodist Church in Concord came to preach our Sunday service. For his scripture he took the first chapter of the book of Psalms.

Mr. Penny said that in life there are many words. One of these is sin. God has said that sin is wrong. People are judged by their doings, whether they be right or wrong.

Some examples Mr. Penny gave us of sin were when Jacob deceived his father and got the blessing that rightfully belonged to Esau. Later Jacob was afraid that Esau would kill him so he fled into another country where he worked fourteen years to get a wife. Later he decided to go back to his country to face Esau. On the way he wrestled with God and repented for his sin. He met Esau and there was a happy reunion.

Another example of sin is when David lust after this other man's wife. He sent her husband to the front of the lines where he was killed and he married Bathsheba, the

man's wife. Later God punished David for his sin and David repented with all his heart.

Mr. Penny brought out this very important point. That is, if parents live non-Christian lives before their children, the children will grow up and have no respect for their parents. This was the case of Absalom, David's son. Absalom saw that his father had sinned and he decided to follow his father's path. He later tried to kill his father and take his throne. David's army was stronger than Absalom's army. Slowly Absalom retreated. One day as he fled he caught his long locks of hair between the limbs of a tree. The captain came up and killed Absalom. Thus, like Absalom died for his sins, other people will die for their sins.

Judas loved Jesus as much as any man. But because Jesus would not set up his throne on earth, it made Judas angry. He betrayed Jesus and sold him for thirty pieces of silver or fifteen dollars in our present money. Judas turned from heaven to hell because he didn't get his

way.

We truly enjoyed having Mr. Penny visit us and are looking to another visit from him in the very near future.

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Reverend I. M. Brendle came to visit us Sunday, November 10, from the Memorial Methodist in Kannapolis. He took his scripture from Philippians, chapter 1, verse 21-28.

He started his sermon with the question: "For me to live is what"? Does living mean having money?" Many people live just to get rich. Even if they do get rich, they can't carry the money with them when they die. Also, many people get killed trying to get rich on other people.

Does living mean having things easy? There are some people that like to take things easy in life. These people let the happenings of the world go by without offering but very little to help them.

Life means to have Christ in your heart. If you do have Christ in your heart and love him and believe in him you will inherit eternal life as your reward.

If you do not have Christ in your life, you are lifeless. With Christ showing in you through the things that you do, other people will see what a happy life you have and will accept Christ as their Saviour. This way we are a light to other people. In Matthew 5, verse 16, it says: "Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father

which is in heaven."

We must have faith to live in Christ. We must have hope, love, joy, and peace to have God in our life.

We were glad to have Mr. Brendle visit us, and hope that he can come to see us again soon.

—:—

Reverend Curtis Wise visited us Sunday, November 17, from the Saint Stevens Lutheran Church in Mt. Pleasant. He spoke to us on Matthew 7; 24-27.

One of Paul's greatest statements was: "I have fought a good fight." Many people fight good fights for God because they have built their house on the solid rock, Christ.

In the sermon from Matthew, it tells of two men who started to build houses. One man was foolish and built his house on sand. When the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon it, the wise man's house did not fall.

"The material things in life, said Mr. Wise, have made many people build their houses on sand, just to see them fall. Pleasure is one of these materials. People who seek pleasure have no concern for their spiritual lines. Pleasure lasts a little while and then vanishes. By wanting pleasure, people are blind and cannot see Christ."

The speaker told us that people should be like the man who built his house upon the rock. They will be building wisely if they accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour. The

basic need of the world is guidance through Christ. People look for the answers in other places besides Christ. They are like the man who built his house upon the sand and have nothing to cling to in time of distress.

Ships must be built to sail rough and smooth seas. Christ gives us strength to face hard times. We also have Him when things are going along fine.

Mr. Wise told of a soldier who lost his wife. A captain tried to comfort him. The soldier said that no one could feel his pain. The captain left and when he got home he found out that his wife had been killed in a train wreck. Later he went to the soldier and said that he felt his pain because his wife was now dead.

In life there is one sufficient foundation, that is Christ. People must have a foundation like buildings. If we have Christ as our foundation we will inherit everlasting life with God in heaven.

We enjoyed having Mr. Wise visit us and sure are looking for another visit from him very soon.

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On Sunday, November 24, Rev-
end C. C. Watson from the Eastside
Baptist Church in Concord, came to
speak to us. His scripture was Luke
17:11-19.

In this text, there were ten men
who had leprosy. One day they
heard that Jesus was going to pass
their way, so they went to the edge
of the road and when Jesus came
close they cried, "Jesus, Master,

help us." Jesus saw that they were
serious so he told them to go to see
the Priest and they would be heal-
ed.

While they were going to see the
Priest, they looked at each other and
to their surprise saw that they were
healed. One man wanted to turn
back and thank Jesus, but the others
didn't want to and continued to see
the Priest. The man that went back
to Jesus fell at His feet and praised
him. Jesus said, "Arise, thy faith
hath made thee whole."

Jesus heals those who will come
to him, confess their sins, and ask
him to be their Saviour. Those who
do not are blind men. The nine men
that went on to see the Priest were
like blind men because they were
looking for beautiful things. The
man that went back to Jesus found
these things.

Around this time of year people
begin to think about Thanksgiving.
We should not wait until then to
give thanks. We should thank God
for his goodness at all times.

Mr. Watson told us a story of a
man that came home from World
War I with both legs and arms am-
putated from wounds. His mother
said that he had lost everything he
had. He told his mother that there
was one thing he hadn't lost, that
was faith in God.

God gives us blessings. These
blessings teach us to be thankful.
We must be careful not to lose the
spirit of thankfulness:

We enjoyed having Mr. Watson
visit us and hope that he can visit
us again in the very near future.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING

"Oh, what a fine red wagon you have!" exclaimed little Joe White, peeking through the fence.

"Yes," replied Howard, "and when I get my pet goat here harnessed up, two or three of us can have a lovely ride."

"Wish I were lucky like you, with your goat and wagon and all," said Joe, as he moved away from the fence and walked down the alleys to his own shabby little house.

"Kind of too bad about Joe White," remarked Howard that night after Mother had finished the bedtime story. "He hasn't anything; and I don't suppose he'll have any Thanksgiving dinner, either; his mother is too poor to buy anything good."

"We're going to have a good turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner," said Thelma. "Yes, and pumpkin pie, and candies, and nuts, and all sorts of good things."

"I'll help you fix up a little Thanksgiving present for Joe and his mother," said Howard's mother, "but you must think out what you want to do. I think you'll really enjoy your dinner better if you know you are sharing it with somebody else who really needs it."

"I've got an idea already!" exclaimed Howard suddenly. "Joe wants a red wagon just dreadfully. He's allways talking about mine. I have a box out in the barn, and some wheels. I believe I can make him one. Wendell, of course, will want to help, and Thelma can paint it."

"I'll do it all nice," agreed Thelma. "Then we can harness goatie up and take the wagon to Joe on Thanksgiving day."

"But we'll want to put something in his wagon," suggested Mother. "What shall it be —something for Thanksgiving dinner?"

"I'll give 'em one of the pumpkins I raised," said Howard; "and some potatoes and onions."

"And I'll give 'em my share of candy, nuts, and fruits," added Thelma.

"That will be fine," said Mother. "I'll add a mince pie, a new loaf of bread, and some other little things. I'm sure we'll enjoy our own good dinner better for sharing it."

Early on Thanksgiving morning the children loaded the new cart with

good things, and harnessed the goat to it and made their way to Joe's house.

"Whee!" cried Joe as the children came up the walk. "What a fine new wagon! You're a lucky boy, Howard."

"We made that wagon for you, Joe," said Thelma.

"Yes," and we've all brought you a Thanksgiving present. We've had the greatest fun getting it ready for you and your mother."

"Whew! A Thanksgiving present?" asked Joe, surprised. "Oh, I can't believe it!" Then he called excitedly, "Mother! Mother! Come here! Look! It's all for us! Aren't these people nice!"

And they all had a grand Thanksgiving Day!

—SUNSHINE MAGAZINE

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FOR THE LOVE OF IT

Carved in the heavy oaken door of the Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, New York, are these immortal words of the lamented Elbert Hubbard; "The love you liberate in your work is the love you keep."

To do great work one must fall in love with his task. Cellina, the goldsmith, pouring his whole soul into his creations, achieved masterpieces, and the love he thus liberated brought him the praise of the kings. You have seen that designer of a piece of machinery pat it with pride, as he might pat the head of a son. It is part of him. He has built his personality into it. That is why it is such a fine machine.

Luther Burbank's devotion to an ideal brought him the thrill of new plant creations. Henry Irving, practicing more than thirteen years to perfect his acting of Macbeth, a part he loved, found that love coming back to him in the applause of his audience.

Work that is done in the spirit of love glows with a mystic quality no one can explain. And the worker feels as did Robert Louis Stevenson, who said, "I know what happiness is, for I have done good work."

—The Speakers Library

Every tomorrow has two handles; we can take hold by the handle of anxiety or by the handle of faith.

NEW STUDENTS

Shackleford, Jerry Lee	Concord
Shackleford, Donald Richard	Concord
Euhmann, Benjamin Ray, Jr.	Spencer
Powell, Bobby Dwight	Sylva
Scott, Randy Dawaine	Greensboro
Waters, Carlyle	Kinston
Swink, Fred Wayne	Kannapolis
Prevette, Ted Anthony	Wadesboro
Williams, Willie Brian	Aberdeen
Hensley, Harold Dean	Black Mountain
Hollifield, David Alfred	Asheville
Inman, Cecil Amos	Walnut Cove
Hunt, Leonard Farrell	Laurinburg
Hunt, Nathaniel	Laurinburg
Farris, Charles Steven	Laurinburg
Woodard, Charlie Oscar	Asheboro
Faircloth, Jackie Rex	Clinton
Farmer, Harold Ray	Lincolnton
Joly, Roger Raymond, Jr.	Kinston
Conley, Jimmie Glenn	Goldsboro
Cherry, Phillip Gardener	Laurinburg
Porter, Billy Ray	Red Springs
Ray, Claude Eugene	Winston-Salem

Gardner, Lawrence James	Charlotte
Norton, George Thomas	Charlotte
Estes, Richard Wayne	Statesville

* * * *

WHAT IS A FRIEND

A friend is a person who is for you always, under any circumstances.

He never investigates you.

When charges are made against you, he never asks proof, he asks the accuser to clear out.

He likes you as you are; he does not want to alter you.

He likes your success, and your failure endears you to him more.

He is better than a lover because he is never jealous of you.

He wants nothing from you except that you be yourself.

He is one being with whom you can feel safe. With him you can utter your heart, its badness and its goodness.

You don't have to be careful. In his presence you can be indiscreet: which means that you can rest.

There are many faithful wives and husbands; there are few faithful friends.

Anybody may stand by you when you are right; a friend stands by you even when you are wrong.

It is he that keeps alive your faith in human nature—that makes you believe that it is a good world.

He is the antidote to despair, the elixer of hope, the tonic for depression, the medicine to cure loneliness.

When you are vigorous and spirited you like to take pleasure with him. When you are sick you want to see him. When you are dying you want to have him near.

You give to him without reluctance and borrow from him without embarrassment.

If you can live fifty years and find one absolute friend you are fortunate, for of the thousands of human creatures that walk the earth, few are such stuff as friends are made of.

—The Harbinger

CHAPEL PROGRAM

On Friday, November 1, a group of boys from grades 7—10 at the Training School presented a program about poems. The boys had to write these poems with original ideas and had to memorize them. Mr. Coggins, our English teacher had the best poems recited by the boys on a program.

Lorin Randolph began the program with devotions. For this he read the twenty - fourth Psalm . Marvin Griggs had prayer by reciting his poem, "God's Children." The audience and the participants in the program then stood and sang "Come Ye Thankful People Come"

Lorin Randolph then gave the introduction to the program. The boys then recited their poems in the following order:

GROUP I

"Calvary's Cross"	Ronnie Beach	8th Grade
"The World of People"	Elbert McIntosh	10th Grade
"One Mistake"	Freddie Riffle	8th Grade
"BAREFOOT BOY"	John Grenleaf Whittier	7th Grade

GROUP II

"Nature"	Charles Fletcher	8th Grade
"The Evening Star"	Dwight Teer	7th Grade
"Mountains and Trees"	Jerry Bell	7th Grade
"The Woods"	Marvin Rogers	7th Grade
"Fall"	Ronnie Hinson	8th Grade
"Autumn"	Eddie Lawrence	10th Grade
"Christmas"	Robert Myers	8th Grade
"Spring"	Charles Skinner	8th Grade
"THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD"	Sam Foss....	8th - 9th Grades

GROUP III

"Statue of Liberty"	David Shepard	9th Grade
"The Civil War"	Gary Daniels	10th Grade
"Across the Sea"	Bruce Starnes	7th Grade
"Napolean"	Edward Hadnott	9th Grade
"Old Ben Franklin"	Melvin Brown	7th Grade

- "Davey Crockett" David Shepherd 8th Grade
 "THE GLOVE AND THE LION" Leigh Hunt 8th - 9th Grades

GROUP IV

- "The Football Game" Wayne Tuggle 8th Grade
 "Football" James Carter 8th Grade
 "The Baseball Game" Joseph Beaman 9th Grade
 "The Night of The Drag Race" Bobby Massey 8th Grade
 "The Race" Steve Alexander 9th Grade
 "O CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN" Walt Whitman 8th - 9th Grades

GROUP V

- "Prayer of Love" Roger King 8th Grade
 "Mother" Randy Carver 7th Grade
 "Mother" Terry Price 8th Grade
 "The Beautiful Girl" David Chase 10th Grade
 "The Scouts" Ray Williams 7th Grade
 "Just Thinking" Charles Butler 9th Grade
 "The Hermit" Ted Pope 9th Grade
 "Hard Times" Wayne Winkler 9th Grade
 "On Our Vacation" David Turner 7th Grade
 "Life At Jackson" Johnny Hall 7th Grade
 "Roger King" Roger King 8th Grade
 "That's Me" Richard Stinson 8th Grade
 "That Old Cow of Mine" Edward Stewart 7th Grade
 "The Watchful Dog" Donald Kanter 8th Grade

After the recital of the last poem all of us stood and sang "America."

The program was closed by Lorin Randolph with Mr. Lentz making announcements.

We would like to thank Mrs. Yarbrough very much for playing the piano for us while we sang our songs. Mr. Coggins would also like to thank the boys for such an excellent job.

—Edward Hadnott

If you lose your temper it is a sign that you have wrong on your side.

CAMPUS NEWS

COTTAGE ONE

The boys in Cottage One have been very busy the past several months, we have painted the basement and the upstairs sitting rooms. We hope we can get the bedroom painted real soon.

We were sent out for two weeks in October, we hope the Hinsons enjoyed their vacation.

We also have been fixing our Christmas Decorations for upstairs and the front yard. We are going to have a manger scene in the front yard. We hope to be finished with decorating real soon.

We have had several boy's to go home the past several months, their names are Ralph Davis, James Jones, Raleigh Grant, Marshall Lowery, Jimmy Locklear, and James Carter. We wish them the best of luck in the future and hope they can get along at home. We have also received several new boy's, their names are Tim Morgan, Ronnie Duke, Johnny Barker, and Jerry Shackford.

—Forrest Hall
—Frank Dunn

—:—

COTTAGE THREE

On Saturday, November 23, Cottage 3 enjoyed a birthday party. The party consisted of playing games. Many of the boys won bingo prizes. After we played games we were served birthday cake, coca colas, potatoe chips pretzel sticks, and candy.

We would like to thank the bakery boys and also Mr. Lisk for the cake. We enjoyed it and also thought it was very pretty.

The boys having birthdays were: Don Turner, J. C. Clayton, Terry Price, Jerry Bell, Mitchell Newberry Gary Mills, Wayne Lyman, Ronald Sisk, and Richard Estes.

We also have had a few boys to go home this month. They were Jimmie Tilghman, Wiley Parham, David Funderburk, Martin Pruitt, Kenneth Osborne. We also have some new boys, we hope they enjoy their stay here with us.

The boys of Cottage 3 have been working on cleaning the cottage for Christmas and also on our Christmas decorations.

—Don Turner
—Jimmy Smith

—:—

COTTAGE EIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson returned back to the cottage Nov. 1, 1963 after taking a weeks vacation at the beach. They brought back oysters in the shell, also fish. We had roasted oysters, oyster stew and fried fish that week end.

Saturday night Nov. 9, 1963 Johnny Hall, Benson, N.C. and Ben Buhmann, Spencer, N.C. celebrated their birthdays. We had another fish fry. The Bakery boys made us a very pretty and good cake.

We wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Henderson for making this possible. We had a very good party and wish

to have another one soon.

We got a new regular boy in the cottage now, his name is George Cole from Hickory, N.C. We hope that he will have a nice stay here, and will get a lot out of the school.

—Johnny E. Hall

—:—

COTTAGE TEN

On Saturday, Nov. 2, the boys of Cottage 10 were given a birthday party. We had our refreshments before we played our games. We were served hot dogs, potato chips, drinks, parched peanuts, Bit-O-Honey candy bars, and birthday cake of the traditionally Halloween colors.

After we had our refreshments we played several games. The winners of the games were rewarded with prizes of comic books, candy, and chewing gum.

We enjoyed the party and the refreshments very much. Everything was very good and we would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Huneycutt for making the party possible. Also the birthday cake Mr. Ervin and his boys made was very pretty and delicious and thanks to them too.

—Ted Pope

—:—

COTTAGE FOURTEEN

We have been very busy this month. We have had different kinds of activities going on this month. First of all we started painting the cottage. We started at the top and worked down. We saved the basement till last.

Next we took time out for a birthday party the first of the month. We

played games and we ate. We had drinks, cake, potato chips, and candy. We enjoyed it very much. We would like to thank Mr. Ervin and his boys for making the cake.

We have also been doing well in Volleyball. We played two games and won two. We won over Cottage 11 and Cottage 15. We hope to win the Volleyball Trophy as we did the Softball Trophy.

We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Hooker for making these things possible. We really enjoy doing things like this and hope we can do them more often.

—Earl Patterson

—Buddy Edison

—:—

COTTAGE SEVENTEEN

The boys of Cottage 17 have been very busy this month. We have painted part of the cottage, and been very busy in the yard cleaning, putting out grass seed and top-soil. We are ready to begin work on our Christmas decorations.

On October 30th Mr. and Mrs. Mann gave us a Halloween party. We played games such as Pin the Nose on the Pumpkin, seeing who could blow the largest balloon, and naming different objects in a bag without looking at them.

When we came upstairs we had to jump over two broomsticks in the doorway. Then as we came into the game-room the lights were off and you could see a pumpkin with a light shining in it. For refreshments we had grape and orange drinks jack o' lantern sandwiches, and cupcakes.

We all enjoyed the party very much and thank Mr. and Mrs. Mann for making it possible. We hope to have another party soon.

—Perry Davis

—:—

COTTAGE FIFTEEN

On October the twenty third we, some of the boys, Mr. and Mrs. Peck started painting our cottage. We finished by Nov. 26. Most of the boys helped in some way, painting or help clean up paint.

This was a big undertaking, but by working together we were able to get the job done. When one room was finished, it inspired us to start another. We had fun along it. We usually had a coffee break about mid morning.

Mrs. Peck made new curtains for the boys bedroom and the basement.

Thanksgiving we went to service in the morning. Rev. Brendle was our speaker. He will be with us each Wednesday evening in January for the Religious emphasis month.

After the movie we had our Birthday Party. Those celebrating were David Harrelson, Jesse Smith, Jimmy Case, Ted Prevette, Johnny Bell, Larry Biegert, Donald Kanter, and Bobby Powell. Each boy was given a favor. Some of the gifts received were belt, softball, candy, gum and model cars. We were served potato chips, R. C. colas and cake.

We would like to thank Mr. Ervin and his boys for the pretty cake, also Mr. and Mrs. Peck for planning the party for us.

We had one boy to go home for a five day visit, His name is Bobby Bryant.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Watson spent Thanksgiving with us.

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

SPECIAL A

In Mrs. Barbee's class we have been working on our Thanksgiving boards. One is pertaining to the home and the other pertains to the outside. We have also been working some arithmetic problems and practicing our A,B,C's. We also have a board with the letters of the alphabet and a word beginning with each letter.

---:---

SPECIAL D

We are getting our bulletin board ready for Thanksgiving. Our arithmetic class is busy trying to solve problems, our language class is learning how to write letters, and trying to write better sentences. We also are trying to distinguish between verbs and nouns. Our health class has been learning which foods build muscles and which build bones.

Our social studies class is beginning a study of the Pilgrims.

---:---

Take time to figure out all the angles and you won't have to run around in circles.

“We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilt goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows.”

— Edwin Markham

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The UPLIFT

"Maxima Debetur Puero Reverentia"

MY CHRISTMAS WISH FOR YOU

- That you may hold forever
in your heart
the golden memories
of every happy Christmas Day
you have ever known:
- That you may be brave in the
hour of trial when the cross
is laid upon your shoulders,
when the hill you must climb
seems very high
and the beacon lights of hope
are far away:
- That every gift God has given you
may grow with the years
and fill the hearts
of those you love with its fragrance
- And that in every hour
of joy or of sorrow
the peace-giving smile of the Christ Child
may abide with you
and keep you near to God

-From St. Anthony's Guide

DECEMBER 1963

Carolina Charter Tercentenary





"The Uplift"

Its Staff and Management

Wish for each of its boys

And for All People Everywhere

A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy and Prosperous New Year



THE UPLIFT

NORTH CAROLINA BOARD OF JUVENILE CORRECTION

BLAINE M. MADISON, Commissioner

VOLUME LI

DECEMBER

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THREE TREES

by June Harrison

It was the last Christmas basket. The tag said: The first house east of the railroad on the north side.

"I didn't know anyone lived in that old shack," said Mother Jones. "But let's see what we can find."

She and the ten-year-old twins, Janie and Jimmy, climbed the steep incline leading up to the tumbledown building. Jimmy reached the door first. He knocked hesitantly. The door opened slowly, and three small heads peeked from behind a thin, blue-eyed girl.

"Won't you come in, please?" said the soft voice. "Mamma and Papa are both out. We're trimming our Christmas tree. Johnny found it along the road this morning. We want to have it all decorated before Mamma get home. Papa's trying to find a job, so Santa Claus can come for the little ones. I told him not to worry about me. I'm too big."

The Joneses left the basket with "Merry Christmas to you." But that evening Janie and Jimmy were unusually quiet at the Jones's dinner table, and Mother said very little, too.

"What's wrong with my family tonight?" finally said Dad. "Here it is Christmas Eve, and almost time to decorate our Christmas tree, and you all have said hardly a dozen words. Don't you know it's Christmas? Everybody ought to be happy!"

Janie's eyes filled with tears, and Jimmy sat staring at his plate. Mother looked distracted, too, and began telling Dad about their last visit of the afternoon. "Those four children in the old shack cutting newspaper trimmings for a branch of a tree they found on the road!" she said.

"And that young girl," said Jane, "asked if we care if they used some of the things in the basket to bake cookies to put into the children's stockings!"

The four of them sat silent for a moment. Then Dad rose and walked over to the telephone in the hall. In a moment he was back. "No more trees at the store."

"Could we—?" Janie spoke slowly. "Couldn't we take them our tree?"

"Say, why not?" exclaimed Jimmy, almost shouting.

Four chairs were pushed back from the table. Mother and the twins ran to get their coats, while Dad hurried to the garage and put the large evergreen into the car.

"I'll get the box of ornaments from the basement," Mother said.

"Janie," said Jimmy, "I was going to give you that Indian bracelet I made at camp. If you don't care I'll take it along for—"

"Of course I don't care, Jimmy," interrupted Janie. "That would be wonderful! And if you don't care—I had a package for you that I think that little boy would like."

The excited pair ran to their rooms and came back with happy faces. Each carried several packages.

As they drove through town, Dad pulled over to the curb. "Just some last-minute shopping," he muttered, and hurried into the store. He came out with two fancy-wrapped packages tucked under his arm. "Didn't want to forget Mamma and Papa," he said smiling.

There was a dim light in the window of the shack. Mr. Jones knocked gently on the door. It opened a little. "What is it you want?" said the man

A shrill voice cried, "Oh, Papa, it's the kind people who were here this afternoon." The blue-eyed girl ran to the door. "Come in, please," she pleaded.

There was a smell of fresh baked cookies. Two blankets hung across one end of the room. "The young ones are already asleep," the girl explained to the callers. "This is my Mamma and Papa." A sad-faced woman came from behind the improvised curtains to join the group.

A few hurried explanations and a cheerful exchange of "Merry Christmas" wishes, then the Jones family took its leave.

Christmas morning dawned with unusual brilliance—or so it seemed. Into the living room of the Jones home Janie and Jimmy came running, followed by Mother and Dad, each calling happily, "Merry Christmas, everybody!"

Suddenly the twins gasped in surprise. In some secret way Daddy Jones had created a frosted artificial Christmas tree, small but lovely, all lighted with blue candle bulbs.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Janie, "and how happy I am!"

"And I!" chimed Jimmy.

"And I!" joined in Mother Jones.

"Don't leave me out," complained Daddy Jones.

The collection of presents under the tree was not quite as large as usual, but it was in perfect keeping with the little tree, and there were four full, happy hearts that filled the Jone's living room.

* * * *

WHEN DOES THE NEW YEAR BEGIN?

Somewhere in the moonlit distance a tower clock gives forth with twelve sonorous chimes. As if it were a signal eagerly awaited, bells, horns, whistles join together, as well as what seems like a loud shout of ten thousand voices hailing from everywhere.

The streets are crowded with exuberant people, weaving about, waving all manner of things, slapping one another on the back, shouting "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

One might survey the scene with mixed emotion. Was this the fitting way to leave the old, and hail the new?

Can it be called a "happy new year" when the sins and sorrows of the old are carried over the threshold from December 31st to January first? Has anything basic actually changed, and become new?

When our doubts and our fears, our hates and our vengeance remain the same, January one is not actually the beginning of a new year. Only when man rises to new and loftier concepts and new practices, when man elevates to his full stature of duty and loyalty—to his neighbor, to his city, to his State, to his Country — the weariness of the old departs into the past, and the New Year really becomes a fact—and Man becomes a new creature.

Then, and only then, will we have rightful cause for celebration, and testify: "I was brought up out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and I set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

And so it can truly be, A Happy New Year!

* * * *

A person's mind, like a parachute, works best when it is open.

Many people have too much to live on, and too little to live for.

THE GIFTS OF MYRRH

A Christmas story of a rich little boy, who is very much neglected at Christmas time. While everybody else goes off to enjoy Christmas Eve festivities, leaving him alone, he finds that his Christmas Eve turns into a very exciting one. A burglar breaks in while he is waiting for the Christ-child, he imagines he is one of the Wise Men. The burglar becomes impressed with the child and tucks him into bed, and the child dreams of Mary, Joseph, and the Wise Men.

Mother Fairweather	Fred Austin
Daddy Fairweather	Edward Hadnott
Marion Fairweather	Roger Teer
Dodo - Washwoman's son	David Anderson
Tommy - Washwoman's cripple son	David Turner
Dolly Frazer - a nurse maid	Don Turner
A Burglar	Billy Gordon
Mary	Jimmy Smith
Joseph	Ballard Moxley
Kings	Ben Buhmann Richard Stinson Ronnie Holmes
Angels	Billy McGhinnis Roy Rogers
Audience	"Hark, The Herald Angels Sing" "Joy to the World"

* * * *

Everybody knows how to express a complaint, but few can utter a graceful compliment. It's a matter of practice.

Luck is the crossroad where preparation and opportunity meet.

The important thing about a problem is not its solution, but the strength we gain in finding the solution.

Meditations



A JEWEL FOR YOUR MEMORY COLLEGTION

(LET'S MEMORIZE IT)

* * * *

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

Matthew 2:10

One of the most beautiful of all Christmas traditions is observed in the land of Poland. When the first star appears in the sky on Christmas eve, supper is served. The table is set for the family and one extra place is laid for the Holy Child. A sacred wafer given to the head of the family by the priest symbolizes peace on earth and is eaten with the evening meal while wishes for the coming year are exchanged.

After all it's His birthday--why shouldn't He have a place at our table and a place in our hearts?

Let's set a place for the Master and enjoy the true meaning of Christmas this year.

Prayer: Come into our homes and our hearts, Lord Jesus, and may Thy peace be over all the earth. Rid our hearts of hate and greed and teach us to love every-one.

Sunday Services

By Edward Hadnott

We were pleased to have Reverend Milton Foust from the Bethpage Presbyterian Church in Kannapolis to visit with us on Sunday, December 1.

Mr. Foust read for his scripture; Mark 5:22-34. This scripture was about a woman who had an issue of blood. Mr. Foust started out by telling us that a ruler of the synagogue came to Jesus and asked him to heal his daughter who was near the point of death. In the great multitude that was gathered around Jesus and the man was this woman with the blood disease. She had had the disease for twelve years. All of the great men of medicine she went to could do nothing and gave up.

She had heard how Jesus had healed many sick people and how he raised people from the dead. She worked out a plan that if she could get close to him that she would touch his garment to get his attention and ask him to heal her. She made her way through the thick crowd and touched the hem of his

robe. Immediately she was healed. She felt her body feel better and better as the plague left her.

When Jesus was touched, he turned and said, "Who touched me?"

The woman suddenly felt guilty and fell on her knees at Jesus's feet and told him that she was the one who touched him so that she could be healed of her blood disease. Jesus then said, "Daughter thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague."

In this story, we find that one woman made her way through a multitude of people to get to Jesus. We don't have to—Jesus is right beside us at all times and we can call on him when we need him.

We were glad to have Mr. Foust visit us. We hope that he can find to come and speak to us again very soon.

---:---

On Sunday, December 8, it was a privilege to have Reverend Johnny

Hawkins visit us from the Harmony Methodist Church in Concord.

For his scripture, Mr. Hawkins read from the twelfth chapter of John, verses 42-43.

Mr. Hawkins said that many people don't think of Jesus except at Christmas time, but we should really think of Him at all times, every day of the year.

In the Bible, there are many sayings from Jesus. There are also some of these sayings repeated in many of the other books about Him. Some scripture verses are also used on the painting by famous artist of Jesus.

Some people like to ask what good characteristics did Jesus have. Some people think that He was weak and not well-built, but one of his characteristics was his physical appearance. He was usually seen in a seamless robe everywhere he went. For this reason he was considered weak. But recently there have been dug up some articles from the time when Jesus lived. One of these articles described Jesus. He was said to have hair the color of ripe chestnuts, he was tall and well-built, he had a large forehead, sleek cheeks like none other, and blue and serene eyes.

Sometimes his eyes flashed with anger. Then again, they would moisten with tears of sorrow. Once when Peter had denied Jesus the third time, Jesus looked at Peter and said nothing. Peter went and repented, for he knew that he had done wrong. Another characteristic

he had was his attitude towards others. While some people would call others names and push them to one side, Jesus would talk with them and the man would soon realize that he was sinning and he would repent. A third characteristic of Jesus is that he had courage. He never was afraid of what would be done to him for ministering about God and healing others.

We were glad Mr. Hawkins could come to talk to us and hope that he can come to visit with us again very soon.

—:—

Sunday, December 15, we were privileged to have Reverend Jack Guffey visit us from the Poplar Grove Methodist Church in Concord.

Mr. Guffey's scripture was read from Acts 16:24-40. Mr. Guffey said, "The big question of today, and of yesterday is, how can I be saved?"

Once when Paul and Silas were put in jail for casting devils out of a woman, the jailor asked Paul this very question.

One night an earthquake occurred and all the prisoners chains were shaken off. The guard started to take his own life for fear that the prisoners were gone. Paul told him not to harm himself because all were there. The jailor called for a light to look, and when he saw that they were all there he asked Paul how could he be saved.

At this time, Rome was a very powerful country, but when the

jailor accepted God, he found he was dealing with a power greater than Rome's. He found that God had all power. Some of Paul's realities were that he persecuted Christians, but on the Damascus Road, Paul's life was changed and he was called into the ministry.

Paul had a part in the stoning of Stephen. While he was doing this he heard Stephen say that when we sin we must repent immediately. This stayed with him until God spoke to him.

Loss of property is great, one of the greatest tragedies is to stay in sin. Jesus suffered, died and rose again on the third day so that we can have eternal life.

Paul's answer to this question that all people have to do is Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and they will be saved. Paul preached of his own conversion to people. To the jailor he told of Jesus' love. The jailor's family was saved. They washed Paul and Silas's stripes to ease the pain and gave them a delicious meal in his house.

The jailor was a lost reality. Sometimes it takes a tragedy to awaken one out of sin.

We were glad to have Mr. Guffey visit with us and hope that he can come again very soon.

---:---

If you desire to leave footprints on the sands of time, start walking.

It is always easy to covet another man's success without envying his labors.

The man who is never very strong against anything is never very strong for anything.

He who does nothing but wait for his ship to come in has already missed the boat.

If you expect a rebate from the high cost of living, brother, you are an optimist.

It is humanly impossible to build a reputation on the things you are going to do.

When a woman loves a man he can make her do anything she wants to.

Life has two ends and one of them has been used; better take care of the other one.

Dark and gloomy days are unknown to people who have learned to spread sunshine.

Don't worry about the job you don't like—somebody else will soon have it

When the grass looks greener on the other side of the fence, it may be that they take better care of it there.

Many a live wire would be dead one except for the connections.

The rest of your days depend on the rest of your nights.

CAMPUS NEWS

VESPER SERVICES

We at Jackson Training School have started having Vesper Services every Monday night about 6:30. The Chapel is not big enough to hold all the boys, so we only let about half of the cottages go at one time. Cottages 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 17 go on the second and fourth Mondays of every month. Cottages 1, 2, 3, 4, 11, 13, 14, and 15 go on the first and third Mondays of every month.

We have two ministers. Reverend Hoy T. Whitlow of the Associate Reform Presbyterian Church of Concord. He comes on the second and fourth Mondays. Reverend Williams A. Rock of the Kerr Street Methodist Church of Concord, comes on the first and third Mondays. We hope they keep coming for a long time.

—Don Turner

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

DAIRY

The dairy department is striving for an improvement in milk production. That has been our goal for several months. We have culled out several low producing cows, some that were hard to breed and some for other reasons. "Other reasons" cull some cows that we would rather not keep in the herd.

We have had five cows to calve this month and that has helped increase the amount of milk. We hope we can increase the amount of milk each month for a few months.

We have taken all the windows out of the calf barn and put them back after the carpenter shop repaired them.

The dairy boys are doing a good job cleaning up the milk house and dairy barn.

—E. D. Moretz

—:—

GYM

The volley ball season is in full swing. Cottage 1 is on top in the "A" league, Cottage 14 in the "B" league and Cottage 3 and 13 are tied in the "C" league.

Elimination tournaments should start December first and should end before Christmas and shortly after Basketball season should begin.

On pretty days some Physical Education classes are still playing football.

—Mr. Cannon

—:—

BAKERY

The boys in the Bakery have been working very hard this past month, especially for Halloween. The boys made 65 dozen oatmeal cookies, 1500 wiener rolls. We also parch-

ed 6 bushels of peanuts, popped 500 boxes of popcorn, and made 50 pounds of chili sauce. We've made several birthday cakes this month.

We are expecting a boy to go home this month. His name is Harvey Glisson. We hope that he has enjoyed his stay here, and hope that he will make out all right at home.

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PAINT SHOP

The Paint Shop boys have been working hard the past month. We worked painting Cottage 9, but it got to cold for us, so we had to move to the old school. We are painting the auditorium now a white color. We hope to finish up in the next month and a half. Milton Heath went home this month and we wish him good luck. We got one new boy this month, Ballard Moxley.

—Robert Phillips

---:---

CAFETERIA

The boys in the cafeteria have been working hard this month. We have been stringing beans this month. We also have been picking greens. We have had one boy to go home this month. He was Kenneth Westbrook. All of us wish him good luck. We are also expecting four or five more to go home this month. We got two new boys this month. They are Johnny Brown and Jack Ward.

—David L. Chase

CARPENTER SHOP

This month the Carpenter Shop boys have been working very hard. They have been tearing down the old milk house down at the dairy. They prepared some couches at the shop from cottages 2, 3, 9, 10, 17, and some others. We expect some boys to go home this month. They are J. D. Sain and Charles Fletcher.

—Charles Fletcher

---:---

BARN FORCE

The boys on the Barn Force have been working very hard taking care of all the hogs. We have been doing a lot of slaughtering and gathering a lot of feed for the hogs and cattle. We are hoping to have a lot of winter pigs. With cold weather coming we will have to work hard keeping the pigs warm. I have a good group of boys on the Barn Force, morning and evening. They all make citations and do good work.

—Robert Faggart

---:---

SHOE SHOP

The shoe shop boys have been very busy this month. We have fixed 296 shoes. Randy Carver fixed 69, Johnny Wagner 66, Sandy Morgan 55, Ronnie Beach 34, Ernest Cook 27, Roger May 3, Mitchel Grice 9, Karl Bullock 1, Roger King 22, and Charles Carter 10. We were assigned three new boys this month. There are four boys going home this month, there names are Randy Carver, Karl Bullock, Ronnie Beach and Ernest Cook.

BARBER SHOP

The boys in the barber shop have been working very hard this month. The boys have cut a certain amount of haircuts. Broadway cut 122, Morris cut 51, Sandy Morgan cut 33, Tim Morgan cut 21, Barker cut 15, and Mr. Burr cut 13, and hopes to cut more next month.

—Johnny Morris

—Mike Murphy

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PLUMBING SHOP

The boys in the Plumbing Shop have been working hard this past month. They had a little bad luck though. Unfortunately they have had two flat tires in one week.

They have been working in the Laundry and Cafeteria. They helped an electrician wire the new machine shop. They have also helped work in the office.

—David Shepard

---:---

TRACTOR FORCE

The tractor boys have been working hard this month. We have been plowing the fields, and getting them ready for winter. We had a boy to go home this month, his name is Harvey Lee Locklear. We hope he gets along good at home.

—George Mabe

---:---

MACHINE SHOP

The boys in the Machine Shop have learned how to work on tractors and bulldozers. We have torn

the bulldozer down this month. We learned how to grind valves, and clean spark plugs, and the firing order on the tractor. We worked on the 460. We have a boy going home this month, his name is Henry Faircloth.

—David Hawkins

—Henry Faircloth

---:---

Life is a series of jumps. If you jump one way, you get a ticket, and if you jump the other way, you get a lily.

In the middle of a long drawn-out sermon, a minister said to a small boy. "Wake up your father, Johnny." The lad replied, "Wake him up yourself. You put him to sleep."

An old man heard about some pills that would restore his youth. He bought a box, but instead of taking one every day, he swallowed the whole boxful in a single dose the next night.

When morning came, the family had great difficulty waking the old man. At last he rolled over, rubbed his eyes, and said, "All right, all right, I'll get up, but I'm not going to school!"

Friend: "Why do you have such misspelled and ungrammatical signs in your front window?"

Sharp Merchant: "People think I am a dunce, and come in to swindle me. Trade's just fine!"

BIRTHDAYS

NOVEMBER

Charles Barbour	11-1-63
Zeb Christy	11-1-63
Lacy Bailey	11-1-63
Floyd Stanley	11-2-63
Quincy Allen	11-6-63
Larry Beigert	11-6-63
Carlyle Waters	11-6-63
David Langley	11-7-63
Bernard Godwin	11-9-63
Benjamin Buhmann	11-9-63
Donald Cummings	11-11-63
Bobby Baldwin	11-11-63
Jessie Johnson	11-12-63
George Mabe	11-12-63
Roger King	11-12-63
Daniel Woodring	11-13-63
James Lee	11-13-63
Chuck Nunnery	11-13-63
Terry Brewer	11-13-63
Billy Norton	11-14-63
Jerry Bell	11-15-63
Mike Rathburn	11-17-63

THE UPLIFT

13

Danny Sowers	11—19—63
Roger Teer	11—20—63
Jerry Williams	11—22—63
Dean Carver	11—23—63
Robert Myers	11—29—63
Bobby Cornwall	11—29—63
Donald Turner	11—29—63
James McNeill	11—30—63
Claude Chavis	11—30—63
David Harrelson	11—30—63

DECEMBER

Phil Cherry	12—1—63
Eugene Wright	12—6—63
Cecil Francis	12—7—63
Joe Griffin	12—7—63
Wylie Parham	12—9—63
Bobby Bullard	12—10—63
John Bell	12—10—63
David Hollifield	12—11—63
Kenneth Ellington	12—12—63
Steve Donaldson	12—13—63
Tim Morgan	12—13—63
Sanford Higgs	12—14—63
John Taylor	12—14—63

Ronald Sisk	12—16—63
Charles Fletcher	12—20—63
Lewis Murr	12—21—63
Guaran Ward	12—23—63
Larry Lingerfelt	12—23—63
Joe Perkins	12—23—63
Ted Prevatte	12—23—63
Robert Leopard	12—24—63
Mike King	12—24—63
William Arnette	12—25—63
Larry Robinson	12—25—63
Jesse Smith	12—26—63
William Lovings	12—29—63
Robert Threadgill	12—31—63
Charles Woodard	12—31—63

* * * *

The universe is not rich enough to buy the vote of an honest man.

The surest way to have happiness and peace of mind is to give them to somebody else.

Success consists of getting up just one more time than you fall.

The man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them.

There is no verbal vitamin more potent than praise.

NEW STUDENTS

NOVEMBER

Lapish, Billy Joe	Lexington
North, Larry Lee	Asheville
Tyndall, Lloyd	Kinston
Price, Daniel Eugene	Lenoir
Dula, Ronald Lynn	Morganton
Dula, Donald Gwynn	Morganton
Holmes, James Richard	High Point
Radford, Lowell Thomas	Hickory
Everhardt, Frank Douglas	Hickory

DECEMBER

Horton, Samuel Joseph	Raleigh
Cuthbertson, Ronald Eugene	Hickory
Johnson, Charles Davis, Jr.	Cherokee
McGuinn, Maynard Randy	Mill Spring
Franklin, Daniel Badger	Mill Spring
Jacobs, Billy	Lumberton
Barbour, Mitchell Wayne	Four Oaks
Davis, Ralph Samuel	Landis
Thomas, Rodney Levi	Canton
Marshall, Daniel Ralph	Greennboro

Jones, Jerry Lanell	Charlotte
Love, Ricky Norman	Lexington
Perry, Robert Allen	Belmont
Mace, Ray Richard	Asheville
Musselwhite, Jimmy	East Lumberton
Dennis, Wade Hampton	Landis
Locklear, George Kelly	St. Pauls
Yount, Roger Dale	Hickory
Rudisill, Gary Marvin	Hickory
Barkey, Richard vance	Charlotte

* * * *

Many people think they are painfully overworked, just because it takes them all day to do a three-hour job.

The hardest job of all is trying to look busy when you are not.

A narrow mind and a wide mouth usually go together.

Success is the ability to get along with some people, and ahead of others.

The only successful substitute for work is a miracle.

Wise sayings often fall on barren ground, but a kind word is never cast aside.

The greatest truths are the simplest. So are the greatest men and women.

Honor Rolls

TRADE HONOR ROLL

OFFICE

Mitchell Newberry

PRINT SHOP

Ted Pope
Edward Hadnott
Robert Myers
Donald Turner

GYM

Freddie Riffle
Reeves Ferguson

TEXTILE

Bobby Crouch
Sanford Higgs
Tommy Crump
Wayne Lyman
Marvin Griggs
William Arnett
James Newell
Terry Brewer
Frankie Hilton
Charles Barbour
Billy Gordon

SHOE SHOP

Mitchell Grice

Roger May
Charles Carter
Johnny Wagoner
Sandy Morgan
Roger King

BARBER SHOP

Tim Morgan
Mike Murphy
Robert Broadway
Jimmy Edwards
Johnny Hall
Johnny Morris

YARD AND POULTRY

David Bell
Steve Gunter
James Norton
Larry Lingerfelt
Daniel Woodring
Terry Anderson
Lewis Murr
Zeb Christy
Richard Cardwell
Wayne Norton
Edward Mitchell
Robert Potts

PAINT SHOP

Robert Phillips
Ballard Moxley

Danny Braxton
Wayne Hillman

SEWING ROOM

Bobby Smith
Billy McGinnis
David Turner
James Patterson
Phillip McCreary
Dwight Teer

MACHINE SHOP

John Phelps
Cecil Spivey
Carl Spivey
Frank Trivette
Billy Lovings

LAUNDRY

Thomas Graham
Jesse Soles
Ronald Sisk
A. C. House
Donald Angel
Ronnie Whiteside
Billy Cornwell
Jackie Morrow
Larry Webb
Billy Burleyson
Barry Boyd
Larry Callicutt
David Langley
George Hammock
Bruce Stamey
Thurman Woodring
William Threadgill

BAKERY

Richard Stinson
Melvin Brown
Gary Daniels
J. C. King

Mike Lovas
Robert Miller
Jerry Hyatt

CAFETERIA

David Chase
Eddie Brewer
Harold Robbins
Billy Lambert
Chuck Nunnery
Donald Anderson
Eugene Patterson

DAIRY

Charles Skinner
Jesse Smith
Billy Smith
Larry Biegert
Mitchell Trivette

FARM

Tommy Jackson

—:—

The oldster had laryngitis. Ambling into the crossroads store, he sought the proprietor. "Ed, the doctor says I oughtn't to talk on account of this hoarseness. Mighty hard for me to say anything, so if you've got a pencil and a piece of paper handy, just a small piece will do, I'll jes' write down what I'm aimin' to buy."

The writing materials were provided, and the old fellow laboriously scrawled, "Can of tabaccer."

Clerk: "Are you a guest of the hotel, sir?"

Patron: "I should say not! I'm paying twenty dollars a day!"

CRAZY WILLY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Ed Metcalfe

Crazy Willy was a familiar figure on the avenue and throughout the neighborhood. Everyone would smile at him as he passed. They would do this in spite of themselves, for Willie was comical to look upon and his always laughing face was impossible to resist. Willy wasn't crazy, of course; he was just a simple fellow who had some difficulty controlling and sorting out the complicated wires and lines that activated his speech. But even when he found himself unable to speak, or sometimes, to even move properly, his face was split in that same happy grin. He was harmless; people liked him — as they would have liked the neighborhood dog who wagged his tail at every passer-by. Children loved him and he loved them in return, for he treated them as angels, and they just never knew when he would produce a tame sparrow or squirrel to sit on his shoulder.

Willy earned a haphazard living by doing odd jobs for the merchants up and down the avenue and for the housewives in the neighborhood. He could wash windows, or sweep and mop floors, or carry out trash, or—baby sit. Then he could also mow lawns, or wash cars, or do anything that a simple person could be expected to do. He didn't work against the clock. If it took ten minutes to wash a single window it suited Willy just fine. If it took ten hours that was all right, too. But when he finished with the job — in ten minutes or whatever — the window sparkled and shone like new. Because of this quality in his work Willy had all the jobs he wanted. He had more than he wanted, really, for when he had earned enough money to pay the rent for his basement bedroom and buy the groceries for a week or so, he would stop working altogether. He regarded labor as a necessary evil, not a way of life. Who can blame him? Who can be expected to become enthusiastic over a career as handyman?

So Willy worked when he felt like it, or when he had an actual need for money. This attitude didn't provide him with many luxuries, to be sure. But he had a warm bed, a full belly, a television set, and many friends. He was content. More, he was happy.

The snow came early that year, and Crazy Willy smiled as he saw it drifting deeper deeper and deeper. He had plans. To everyone's amazement he was up before daybreak, shovelling snow from in front of all the

stores as if it were his personal responsibility to keep the walks clean. As he would finish one area he would approach the merchant palm up and when the merchant would give him the customary fifty-cent piece Willy would remain there, palm still out, sliently asking for more.

"What's this!" they would protest. "You always took what I gave you Willy. You never asked for more. You going high-class on me or something?"

Grinning: "Need money. Need more."

Vexed: "What do you need more money for, Willy?"

Grinning: "Never mind. Need more. You give, huh?"

"Going to buy a Cadillac? Haw!"

And: Going to play the numbers? Haw!"

And: "Going to start chasing the girls, Willy? Haw!"

And: "Got a hot tip on the horses? How about letting me in on it? Haw!"

They would be convulsed by their own great wit.

Grinning: "Need more money. Buy things for birthday party."

"What! a birthday party for who? Who you trying to kid, Willy?"

"No kid. Buy things for party. Need more money. You good man. You give."

They had never seen Willy so persistent or dominate. It was out-of-character for him. It was also plain that he wouldn't leave until he did get more money. And he was a good worker when you needed him. They gave.

Willy accepted the money gratefully, still grinning: "Thanks. You good man. You come to birthday party?"

Laughing: "Sure, Willy. I'll come. We ought to have ourselves a regular blow-out, huh? Haw."

Soon Willy became the joke of the neighborhood with his party.

"Do you suppose Willy has finally gone off the deep end?"

"Naw! He's no worse than allways."

"In fact, if you was to ask me I'd say he's better."

"How come?"

"Look how hard he's working. He ain't never worked so hard before."

All day he is doing this and that and the other, and then babysitting at night. He's getting rich. I should be so crazy already!"

"So what's with this birthday party business?"

"So maybe he's got one."

"Why not? Everyone else's got one, ain't they?"

"Willy demanded more from the ladies, too."

"What? Are you fooling me, Willy?"

"No fool. For birthday party. You make?"

"Well . . ."

Then, knowing they would need his services . . . and he was so accommodating lately . . . "All right, Willy, if you insist."

"Good. You bring? You come to my party? You bring husband?"

"All right! All right! It's the craziest thing . . . but if I make you mad at me the children will never forgive me. I'll do it, Willy. And I'll bring Joe."

Grinning: "You good lady. You real good."

By December Willy's pending birthday party became as much conversation as the coming Christmas season. "He's been buying tinsel and decorations from me. And demanding wholesale prices too!"

"And he ordered a big tree from me!"

"Maby he's gonna have a combination Christmas-Birthday party!"

"Who knows? Willy ain't saying much."

"Did you get an invite too?"

"I guess so. He said 'you come'. Does that mean I'm invited to his party?"

"Guess so. That's what he said to all of us."

"Where's it gonna be?"

"I dunno."

"And when?"

"I dunno that either."

"Oh fine! You come to my party but I ain't gonna tell you when or where. Haw!"

"Yeah, that Willy is nutty as a fruit cake."

"Harmless though."

"And a sweet little guy when you come right down to it."

"Yeah. It's too bad his marbles are so loose."

"Yeah. A shame."

Willy went to see a sign painter and, after much hesitant explaining ordered a very special pictorial sign.

Grinning: "You cut price? You give me wholesale? This very special birthday party. I wash windows whole year for you."

Nodding in understanding: "Yes I'll cut the price for this job. It won't cost you a cent either."

Grinning: "You real good man. You come to party?"

"Yes."

"You don't tell nobody?"

"No."

"We have surprise, huh?"

"Yes it will be, Willy."

Willy worked harder all the time, and it became apparent that he was planning a big party. When the word got out that he had hired an empty store and was spending his spare time decorating it behind drawn shades, the coming affair began to assume some magnitude and importance to those who had heretofore only laughed, to those who had not meant their quick acceptance of his verbal invitation. Little by little, without conscious organization, a Birthday Party for Willy Committee was formed.

A printer said: "If Willy is going to all this trouble to have himself a birthday party the least we can do is pitch in and help. He's swept my sidewalk for ten years and never once asked me for a thing. I'm going to print some fancy invitations for him."

"How you gonna do that when you don't know when it's gonna be?"

"I'll let Willy fill that in himself."

Willy nearly wept with joy as these were presented to him, and he had a terribly exciting time as he addressed them. Then, still not satisfied (he was afraid they would be lost if he dropped them into a mailbox), he gave them to the mailman on the route and followed him around as they were delivered.

The store owner went to the place he had rented Willy for the party. He looked at Willy's pathetic efforts to decorate, then said to himself: "Those decorations are something awful. But even if he was an expert it wouldn't make this crummy place look any better. It's been empty for a year anyway. Maybe if I had it painted I could find me a tenant."

He had the store painted. In the process Willy's decorations were torn

down. The owner consulted with a decorator, who said: "We may as well do this up right for our Willy."

And he and his crew worked for six hours one night, decorating the place from front to back top to bottom.

Willy was ecstatic, and spent those six hours bringing them coffee and doughnuts. He had only one comment: "Leave space for sign. Goes here. This big." And he stretched his arms this way and that to illustrate its size.

"What kinda sign, Willy? Pin-Up Girl? Haw!"

Grinning: "You see. You come to party and you see."

A caterer said: "We'll need tables and chairs. And I guess I can furnish coffee and cakes."

"How about a birthday cake for Willy?"

"I'll go for that too."

"How many candles?"

"I dunno."

"How old is Willy?"

"I dunno. Thirty, huh?"

"Naw. About twenty-five."

"Thirty-five. I'd say."

"Okay! Okay! So this is the first birthday he ever told us about ain't it?"

"Yeah."

"Then I'll just put one candle on it. If he don't wanna say how old he is then I ain't gonna bug him about it. Okay?"

"Okay!"

The music store owner said: "I'll put an organ in here for the party. How can you sing Happy Birthday, Willy unless you have an organ? And besides, knowing these people around here, they'll probably be singing stuff like Waltz Me Around Again, Willy before the night is out."

A lady said: "I'll play the organ for you . . . and Willy."

Another merchant said: "I'll chip in for favors and paper hat's and all that. I'm loaded with all that for New Years' anyway."

Then everyone said: "When this party comming off?"

They sought out Willy and demanded a sttraight answer.

He told them.

They were horrified.

"You're kidding, Willy.!"

"No kid. Cross heart."

"But we'll be busy."

Grinning: "Too busy for my party? You promise?"

"But we have prior commitments!"

Tearfully: "You take invitation? You say come?"

"Yes, but . . ."

Grinning: "You good people. You come. I know you come."

What every one objected to, of course, was the date of Willy's birthday party. It was to be on Christmas night. They fussed and fumed and made excuses and argued; but Willy just grinned and reminded them of their promises. And they gave in.

Willy walked away happy.

On Christmas night they came to the hall in a festive mood. All their Christmases had been good and they were ready for some relaxation. The caterer's tables were soon overloaded, and the ladies gaped at one another as each placed a bowl of food on the crisp tablecloths. There were salads, cakes, baskets of fried chicken, baked hams, baked beans and other foods, and they shook their heads in wonder at Willy's careful planning. He had thought of everything, and there was enough food for two hundred people.

They placed small gifts for Willy around the tree and began loosening their tonsils in preparation for a gala night of singing. A few were gathered by the organ already, feet shuffling.

Willy stood by the door greeting his guests as they entered.

"Merry Christmas, Willy!" they would say.

"And Happy Birthday, Willy!"

And Willy would grin and answer: "Yes. Happy Birthday! Happy Birthday!"

They would laugh: "Listen to crazy Willy wishing himself a happy birthday, wouldja!"

"Yeah, ain't that something!"

In an hour the room was packed, and it was obvious that the liquid spirits were helping Christmas spirit along. The organist was playing loudly, and songs were becoming raucous. Then Willy stepped on a chair at the back of the room and called for attention by ringing a bell from the Christmas tree.

"QUIET! QUIET!" someone cried out. "Willy wants to make us a speech!"

Willy's ears grew red at this attention. He was almost beside himself in happiness. Then it was still in the room, and he began: "Friends. . ."

Cheers!

". . . thank you. . ."

Cheers!

". . . this birthday party . . ."

A voice from the crowd: "How old are you, Willy? Let us in on your secret."

"Yeah, give us the word!"

"Yeah, come on, Willy. Tell the truth now. Which birthday is this for you?"

Grinning: "Not my birthday."

Incredulous: "What!"

"Not your birthday!"

Angrily: "Then what's all this about, Willy?"

"Yeah! What you pulling off here, Willy?"

Willy waited, imploring their forbearance with his eyes and demeanor.

Then: "Not my birthday," he repeated.

Then, reaching to pull the sheet from in front of the large sign that had been painted for the occasion, he pointed and spoke again: "His birthday."

And the room grew hushed as they gazed in wonder at the picture of Jesus Christ hanging there, at the legend which read: Happy Birthday, Jesus. We love you.

—The Courier

* * * *

The world would be a lot better if everyone would spare a few minutes now and then to make the area surrounding him a little better.

The world is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit and inquire, "Why wasn't it done this way?"

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Like the night before Christmas, and all through the pad;
Not a hipster was swinging - not even old dad.
The chimney was draped with the stocking routine;
In hopes that the fat man would make the scene.

The wee cats were laid out all cool in their beds,
While sounds like the Sugar Blues wailed through their heads.
My chick in her castro and me on the floor.
Had just conked out for a forty - wink snore.

When out of left field there came such a ribble,
I broke from my sack to see what was the dribble.
To the glass - pane I cut like a B western movie,
Tuned in on the action - and man was it groovy.

The moon and the snow were like faking together,
Which made the scene rock with day - people weather.
Then what to these peepers should come on real queer.
But a real crazy sleigh and eight swinging reindeer.

With a happy old driver on some frantic kick,
I was hep in a flash that it must be St. Nick.
Much faster than Byrd, this group was no drag,
And he rocked and rolled and pegged them by tag.

Like Dasher! Like Dancer! Like Prancer and Vixen!
Go Comet! Go Cupid! Go Donder and Blitzen!
Fly over the shack; make it over the pad!
Now cut out man, cut out man, cut out like mad!

As side - men in combos pick up as they stomp,
When they swing with the beat of a Dixie - Land Romp.
Up to the top of my shack they flew,
With a sleigh full of loot, and old St. Nick too.

Then in a quick riff, I dug on the roof,
Down the chimney came St. Nick, like a hot trumpet blast.
The jumping and jiving of each swinging hoof.

As I pulled in my noggin and turned around fast,
He was draped fit to kill - man a real Kookie dresser,
His rags were like way out; pops, he was a real gasser.
He looked like a postman with Basie fan mail.
A sack full of goodies hung down to his tail,

His eyes, man they sizzled; his dimples were smiles;
His cheeks were real rosy; his beak like Miles;
His pucked up mouth was like blowing flat E,
And his chin hid behind a real crazy goatee.

He had a cigarette snagged in his choppers,
And he took a few drags, like all cool boppers.
He had a pink face and a solid reet middle,
That bounced when he walked, like a gut - bucket fiddle.

He was like rolling with meat, meaning he was no square;
And I flipped, because I had heard he was long - hair.
But the glint in his eye and the beat in his touch,
Soon gave me the message - man, this cat was too much!

He blew not a sound, but skipped right to his gig;
And stashed all the stockings, then came on real big.
And flashing a sign, like that old schnozzla bit,
Still playing it cool, up the chimney he split.

He flew to his skids; to his group he blew a lick;
And they cut out real cool on a wild frenzied kick.
But I heard him sound off; with a razz - ma - tazz:
"A cool Christmas to all - and like all of that jazz!"

—via: The Messenger

* * * *

It is not so much what we know as how well we use what we know.

The number of square people, not the number of square miles, makes
a country great.

"THINGS I WISH I HAD KNOWN"

A man of full, ripe years, well preserved, once sought to divest himself before a group of young people of his sacred thoughts and reflections, such as seem impossible to experience by the younger folk.

Here is a message, as given in Andrus Driftings:

Having passed the first twoscore and ten years of my life, and realizing that the more sand that has escaped from the hour glass of life the clearer we should see through it, I find myself more prone to meditate and philosophize.

My life has been rich. But there have been regrets, regrets which you, too, will experience in time. These regrets can largely be grouped as "Things I wish I had known before I was twenty-one:"

I wish I had known what I was going to do for a living, and what my life work would likely be.

I wish I had known that my health after thirty was largely dependent on what I had put into my stomach before I was 21.

I wish I had known how to take care of my money.

I wish I had known that a man's habits are mighty hard to change after 21.

I wish I had known that the harvest depends so much upon the seeds sown.

I wish I had known you cannot get something for nothing.

I wish I had known the world would give me just about what I deserved.

I wish I had known the folly of not taking the advice of older and wiser people.

I wish I had known that Dad wasn't such an old fogey after all.

I wish I had known that everything Mother wanted me to do was right.

I wish I had known what it meant to Mother and Father to raise a son.

I wish I had known more of the helpful and inspiring parts of the Bible.

I wish I had known the tremendous value of the opportunity and the joy of serving a fellowman.

I wish I had known that there is no better exercise for the heart than reaching down and helping people up.

I wish I had known that the "sweat of my brow" would earn my bread.

I wish I had known that a thorough education brings the best of everything else.

I wish I had known that honesty is the only policy, not only in dealing with my neighbors but also in dealing with myself and with God.

I wish I had known the value of truthfulness in everything.

And today I wish I knew the formula for impressing you and other young people that life is a mirror which will reflect back to you what you think into it.

* * * *

Habit is like a soft bed—easy to get into, but hard to get out of.

Intelligence is like a river—the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.

You will never offend a person by returning a smile.

Progress always involves risks. You can't steal second base and keep your foot on first.

There is no right way to do a wrong thing.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without thought of fame.

Many people owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.

Christmas is observed in Bethlehem on December 25 by both Protestants and Roman Catholics, on January 6 by the Greek Orthodox churches,

What you will get tomorrow depends on what you do today.

"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilt goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."

— Edwin Markham

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