Emily Wilson

'Down Zion's Alley'
A Book About Life

DOWN ZION'S ALLEY. By Emily Wilson. The Drummer Press, Winston-Salem. $1.95 (paper).

JAMES Dickey once put down all women poets by saying that their subjects were pretty much limited to the altar or the bed. Well, he reckoned without woman's liberation and Emily Wilson - though I don't wish to label her as simply a libber. She does, however, write consciously and intensely from a woman's point of view; she is richly sensuous ('The Bath') and is drawn to subjects that often put male readers off: for example, childbirth and raising children. But her poems leap far beyond that, always avoiding sentimentality and cuteness, evoking a memorable, gritty world of her own.

Knows Pitfalls

She knows all the pitfalls that yawn before her: there is not a cliche, unconscious echo or superfluous adjective in her entire book. Her poems are unpretentious, honed to spareness and, above all, true. And generally the poet behind them is unselfconscious, except for such rare failures as "Special to the New York Times." The world she creates is largely the domestic world of a Southern woman. If there is an obsessive theme, it is aging, the inexorable passage of time. Yet she does not express this abstractly, dryly; the motif helps stitch her book together and is rooted in the dramatic and concrete in such poems as "The Home for the Aging," "Grandmother," "The Weight of Echoes," "Urban Renewal" "Osborne" and a powerful poem on the death of her brilliant teacher, Randall Jarrell.

Her sense of humor is especially welcome in an era when poets are too solemn and take themselves too seriously. (Perhaps this was always the case?) The reader is charmed by her flights of fancy, as in "Goodmorning, Mr. Koch:" He came to class like a leftover Barnum 'n' Bailey clown with the hiccups riding a kangaroo backwards.

Although "Down Zion's Alley" is by no means a regional book - it ranges from Aberfan, Wales, to the surrealistic world of dreams - the Tar Heel reader will get an extra bonus by the pleasure of recognizing such places as Myrtle Beach, the Southport Ferry or Brookgreen Gardens. Beyond that, she subtly suggests the texture of a Southern life style, with its front-porch leisure, long memories, love of place, and fundamentalist religion.

But as Wilson knows, poetry is not made of subjects or ideas: it is made with the magic of language and its rhythms, syllable by syllable, line by line. And the poet unquestionably succeeds, for she has a rare gift of grace and is a skillful and dedicated craftsman. The reader takes away from her economical poems lines and startling images that stick in the mind: Years press out the breaths in gutturals of age. The clock hands cut away the flesh, knives clicking. Days are long, sliding into disaster. A dock punches out shadows from a piece of dark.

Title Poem

To conclude, here is the title poem, "Down Zion's Alley":
Down Zion's Alley, off First Street, Shacks rub their crippled backs against the white man's fence. When it rains, the floods wash trash all the way to his dreams. He sits up in bed, cans out, "Something's dead in the alley." And turns out the light. The stars wake up the night. Leaving the shacks bare, clean, The fenced yards full of their seeds. A spare poem, rich with suggestions, technically assured and fully realized.

A more pure, rich with substance, technologically accurate and fully realized, is a remarkable introduction, a book of nice poetry," No, it is a book about life and it promises of still other riches to come from a young and talented poet.

- GUY OWEN
Writers Overflow Reynolda Autograph Party

A poetry reading that filled Reynolda House

That phenomenon caught everybody by surprise Thursday night and had guests listening to poetry readings, planned in a small room, in shifts.

Emily Wilson, the honor guest and her new book of poetry, "Balancing on Stones," were the drawing cards.

The book was recently published by The Jackpine Press, established last summer. Isabel Zuber and Betty Leighton, members of the board of editors with Mrs. Wilson, were there to welcome all comers. A.R. Ammons, who was poet-in-residence last year at Wake Forest University, is general editor.

Poetry readers were David Bearinger of the Chameleon Galleries, Clint McCown, graduate student in drama at Wake Forest, and Dr. Elizabeth Phillips of the Wake Forest English department.

As usual in Reynolda House, guests visited, ate from a bountiful buffet and enjoyed the paintings and furnishings as well as each other.

The writers were there in force. Dr. Thomas Gossett, who is writing a book on Harriet Beecher Stowe, and his wife, Louise, who teaches English at Salem College, were in the crowd as was Cyclone Covey who had a similar autograph party recently at Reynolda House.

His latest book is "Calalus," about a Roman Jewish colony alleged to be in America from the time of Charlemagne to Alfred the Great.

Gerald Bullis, current poet-in-residence at Wake Forest, was there with his wife, Frances. He is from the Missouri Ozarks and studied with Ammons, who turned him to poetry at Cornell University at Ithica, N.Y., where Bullis earned a Ph.D. degree in English.

Bynum Shaw, creative writing and journalism teacher at Wake Forest, came with his wife, Louise. He is a former newspaper correspondent and author of two novels, and now is writing profile scripts for a Public Broadcasting System.

Will Ray, editor of the Wake Forest magazine, who taught English at Memphis State in Tennessee, was there. At Wake Forest, he was a student of Dr. Ed Wilson, Wake Forest provost and the guest of honor's husband, and earned a Ph.D. degree at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Miss Kathareen Talley, who deals in books at Hinkle Book Store, came with Mrs. Robert Sosnik, a television book reviewer.

Dr. James Ralph Scales, Wake Forest president, his wife, Betty, Dr. and Mrs. William Angell, the Tom Mullens, Mrs. Joseph Gordon, Mrs. Florence Creque, John Fries Blair, publisher, the Burton Willinghams, Frank and Dorothy Trotman (he writes poetry) and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wilson Jr. attended the poetry gala.

Children of the poet, Eddie, Sally and Julie were at the party with Stuart Hills, son of the late Barbara Hills and her husband, David. A heartwrenching poem in "Balancing on Stones" about Mrs. Hills is titled simply "To a Friend."

Other poems were inspired by her children and other friends.

Lines such as "hope will stick like beggar's lice to the inside of his need" from "In Some Quiet Spinning Place" keep readers coming back and back to the poems on their own.

Mrs. Wilson teaches a course in recent American Poetry at Reynolda House.
Promoters Of Poetry Form Unit

A new organization for poets, "Tenth Muse, North Carolina Poets," was announced here last night. Sponsored by Reynolda House and Wake Forest University, the purpose is to encourage more people to express themselves through the writing of poetry, the reading of poetry and a place to read it, and to publish the works of poets.

Membership fees annually will be $1 for students and $2 for adults.

The president of the group is Emily Wilson; Robert Shirley is vice president, and Maria Ingram is secretary-treasurer. All are residents of Winston-Salem.


The group, working on two levels, will hold workshops for children in grades 3 through 6 and will work with adults in the overall purpose of encouraging more poetry writing.

Monthly programs are being planned, all to be held at Reynolda House. The format of these programs will vary. Some will include lectures and readings by well-known poets. Others will be for established and aspiring poets to attend and read their works. The public is invited to attend the programs without charge.

The announcement of the new organization was made at an "Evening of Poetry" program at Reynolda House. During this program several well-known local and North Carolina poets read some of their poems and members of the audience participated by reading their works. Those on the formal program included Stem, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Ingram, Shirley, Mrs. Hutton and Busbee.
Although "Down Zion's Alley" is by no means a regional book - it ranges from Aberfan, Wales, to the surrealistic world of dreams - the Tar Heel reader will get an extra bonus by the pleasure of recognizing such places as Myrtle Beach, the Southport Ferry or Brookgreen Gardens. Beyond that, she subtly suggests the texture of a Southern lifestyle, with its front-porch leisure, long memories, love of place, and fundamentalist religion.

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He came to class

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A spare poem, rich with suggestions, technically assured and fully realized. As Heather Miller writes in a remarkable introduction, "Down Zion's Alley" is not a book about life and it gives promise of still other riches to come from a young and talented poet.
Betty Leighton, Isabel Zuber and Emily Wilson sit in the press’ office.

In a way, the little office in the basement of the president’s house at Wake Forest University represents a coming of age of the Secret Writers Club. Although it sounds like it, that “club” is not something out of Poe or Hawthorne. It’s the name three local writers gave themselves, with a grin, about 10 years ago when they began meeting weekly over tea and children to write and to talk about each other’s writing.

Now the three - Betty Leighton, Emily Wilson and Isabel Zuber - have taken a medium-giant step away from Mrs. Wilson’s There are, presumably, plenty of good poets kitchen table to form their own publishing company, The Jackpine Press. The press will produce one book a year, concentrating on poetry. The office is in a room in the garage in Dr. James Ralph Scales’ house because Mrs. Scales is friendly to the writers’ venture, but the actual printing will be done by Clay Printing Co. (The address of the press is 157 Timberlake Lane.)

The first book to come from the press will be Mrs. Wilson’s second volume of poetry, “Balancing on Stones.” Having announced that, the writers - in an interview over tea and children last week - hastened to emphasize that “this is not a vanity press. We will have regular royalty contracts.”

“We will start out with poetry, but we wouldn’t rule out short stories or even essays,” Mrs. Wilson said. “We want our roots in the community, the state and the region.” Bruce Tucker, a commercial artist, designed the colophon, the letters JP with a stylized pine cone.

The three, after a brief discussion, decided that what they are to the press is the editorial board. They will receive and read and edit manuscripts, select paper stock and type and do general design for the books. And they will seek counsel from their general editor and guiding light, A.R. Ammons. The poet was writer-in-residence at Wake Forest last year. Archie was a great shot in the arm to poetry,” Mrs. Wilson said. “When he was here he got up a mimeographed series of poems called ‘Nickelodeon,’ he had poetry readings and he taught a class in writing. I took it one semester, and Isabel took it the next semester. And Isabel and I wrote a lot of poems we gave him to read.”

In addition to the private writing and reading, Ammons had another encouragement for the poets. He suggested they start a press. Mrs. Wilson said, “We were just right for a new project. Our children are older, and Isabel and I are writing more, and Betty has always been a friend of writers and books. So we took our savings — money we had saved ourselves from our jobs, so we didn’t have to ask our husbands for anything — and started.”

There are, presumably, plenty of good poets around, and they need presses to publish their work, especially since the big New York publishing houses have cut back on poetry books. But these days aren’t the best for starting a small business. Mrs. Wilson said, “I talked to my father, who is a businessman, and he said, ‘Ye gods.’ But my mother said, ‘I know where you can get $500.’ ”

The writers went looking for a name and a lot of fast knowledge about the publishing business. “Isabel is a mountain woman, and she came up with a list of names that were earthy and natural,” Mrs. Wilson said. From the list, Ammons picked The Jackpine Press.

Mrs. Zuber explained that a jackpine is what people call a scrub pine. “It thrives under hardship, and it’s the tree whose cone flicks open after a forest fire and reseeds the forest.” “We liked those metaphorical connotations,” Mrs. Wilson said.

The press will have a subscriber program. Mrs. Wilson said, “We will invite friends of poetry to share this adventure with us. We want to keep it small, so we will never have a lot of capital to work with. We just want to get enough out of each book to print the next one.”

The press will have a subscriber program. Mrs. Wilson said, “We will invite friends of poetry to share this adventure with us. We would like for people to feel this is a place they can go to promote poetry.” Subscribers can also get some free books.

The press’s first book comes out Nov. 13. There will be 800 paperback copies and 200 hardbacks, which will be signed and numbered. There will also be a party at Reynolda House to launch the press. So, amid all the enthusiasm of a new venture and the worry of birthing a new book, the editorial board has one overriding concern. Mrs. Wilson said, “Right now what we are looking for is a patron who will buy the champagne for the party.”

-GENIE CARR
'Disarming' Poems Based on 'Truly Shared Experiences'

BALANCING ON STONES. By Emily Wilson. The Jackpine Press, Winston-Salem. 63 pages. $3.95.

I admired Dora Zion's Alley, Emily Wilson's first book of poems, mightily. But it is interesting to say that Balancing on Stones, her new book, is even better. This is just a fine book, simply fine.

If I had to choose one adjective to describe her poetry, I think I might employ the word "disarming." There is an inherent modesty in her point of view, a careful screening - out of the nearly poets in our time. This is not to say that Wilson's first book of poems, mightily. But it is exhilarating to say that Wilson strike the center. I

This is a poem which I take to be about marriage, a maturing marriage, though it doesn't have to be about that. It could be about one's relationship with his parents, or even with his children, or with anyone whose life is bound into one's own. The Edenic beginning of the relationship is remembered fondly and clearly. It makes sound without pushing

We found our way easy, across small streams, walking in field daisies, naming birds, and exchanging talk of their most recent husbands when one of them started crying and had to be taken home.

That's all there is, the single unstrained sentence, full of irony and compassion all at once. William Carlos Williams might have written something like it at one time, but who else could? It is not under-subtle. This was a time of calm unstrained walking in field daisies, naming birds. Where we have to go!

What feats of fragile acrobatics it takes to keep our lives from drowning! And what a comforting ballast is the memory of the joyful beginning! What a steady courage is required to go on, to go forward to where pain lies, dark at the creek banks.

The landscape does not strain into the surreal; it still is - to paraphrase Groucho Marx - "something we might see every day." But it has become quietly surreal; it still is - to paraphrase Ammons, whose poetry has won a National Book Award and the Bollingen Prize, was poet in residence at Wake Forest University last year. He is general editor of the press. The other editors are Mrs. Wilson, Betty Leighton and Isabel Zuber.

The press, according to Mrs. Leighton, hopes to publish at least one book of poetry a year and is looking for manuscripts. The tenth muse, a poetry reading group, will sponsor a celebration of the publication of Balancing on Stones at 8 p.m. Thursday at Reynolds House.

Based on 'Truly Shared Experiences'
Balancing on Stones, by Emily Wilson.

Wilson's first book of poems, mightily admired by many critics, is her triumphs that few other poets can come by. "Luncheon," for example,

"...Bluejays, you are disruptive!
What's a plain gray bird to do?
Erase the feeder while you tell the answer you've self-directed?"

Readers of poetry will have little trouble thinking of some score of poets whom

The epithet blue-jay fits like a Playtex glove; lovers of poetry will prefer the voice of the "plain gray bird"

Wilson's determination not to obtrude wildly upon her subject matter allows her triumphs that few other poets can come by. Take "Luncheon," for example:

The girls were having sherry
and exchanging talk of their most recent husbands
when one of them started crying
and had to be taken home.

That's all there is, the single unstrained sentence, full of irony and compassion all at once. William Carlos Williams might have written something like it at one time, but who else could? It is not understatement, really, because it is complete; it is another quality which distinguishes it: the speaker seems both to be there and not to be there at the same time. In desperation, I will just say that it is truly observed.

Her subjects have changed somewhat. Down Zion's Alley was concerned in great part with the poet's childhood. Stones has a number of poems about death, uncertainty, poetry and poets, and quite a few poems about Irish themes. (Somehow the Irish landscape — along with the southern insistence on really shared experiences in the truly shared experiences

...summer leaves," "field daises"

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The landscape does not strain into the surreal; it still is...to paraphrase Groucho Marx — "something we might see everyday." But it has become quietly ominous, premonitory, and the couple find themselves crossing the stream, "adrift, frightend, quick, balancing on stones."

What feats of fragile acrobatics it takes to keep our lives from drowning! And what a comforting ballast is the memory of the joyful beginning? What a steady courage is required to go on, to go forward where we have to go! If we want to know what it's like to fall, we can go back and repeat a Luncheon."

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What feats of fragile acrobatics it takes to keep our lives from drowning! And what a comforting ballast is the memory of the joyful beginning? What a steady courage is required to go on, to go forward where we have to go! If we want to know what it's like to fall, we can go back and repeat "Luncheon."

Or rather, we won't, because this poem can show us how not to have to undergo that. It has now become common for the poet to be singular, for his poems to speak only to those on the same outer edge as himself. But Wilson strikes the center. I have been there; I have seen. And quite disregarding the scrubbed beauty of these poems, merely her finding and articulating the truly shared experiences will make her book important, valuable.

FRED CHAPPELL

University of North Carolina at Greensboro

"Balancing on Stones is the first book from the Edwin Zuber Bolling Prize Series, an annual competition for original poetry organized this year in Winston-Salem at the suggestion of poet A.R. Ammons. Ammons, whose poetry has won a National Book Award and the Bolling Prize, was poet in residence at Wake Forest University last year. He is general editor of the press. The other editors are Mrs. Wilson, Betty Leighton and Isabel Zuber. The press, according to Mrs. Leighton, hopes to publish at least one book of poetry a year and is looking for manuscripts.

Tenth Muse, a poetry-reading group, will sponsor a celebration of the publication of Balancing on Stones at 8 p.m., Thursday, May 24, at Reynolda House.
Wilson's Poetry
Shows Many People

The last remark in the biographical blurb in the back of Emily Wilson's second book of poems says that the poet "is frequently at home." Wife, mother, poet: All three people show up in this volume, and more as well — woman, southern woman, nature lover, former child.

Most of Mrs. Wilson's concentration is on immediacies. "Play It By Ear" advises one to do just that.

"If you're not much for thesis and antitheses/formula leaves you out in the cold, play it by ear/tones of meaning along the edges..."

The home poems — to lump them together in a way Mrs. Wilson most emphatically does not — are exquisite pictures of universal moments and emotions grounded in this house, this block. They range from mutual mother-child needs in "The Julie Poems" —

"When something rattles me and I stumble around trying to adjust/to the dark, I find her/making a place/for me/in her own bed..."

— to the simple, open envy of having a friend who can do something so well you can't hope to match it:

"Phyllis makes magic/odd stir, knead, under a light cloth/life rises, waits... Her bread's/the envy/of the neighborhood/and rises/in the dreams/of other women."

Among the most powerful poems here are those about being a woman — being a southern woman — and being a white woman with that ancient and awe-struck relationship with the black woman.

"Blackbone, barebone/shining, hard and quid as the blade... Woman moves from field/to bed from dream/to death, to joy, light/as the song/of the guinea hens, sorrowing, sorrowing..."

Motherhood, womanhood, childhood discoveries are all painted as vivid portraits of immediate concerns, or perhaps ancient concerns that govern immediate perceptions. Larger portraits, equally vivid, are there, too. "Silence" is an utterly beautiful painting of a place, where

"The islands hump the bobs in old/sleep, inshore rises on one arm... watches..."

Mrs. Wilson has a keen eye and ear — and a sense of humor to match. "Poolside":

"Taking a breath and putting your face in water requires/more courage than God has any right/to expect, but God's substitute is on fire this summer/to teach the five-year-old/to swim."

"The phone rings./The doorbell rings./The world rings. Everybody is calling/this morning. Wanting to speak/to the lady of the house: Is she at home?/When do you expect her? Not today. She's chopping wood and not to be disturbed. She's out back/chopping wood."

"Balancing on Stones" is The Jackpine Press' first publication. The new venture is owned and edited by Mrs. Wilson, Betty Leighton and Isabel Zuber. The book's poems are at once a serious and delightful way to inaugurage the press.

—Genie Carr
**Local Presses Put Poetry In Classes, on Billboards**

By GEORGE CARR
Sentinel Staff Reporter

With a shove from two small presses and Arts Council grants, poetry in Winston-Salem will soon move out of books and into people's eyes, ears and pens.

On July 7, the council's trustees approved Community Service Fund grants to the Drummer Press ($500) and the Jackpine Press ($1,000) for projects that will present poetry through workshops and on posters.

The Jackpine grant will finance a series of poetry workshops conducted by Clint McCown - poet, actor, 1973 graduate of Wake Forest University and dramatist-in-residence this fall at Johnston Technical Institute. Emily Wilson of the press said the workshops will be held on consecutive Saturday mornings in March, April and May, 1977.

Mccown will teach people of any age and in any setting - office, park, factory, recreation center, housing project.

"The workshops project was inspired by the Poetry-in-the-Schools program," Mrs. Wilson said. "It works on the assumption that everybody enjoys (or can enjoy) poetry. It certainly ought to be in the schools - but it also should be out of the schools and in the lives of people, wherever they live and work and play."

She said McCown will "get people to talk about their work environment and then show them how to put some of their responses to work in poetry. "People ought to feel comfortable with poetry. It doesn't have to be intellectual or pretentious."

People interested in having a McCown workshop can call Mrs. Wilson at 725-0309, she said.

The Drummer Press will take a different approach to moving poetry out of books.

Bob Shirley said the press will publish a series of posters - four or six (one at a time), depending on cost and acceptance - combining poems and "some type of graphics."

"The poets represented will be some of those previously published by Drummer, whose most recent effort was Robert Moore Allen's "Water, Weeds and Love."

"The idea behind the project, Shirley said, is "an attempt, I guess, to make a statement ... to get Drummer Press poetry in front of people ... A book is something that is a pretty good risk of money. Perhaps a broadside is a way of doing something without running into so much money, and a poster may appeal to some people who wouldn't open a book of poetry.""
Wordsong

A Gleaner Finds Golden Harvest Amid Susurrus, Chasuble, Hemitry

This small book of 68 poems by Ruth Werner Smith of Winston-Salem contains a good measure of those virtues found in the work of more widely published poets. But no matter that her poems will be known primarily by a local audience. She has written them over a lifetime of intelligent caring for fact and fancy. That is all that is important.

She is a poet, but she is too modest to declare herself publicly. Even in her verse she minimizes her importance: “I had no art to make a song.” Comparing herself to a sandpiper, she measures her “clumsy curve” against his “dance.” Yet nothing can diminish the pleasure of these good poems for readers who care nothing for what Ammons calls “bothering reputations.” Such readers in our community will form an appreciative audience for the achievement of Ruth Smith.

When she tries to explain why she writes poetry, her answer is straightforward and revealing: “The truth is that like Luther, I can do no other. Words always sang for me. I’ve always loved the English language. Words have been my means of trying to catch and hold some moment, some meaning, even some wonder or speculation — usually something I found no other way of communicating to anyone else.”

The relevance of her explanation is shown again and again in the poems themselves. Here the word shines like a jewel; in the manner of the poet she admires, Emily Dickinson, Mrs. Smith uses her lexicon for mining treasures in language. Her natural vocabulary includes words like adyrum, perige, oculles, chasubles, residuum, susurrus, operculum, ineluctable and concentric. Often she may choose them for the sound they make — “And all around us is the sound/that curves, susurrus of the sea” — and at other times for their precision — “Where trees in ancient writhes/achieved a hemitry/of their abandonment.”

That is the first way in which Mrs. Smith is a poet: She loves the language. Beyond

That, she uses the language through two basic poetic means — the sense of sound and metaphor. She understands that the sound must be an echo to the sense; the poems echo with cacophony or assonance or the kind of off-rhymes we admire in a poet like Emily Dickinson.

And she understands that metaphor is the basis of poetic associations. Listen to the sound of the leaves as “sackclothed brown” they “go withering to residuum.” Listen to the “o’s” and “e’s” in a poem to her mother, “Bedtime Story.” Listen to the perfect timing of this eight-line poem illustrating the caesura:

I hear this monotone of dailiness I hear because I know this ear can wait till all life’s tuning forks are struck, then vibrate to a different note.

These are the made verses from a listener who appropriately defined her gift, “Words always sang to me.”

Mrs. Smith’s use of metaphor is skillful and natural. Consider a small example (and many of her best are this brief):

Texture
Texture comes with lonely weft alleviating warp, desperate, out, to find an in, and, in, to find an out.

Again, in another short poem, “Shock”:

After the blows, the beat is silent in the drum; over the throbbing hollow taut skin quivers, numb.

Mrs. Smith has good control not only of the language but also of the subjects. She restrains powerful feeling as carefully as she yokes words into traditional meters or end rhymes. In “Teatime” she writes, “and we won’t talk about the dark/that lingers under the hawk’s wing, /haunts the shadow of every tree, /smudges the thumbprint moon.” Her simple explanation of pain suffices in “Orphaned, Old”:

The bruise of loss informs you, when you walk a certain way, you’re not quite the same as you were yesterday.

There is no breast-beating in these poems, no waving of banners to proclaim who Ruth Werner Smith is and what she stands for. She is a woman, a wife, a mother, a grandmother and a newcomer to the South — but in these concise, taut verses, she is a poet. She distances herself from her griefs and joys.

In addition to the strength of her character, these poems reveal the wealth of her reading. In a poem called “What She Said to Someone Else,” she captures Frost’s blank verse cadence for cadence in her spoken answer to his poem “Home Burial.” In “Last Entry” she renders imagined speech from the diary of Desdemona and thus brings to Shakespeare’s “Othello” her own reading. Her allusions — to Frost or Shakespeare, the Bible, Dickinson, Alexander the Great, Alice in Wonderland, Pygmalion — seem to come as naturally as her words.

A deceptive simplicity, richness of metaphor, irony, wit and restraint — these are the characteristics of Mrs. Smith’s verse. In one of my favorite poems, “The Gleaners,” she sees the gleaner “even when he stands, his eye is panning/grain gold from the earth ahead.” Mrs. Smith also sees herself as the gleaner, filling her poems with the whirring of an owl, the blue-bright stab of lupine. I am glad that I can share her gleanings. I leave to readers of “Up From The Under Rivers” the special pleasures of “The Keening,” from which the title is taken.

— EMILY WILSON

(Emily Wilson and Ruth Werner Smith both work with The Tenth Muse, a Winston-Salem group of poets. “Up From The Under Rivers” is available at local book stores.)
A Commentary
By EMILY HERING WILSON

If God had wanted us to jog, we would have been born wearing sneakers.

Me, I’m not made for it. My feet can’t take it; my ankles can’t take it; my back can’t take it; and my attitude’s lousy. Jogging may look good on Joanne Woodward but on me it looks as if I’m in the last stages of lung disease.

If someone came along as I was jogging up the last hill, he’d ease me to the ground and commence mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. After once around the block, I look exactly like the runner cat from the dog family pages.

Ex-Jogger Tells Why She Gave Up the Habit

Jogging made me feel overweight and out of shape. Jogging made my stomach sound like Niagara Falls. Jogging interfered with my thinking. Jogging took all my energy and left me ready for a nap when I had work to go do. Jogging made me feel like a tired housewife in a field of Olympic runners. When the other neighborhood joggers went by, I looked like the horse that couldn’t get out of the starting gate. Joggers aren’t very friendly. They pant rather than speak.

But walkers, ah, there are the saints of the shodden. They are so civilized, ambulating along, speaking to their neighbors, stooping to see the first crocus of spring, stopping to pet a dog, helping a child get his bike back on the sidewalk. Walkers have time to spare, and they use it well — greeting and seeing the world passing slowly before their observant eyes. Walkers are social folk, they invite you to walk with them. If you are old or slow, they accommodate themselves to your gait. If you are quick, they pick it up a little. If you like to talk, they don’t look at you as if you had just broken a holy silence. If you like not to talk, they just walk along, breathing normally, never panting or gasping or wheezing. Walkers pace life in a reasonable, friendly and progressive manner. When the walk is over, you don’t have to soak your feet. When the walk is over, you don’t have to take a shower. When the walk is over, you don’t even need to check your pedometer.

As for me, give me a stick and a companion and a peaceful evening, and I’ll show you a walker.

(Emily Herring Wilson is a Winston-Salem poet.)
Robert Penn Warren is an American landscape painter, a Niagra Falls or the Tetons or the Mississippi River. His reach encircles time and space, carving out a place so unmistakably his that archeologists in another century are likely to identify the bones of his legacy. They are here in 22 books of poems, biography, drama and essays.

In the seventh decade of his life, Robert Penn Warren is a giant in the earth. If I were a reader who only wanted to read one American writer, I would choose him.

The new poems (1976-78) in *Now and Then* recommend themselves to a broad audience of readers. These poems fulfill all of the same kind of clarities and mysteries of earlier Warren poems, the same kind of bright images and plain truths. The old man returns to the trenches of “our valor,” to the barns and fields where boys played, and he discovers, like his friend pitching stones again, “See — I still got control!”

“Tantalized Beauty”

In a poem called “The Mission” Warren wrote of “Perhaps that lost mission is to try to understand/The possibility of joy in the world’s tangled and hieroglyphic beauty.” It is a revealing statement about the poet’s own mission in a lifetime of perceiving the world.

If one is interested to follow an important poet’s long career, W.B. Yeats was a “pugnaciously unappeasable” until the time of his death at 74. Wordsworth, on the other hand, had completed most of his major work by the time he was 46. Warren seems in the Yeats tradition, a poet whose gifts have been sustained for more than a half-century. I know that there are critics who accuse Warren of maundering in a section of poems entitled “Speculative” where he frankly confesses to having no answers to life’s questions. But there is wisdom and humanity here for the rest of us.

One Poem Comes Back

The first Warren poems I read were in *Selected Poems, New and Old (1923-1963)*, and one poem in particular comes back to me like the bird’s song. It is called “Ornithology in a World of Flux.”

It was only a bird call at evening, unformed. As I came from the spring with water, across the rocky back-pasture; But so still I stood sky above was not stiller than sky in pool-water.

Years pass, all places and faces fade, some people have died, And I think of a far hand, the evening still, and am at last sure That I miss more that stillness at bird-call than some things that were lost later. What I remember from this poem led me directly to the poems in *Now and Then* the clear image and the modest response. In this earlier poem and in the latter, Warren is a human being listening to the sounds of the world, the warbler and the owl, the creek and the world’s way. In the latter, he has let the silences inform his understanding. In *Now and Then* the “grandeur of certain experiences” in their stillness. The first ten poems are grouped together under “Nostalgic.” Their subjects include a backward look to a boy’s adventures on the farm: “the grandeur of certain experiences in their stillness.”

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... "I am not dead yet..."

*Poems Are Jewels Of Wisdom and Humanity*

ROBERT PENN WARREN

“I am not dead yet”... sage of youth’s ‘headless ways.’ Warren could say with Thomas, “Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me/Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand.”

Then Thomas’ passage from youth to age was cut short by his untimely death at 39. In his 73rd year Warren is able not only to remember the experiences of youth through the imagination (“The lie we must learn to live by”), but he has reached an old man’s wisdom. “There’s so much that I, lying in darkness, don’t know.”

Yes, message on message, like wind on water, in light or in dark. The whole world pours at us. But the code book, somehow, is lost.

He stands “wondering what life is, and love, and what they may be.” These speculative poems have moved beyond the active verbs of doing into verbs of being, where the poet listens, feels, thinks, wonders, asks and often, waits.

**Fighting for Life**

Suddenly, however, the aging poet is up on his feet again, fighting for life. But why should I lie here longer? I am not dead yet, though in years. And the world’s way is yet long to go, and I love the world even in my anger. And love is a hard thing to outgrow. *Now and Then* is certainly not to be Warren’s last book. He just keeps rolling along.

There are many more lines I would like to quote, individual poems I would like to single out for a reader’s attention. “Red-Tail Hawk and Pyre of Youth” is one of my favorites. In it he remembers the “unapprehensible purity /Of afternoon /Of the lie we must learn to live by /Of the world’s way is yet long to go /And love is a hard thing to outgrow.”

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WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.—Not long ago, members of the Board of Stewards of the Walnut Street Methodist Church checked into the Blueview Motel, just off the Parkway. They were not there to pray. They were there to learn Management by Objectives, a trend whose price is right. For one-tenth of the church budget, the stewards hired Creative Management Consultants to teach them how to serve the Lord with gladness and come before Him in power with a song.

In three days — a number whose significance was not lost on the stewards — they became managerial, trained to carry to the congregation a new living testimony from the Lord, via the consultants. They paid with the money that would have bought fans for the Sunday-school rooms.

It may get hot in July, but at least they will be able to state the Key Objective (praise the Lord), the Critical Objective (increase Sunday-school attendance) and the Specific Objective (cool off the Sunday-school rooms).

Churches, schools and community groups are buying M.B.O. because it has a name, it costs a big price, and it comes packaged. I have attended so many of these three-day conversions that I am ready to teach housewives to say “Management by Objectives” without a blink. But first I must be able to buy a Xerox machine. Xerox — the magic of the decade, the machine that I am ready to teach housewives to say “Management by Objectives,” teaches writing.

Without charging you $1,000 per person for my expertise, let me share what I have learned. These meetings must be called “seminars.” Meetings are when you slip in the back of a crowded room and hold a kid on your lap while you nod your head to vote spending $100 of the P.T.A.’s money on playground equipment. Seminars are when you have to hire a babysitter and buy a new gown so you can spend the night in the Blueview Motel and get a red name tag, a blue marker and a ream of paper all your own.

I recently went to a seminar at the woman’s college where we used to get teary singing old school songs and weaving daisy chains and talking with professors about subjects like the Renaissance and French poetry and English history. After several days and several thousand dollars, we learned to put into the language of management the university’s needs — better faculty, better students, more money.

I will believe in anything that does not go through a Xerox — mainly blood, toil, tears and sweat. I will not be managed by objectives.

Emily Herring Wilson, who says she is a “thoroughly unmanageable and subjective person,” teaches writing.
Mother's Day
1979

By Emily Herring Wilson

It is time parents stopped hanging their heads in shame and spoke up enthusiastically about the advantages of having children. Some young couples seem to be propagating the notion that to have babies is somehow to interfere with enjoying the good life. Maybe they are overlooking some of the more basic reasons to become parents in their efforts to construct philosopher arguments.

The first reason to have children is that they keep you honest. Whenever you begin a story in their presence but ignore their presence, they will chime in, inevitably, "That's a lie. It didn't happen that way at all."
Whenever you tell Aunt Lucy how delighted you are she's dropped in on a Sunday afternoon, the children will roll their eyes into their heads just as she gives them a perfumed kiss. And whenever Grandma, during her annual visit, announces after supper it is time for baths and hair-washing, the children will give you away in one sweeping admission, "We don't bathe and wash our hair except once in a while."

The next reason to have children is that they are a convenient excuse. You are at a cocktail party and a bleary-eyed executive is explaining inflation when you, touching him lightly on the sleeve, interrupt, "Oh my goodness, I just remembered I have to call the sitter."
When the church calls you to serve as bazaar chairman you explain, "Please call me again when my children are a little older. I just think I belong at home during these formative years."

Of course, someone eventually will notice that your children have grown up and gone off to college while you're still slipping out to call the sitter. But by that time you will have a new excuse: "This is the last night (week/summer/year) that the kids are going to be at home, and I think I owe it to them to be here with them."

Couples should have children because children are entertaining. They tell you what's going on in your neighbors house. They make birthdays more fun and give you Christmas at home. They share their electronic games. They do their impressions of your best friends. They tell you knock-knock jokes you haven't heard in 30 years.

Children are very useful. On long trips they keep you awake by kicking the back of the driver's seat. You can blame the way the house looks on the children. You can get in half-price some places by accompanying a kid. You can entrust your secrets to the的信任 you need—a like returning Mrs. Williams' Italian you hadn't thought about for 10 years.

Children are the first to spot a speed trap. Children can show you where you parked the car at the mall. And when you forget, they will be able to tell you the exact day and year they were born.

Children are educational. They teach you a new way to add fractions which you'll still be doing hours after they've gone to bed. They will be able to identify that melody popular now you sing with the radio. They can explain all those neat little Spanish words you've forgotten. And they can interpret modern movies.

If these reasons do not convince, there is one I have saved until last.

Children can make you feel like a million dollars. Like saying to you, "I'm glad you're fat" or "I think you're prettier than Beth's Mom" or "Will you make 12 dozen brownies for the school party tomorrow?"

I think some young couples who are reasoning not to have children will soon be staring at each other wondering where the happiness is they've saved for. Parents don't sit around staring at each other. We are singing songs and doing homework and making brownies.

Mrs. Wilson, who lives in Winston-Salem, is a poet, teacher and mother.
I don't think anyone practices Southern hospitality more faithfully than black women. They are wonderful representations of regional manners. I have to think of them when I think of courtesy."

— Author Emily Wilson

By Cathy Carter
Staff Reporter

Emily Wilson and Susan Mullally had a dream — they wanted to pay tribute to the older black woman.

"If any one group of people has been ignored, it has been women, particularly black women," said Ms. Wilson, a local author.

So Ms. Wilson and Ms. Mullally, a local photographer, set out to interview and photograph black women across this state. What resulted are a book of stories and pictures called "Hope and Dignity: Older Black Women of North Carolina," a book of 10 poems inspired by these women called "Arise up and Call Her Blessed" and the program, "A Celebration of North Carolina Black Women," to be held at 3 p.m. Sunday at Reynolds House.

Ms. Wilson will read from the poetry book and Ms. Mullally will show photographs from "Hope and Dignity" at the celebration. Several of the women spotlighted in the book will be at the celebration, and a local gospel choir will perform. Admission is free.

Ms. Wilson explained the reasons for the book in a recent interview. "We hope to make a permanent record of black women. We wanted a history of individuals; we wanted to celebrate people who have not been recognized."

The two women researched the book with a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

"It's important to recognize these women not for the contributions they have made to our culture but for the contributions they have made to their own," she said. "They are as misunderstood and as stereotyped as any group I know."

Ms. Wilson and Ms. Mullally were inspired by a letter from the late William E. B. Du Bois in 1912. The black historian/sociologist who opposed racial discrimination said, "In the midst of immense difficulties, surrounded by caste and hemmed in by the four walls of her own unsullied home."

To avoid the many stereotypes and the misconceptions about blacks, Ms. Wilson and Ms. Mullally spent days with each of them, watching them work and live and listening to their stories.

"We tried to let the women speak for themselves in the book. We tried to use their image and their words," Ms. Wilson said.

"We were looking for achievement — but not the stuff of headlines, not the sort of thing you read about."

The women they found were modest, unassuming and devoted to their families, their churches and to the things they believed. They also found that these women, regardless of how simple their lifestyle, were warm and courteous.

"I don't think anyone practices Southern hospitality more faithfully than black women," she said. "They are wonderful representatives of regional manners. I have to think of them when I think of courtesy."

Betty Lyons of Lewisville is one of the women in "Hope and Dignity," and at 104, she is the oldest. She's an ardent churchgoer and is active in senior citizens programs. "The name she gives to day is Dignity," and at 104, she is the oldest. She's an ardent churchgoer and is active in senior citizens programs. "The name she gives to day is Dignity."

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Local Writer, Photographer
Focus of Magazine Article

By Lil Thompson
Staff Reporter

Seven short poems written by Emily Her-
ing Wilson about black women and eight photographs of black women taken by Susan Mullally appear in the August edition of Ms. magazine.

Mrs. Wilson is a Winston-Salem poet and writer. Ms. Mullally is a Winston-Salem photographer.

The photos in Ms. came from the book “Hope and Dignity: Older Black Women of the South” (Temple University Press, 1983), which the two collaborated on. It will come out in September.

The poems came from the limited edition of “Arise Up and Call Her Blessed,” written by Mrs. Wilson and published by the Iron Mountain Press in Emory, Va.

To get the material for the “Hope and Dignity” book, which will consist of photos and profiles of 27 of North Carolina’s older black women, the two traveled 18 months and covered more than 10,000 miles in Mrs. Wilson’s car. Their research was financed by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

From the coast to the mountains they went, to cities, small towns and the back country, using a tape recorder and camera to get the women’s stories and to take pictures of them — field hands, midwives, cooks, teachers, artists and gospel singers.

Some of the women were poor and couldn’t read or write, others were well-educated and well-off. Whatever their sta-
tion, the writer and photographer found the women to be filled with a deep faith and love for their families, their race and their regions, Mrs. Wilson has said.

A few of the women were more than 100; most were more than 70.

These were women, Mrs. Wilson has noted, who were never put on a pedestal the way Southern white women have been. Instead, many of them spent much of their time in other people’s homes. But they were rarely bitter. Their faith doesn’t allow them to be, and black families are close to the church, Mrs. Wilson said.

Included on the two pages in Ms. are a photo of and a poem about Minnie Evans, the primitive painter now living in a Wilmington rest home who drew and painted her dreams, and a poem and photo about a woman named Susie Jones.

Every year during the winter months my grandmother would make her a cap of lace and silk.
And in the summer we would go out to the hill to carry her this cap.

My grandmother’s cups and saucers were old Haviland,
and I use them now, as she did, for strawberries and pastries.

And I hope I can grow old gracefully as my Grandmother did.

"It took me about twenty years going to summer school, taking extension work in every way I could to get my B.S. from Hampton Institute ... I kept on until I got my master's degree from the University of Pennsylvania."

— ALICE JONES NICKENS

WINSTON, N.C.

The subjects of this non-fiction collection are older black women of achievement in North Carolina. Emily Herrington Wilson, a Winston-Salem writer, interviewed half the women on a list of about 100 women she compiled. The accounts of 27 of them make up 29 chapters.

She allows the women to tell their own stories, filling them out when needed with sensitive narratives. A final chapter gives a summary of 20 more women. Some of the women have died since the book was written. Somehow the stories wouldn't be the same if you couldn't picture each woman as you read about her. The marvelous quality of the photographs used here is the entirely different pose and atmosphere each one has, giving each woman her own personality. These tender portraits are of good composition and have plenty of contrast.

The photographer, Susan Mullally, recently of Winston-Salem, now lives in Greensboro. She specializes in portrait photography and has taught photography at Reynolda House and the Sawtooth Society of Art in Winston-Salem. She recently of about 100 women she compiled.

The accounts of 27 of them make up 29 chapters.

The positions held by the women covered here include teacher, professor, minister, political activist, church leader, businesswoman, midwife, nurse, musician, artist, civic leader and community worker. Many of the women had strong encouragement from parents who were professional people. Some had less fortune and no funds, but employed a grit and determination to become something or make things better for the next generation.

The women covered in the book, Maya Angelou writes in the foreword, "These are my grandmothers." Angelou says that these accounts "inform us that while life ... has been hard for the Black woman (and man and child) it can be borne with dignity, and it can be changed by hope."

Among the well-known women in the collection are:

- Madie Hall Xuma of Winston-Salem, a world leader in the YWCA. She founded the Zanzure ("people helping themselves") YWCA in Johannesburg, South Africa, and served eight years on the executive board of the world YWCA.

- Mrs. Xuma eventually returned home and helped organize a YWCA for black women and girls in Winston-Salem. Her father, Dr. H.H. Hall, was the first black physician in Winston-Salem. In 1928, he organized the black medical community and planned for the first black hospital. Mrs. Xuma, who had a master's degree from Columbia University, became a real estate agent, training in it and instilling in her a sense of helping others.

- Mrs. Xuma attended Shaw University, graduated from Winston-Salem Teachers College and earned a master's degree from Columbia University. Before marriage she taught school in Winston-Salem, Miamisburg and Dayton, Ohio. She was married to a distinguished South African physician, Dr. Alfred Xuma. Her account includes events she experienced while living under the system of apartheid in South Africa. She died in 1993.

- Nelie Atkins Coley of Greensboro, former English teacher at Dudley High School in Greensboro, attended by two of the original four protesters in the Greensboro sit-in at Woolworth on February 1, 1960. Mrs. Coley was there. She became a leader in the civil-rights movement that followed the sit-in, dissociating herself from the extremists and urging the students toward moderation and non-violence.

- While short of eternity, we ought to learn to live with each other," she says.

- Susan Williams Jones of Greensboro, former registrar of Bennett College. She is dedicated to work against discrimination. She has served in the Methodist Church, the United Council of Church Women, the YWCA, the League of Women Voters and activities connected to the Greensboro sit-ins. Mrs. Jones also shared in the duties of her late husband, David Jones, president of Bennett College, and still lives in the former president's home on campus.

- Hester Rodgers

But for Hope and Dignity...
THE RED LEAF

Spins to earth the red leaf
like a kite falling through the sun.
Nothing moves. Until the sound
shakes the kaleidoscope and shapes
scatter. Later when you sweep up
it comes back: the red leaf, spinning,
a dark body imprinted on the ground.
Dear Bianca -
We send you this lovely poem by our lovely friend in celebration of the New Year.
All of the best in 1980.

Sue and Bob

Larry Tucker Grazes His Horse Angel
On Thanksgiving Day in Lewisville, N. C.

Fields wane mellow with light:
the grass stubbles low.
Distant, stripped branches.
The sky draws the earth up
to a thin radiance,
then throws down shadows.
Centered across the morning,
Mr. Tucker follows Angel.
Slowly, the horse turns
her head; slowly the hand
moves. His hair is another
cloud, her coat dapples the
air. The rope, like the
horizon, holds firm the man
and horse and field. In
their silence the planet spins,
the morning breathes.
An old, mild sun tethers the day.

Emily Herring Wilson
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POETS IN THE SCHOOLS

Emily Wilson
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Poets are being born not in heaven but in the public schools of North Carolina. Instead of waiting for lightning to strike or the Muse to speak or God to choose (the alleged ways poets are made), students are boldly going ahead without ordination to become masters of language.

For the second year the Department of Public Instruction (Division of Cultural Arts) encouraged each of the 152 local school systems in the state to participate in the Poetry in the Schools program. More than 60 schools were chosen this year to receive a poet "in residence" for a week to teach, hear, encourage, and be friends with students from the elementary grades through senior high school. Each school put up $100 for a poet, matched by funds from Title III of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act. Next year the program will be funded by the National Endowment for the Arts, which funded the state's first Poetry in the Schools, 1971-72.

The 32 participating teacher-poets were chosen by a selection committee headed by Sam Ragan, former secretary of the N.C. Department of Art, Culture and History, and Ardis Kimzey, co-ordinator for the Poetry in the Schools program.

WHERE DID NORTH CAROLINA FIND 32 POETS?

Well, most of them have been living and working (and writing) in the state all along. Some are well-known writers--Heather Ross Miller, Thad Stem, Charleen Whisnant, John Foster West; some are teachers--Jean Rodenbough, Tom Walters, Robert Grey; and some are managers of one kind or another--Hal Sieber (Chamber of Commerce), Julie Suk (Nature Museum), Maria Ingram (tea shop).

The fact that each of the poets has spent (and will spend) a good part of his life writing and publishing seems to make an impression on students--word goes around fast that a "poet" has come to the school. Seeing a poet alive, in the flesh, rather than reading about one in history, dead, convinces many students that writing poetry isn't "weird" or "sissy" or "boring" or invested with any of the other prejudices loaded against it.

The real success of a participant, however, is determined not so much by how well he writes (many do not even read their own poetry) but by how well he teaches. The rapport, the understanding, the respect established by the poet-teacher have helped to broaden the attitudes and interests of many students. And many of the regular classroom teachers report that students who had never seemed interested in anything related to "school" have been enthusiastic about poetry.
The main purpose of the program is to put a poet in direct contact with a limited number of students on a regular basis for a week. Teachers are asked to sit in on the classes so that they can learn ways of carrying on the experience after the poet has gone.

How does a poet or teacher "teach" poetry-writing?

At the elementary grade levels, it's pretty easy; he just appears, shows he clearly likes students and enjoys writing poetry himself, and zap—the students usually are writing before he has time to toss out a few suggestions (avoid rhyming all your words at the end, make me see the sky in a different way, surprise me).

At the upper grade levels (particularly high school) it's harder—students are less believing in the poet's magic, more inhibited, more afraid of doing something "wrong" or embarrassing. One of the most often heard remarks from students is, "This thing I wrote isn't any good."

Like a shy puppy who stays under the sofa all day after having his nose slapped, the shy student who gets "corrected" for what he has written runs away. He must be coaxed out of his hesitations by the poet who sees in the student's work something to seize upon—a word of image, perhaps a line to single out: "Great! Look at this! Who could ever have thought of rain the color of steel." Or, "What a fantastic lie—'The floor is made of strawberries.'" And so on.

Certainly the poet does not applaud everything; students are quick to suspect his opinion if he says everything is great! But by first showing students what they are doing well, the poet is often able to get them to be good critics of their own work, to select the freshest, most perceptive lines and to re-do those lines which look trite and obscure by comparison.

Although each of the 32 poets has his own favorite method of teaching, most agree that the important step is to do rather than to talk about, not to lecture students about how to write poems but actually to jump in and start writing.

Teachers of literature are often puzzled by the poet's omission of words like "spondee" or "iambic" or "metaphor." These same teachers were themselves taught to appreciate poetry through analyzing the form and through dissecting the "meaning" of things. The poets try to get at poetry another way—write the poem the way it feels to you and enjoy it. The form of the poem, of course, is inseparable from the meaning, but if the students will open up with words, the skill with form will begin to come.

Consider this short poem by James M. Waley, West Rowan High School.

I see
Her
as
rain
lap-spatting
maybe
cloudburst
of love
sun
fireball of
splintering sunlight
beautiful.
I see her.

What does Jim mean? We are not sure. But we do feel the intensity, the
compactness, and magnetic pull (lap-spatting, cloudburst, fireball, splintering
sunlight) of a beautiful girl.

Finally, students need to be encouraged to break up the worn-out ways of
looking at things and saying things, to get away from packaged phrases (the sky
is blue, the girl is pretty). Young children are great inventors—“When I am cold I
sound like crickets”; “Music is like a bird waking up”; “He died before Christ,
and dead, he sang of windowsills.”

Students need to be irrational, illogical in poetry. Nine out of 10 adults
would say, “He sang a song,” never “He sang of windowsills.” And yet the
young child has captured a sound and a mystery which the adult is closed to.
Somewhere between logic and illogic, fact and mystery, reason and irrational,
the young student will find poetry.

Last year the Department of Public Instruction published an anthology of
student poetry (edited by Ardis Kimzey) available through the Publications
Division ($1.50 a copy). Entitled “And All I Have for Tenderness is Words,” the
collection is a wonderful treasurehouse of imagination; the title comes from a
poem by Harry Charles of Myers Park High School and dramatizes the necessity
for expression. This year another anthology is being put together and will be
available in the fall.

What’s the purpose of Poetry in the Schools?

To discover little Walt Whitmans and Emily Dickinsons?

No (but it might happen).

To teach children to spell and to write?

No (but it might happen).

To free teachers?
No (but it might happen).

What, then?

Poetry in the Schools is a time and place for the secrets, dreams, and lives for young people to burst into language.

P.M. Anglen

Parley's
a Roethke dancing bear,
a side-shuffling Charlie Chaplin beauty,
balancing
the rims of his classroom walls--
his cup of tea;
sloping slides to ascend,
pulled by his magnanimity.

--Dennis Doris,
 Gridley, California
In his first four books John Holt diagnosed the problems of America's schools and prescribed remedies for their solution. His radical ideas of a few years ago have by now become respectable, but Holt now asks why, with enough people believing in "learn-directed, noncoercive, interest-inspired learning," do we not see more widespread and profound change in education? In "Freedom and Beyond," Holt answers by exploring further the nature and uses of freedom, which he formerly thought was the essential ingredient of school reform. However, in the second half he expresses his doubt about traditional and even reformed schooling and joins the ranks of the evangelists for a deschooled society.

Freedom Defined

Holt initially attempts to clarify the great emotion laden confusion about freedom: "What I mean by freedom for children — and for all people is More Choice, Less Fear." He is conscious of the coercive force exerted on children by adults and the institutions adults have established. He feels that traditional schools have successfully taught students to distrust themselves and to avoid choices and the risk of failure.

Even parents and educators who have seized on the idea of the open classroom have done so "only as a way of getting them to do conventional schoolwork more willingly and hence more rapidly than before. In short, they believe in freedom only as a 'motivating' device."

Holt is much more thoroughgoing and serious about the students' need to exercise choice if he is to establish permanent, self-directed learning. His suggestion for increasing freedom in schools is direct and practical: "The most we can do is put within reach certain choices, and remove certain coercions and constraints."

His ideas of authority and discipline are equally clarifying. The proper role of teacher or adult authority is distinguished from "some kind of general and permanent right and duty to tell children what to do" or the "Discipline of Superior Force."
But, unlike the common specter of "free classrooms," he envisions the teacher as more than an impotent referee. He uses as a model learning situation a submarine on which he served in World War II and in which students and teachers were mutually motivated and efficient in their learning. "The authority of these experts or teachers stems from, grows out of their greater competence and experience, the fact that what they do works, not the fact that they happen to be the teacher and as such have the power to kick a student out of the class. And the further point is that children are always and everywhere attracted to that competence, and ready and eager to submit themselves to a discipline that grows out of it."

The second half of "Freedom and Beyond" reflects Holt's pessimism about the school's ability to "promote the growth" of all the children of all the people. In fact, he finds the identification of education and learning with schooling to be dangerous: societies "measure people's intelligence, competence, job-worthiness, and capacity for further learning almost entirely in terms of the length in years and the expense of the schooling they have already received."

This identification damages too many children who are not good at the "school game" and learn only that they are losers, unable to learn. It also monopolizes educational resources for schools leaving little for more open and educative institutions (public libraries, record listening facilities, art and craft equipment, innovative parks and playgrounds).

Thus, he joins Ivan Illich and Everett Reimer in their call for a deschooled society in which "everyone shall have the widest and freest possible choice to learn whatever he wants to learn, whether in school or in some altogether different way... It would be a society in which there were many paths to learning and advancement, instead of one too easily and too often blocked off from the poor."

Holt, always a practical innovator, uses as a concrete example of deschooled learning, the mastery of the basic skill of reading. He suggests reading machines, cassette tape recorders, storefront reading centers, English subtitles on popular TV programs, even reading guides on the street with identifying insignia. How one learned (he never doubts the child's natural desire to learn) would be freely chosen and thereby more purposeful. Learning would also become the responsibility of the whole community, not just something done to the student isolated from the "real" pursuits of his day-to-day experience.

Conventional View

Holt takes pains to dispute the conventional wisdom which says the poor have most to lose in altering traditional educational patterns, that they must have them to advance out of poverty. He finds that schools reinforce economic and cultural conditions, rather than liberate students from them. "Many of (the poor) get more frightened, hopeless, defeated, stupid, angry, and self-destructive every year they stay here."
Indeed, Holt shows that the problems of the poor are cured by political and social remedies, not just educational ones. Until more good jobs become available, jobs that do not dehumanize and trivialize the worker, more schooling could only advance a few out of poverty to throw those they displace down into it.

**Man to Trust**

The penetration of John Holt's mind into the lives of children, the depth of his concern for them, his dissatisfaction with mere diagnosis of educational ills, and his clear and forthright search for useful change make him a man to be heard and trusted. The verve of his style, with anecdotes and parables, acutely observed vignettes and fanciful visions underpinning his ideas, make him enjoyable to read.

But when he leaves the children in the classroom and proposes the conversion to deschooled structures of learning, not all the fervor of his cause or the brightness of his original ideas can quite compensate for the lack of clearly detailed, thoroughly considered conversion techniques which can practically affect the enormous problems of American education. However, if his first books are an example of his prophetic powers, he is again pointing us in the direction that we should go and his book deserves a reading.
The long line of buses is waiting as some thirteen hundred students pour out of the building. In her fourth-floor classroom at Atkins High School, Peggy Martin is collecting materials and rearranging the room. She takes time out to talk about her students and some of the work that has gone on during the school year. Her comments reflect the attitudes of a concerned and dedicated teacher:

Students are more demanding, more sophisticated, and they think more for themselves. They won't settle for spending six hours in school without anything happening that relates to them. They will respond, however, if classroom activities reflect their own interests and experiences.

Mrs. Martin's understanding and respect for her students is obvious as she discusses some of the activities which have been most successful in her classroom. Her tenth grade students in Winston-Salem have responded enthusiastically to a variety of language experiences aimed at involvement.

A Writing Unit That Works — Somewhat Creative

"A writing unit which works with all levels" is how Mrs. Martin describes a unit she has developed by incorporating suggestions from several sources. "I'm a terrible thief," she acknowledges. "I've taken a lot of ideas from other teachers and made them my own." She has also used ideas resulting from a workshop conducted last year by Kenneth Koch (cf. NCET, XXX (2), Winter 1973, 3-4). "While the workshop was primarily for elementary school teachers, the ideas were easy to adapt to high school classes," she says. Mrs. Martin also included suggestions from Schoolastic Scope magazine (which contains student writing) — a magazine she terms "invaluable." Using these resources, as well as ideas gleaned from her own thirteen years as a teacher, she has developed a unit to help students express themselves "somewhat creatively" through writing poetry and poetic prose.

The unit is a "collection of things kids can do," and begins with what Mrs. Martin calls "freeing exercises." These exercises are fun to try, and such starters as "I wish I were . . .," and "Choose a color, number or thing and tell how it tastes, feels, smells," help students begin thinking creatively. Use of repetition is
usually next: "I'm the one who . . .," "I seem to be . . . But I am . . .," or "Being a girl, boy, teenager, etc . . .". Students then move on to imagining themselves as animals or toys, describing dreams – day or night, and to such forms of expression as cinquain, haiku, free verse, and shape or visual poems.

The writing unit has proved to be so successful that Mrs. Martin has helped other teachers implement it in their classrooms. While not many students create the quality work such as those in the selections below, Mrs. Martin believes that all students can use these ideas for self-expression.

Have Gun, Will Travel or Have Sucker, Will Lick

Making a film was one of the most exciting projects carried out in her class the past year. Entitled "Have Gun, Will Travel or Have Sucker, Will Lick," and subtitled "Hi-O, Big Wheels Away!", the ten-minute film was done entirely by the students. "Unfortunately most students are conditioned to agreeing with what their teachers tell them," observes Mrs. Martin, "so I tried to stay completely out of the picture in order that everything would be their own. The students wrote the script, directed and produced the film, did all the camera work, and edited the film. Of course, they encountered some problems, but they managed to work them out."

In preparation for making the movie, Mrs. Martin worked with the class on radio plays. Students divided themselves into small working groups, and using beginnings provided by Mrs. Martin, wrote scripts, prepared sound effects, found appropriate music, and performed a play before a microphone and tape recorder. "Because we didn't have a studio to tape the plays, we did them in the classroom. It is amazing how quiet and still everyone became during the taping," says Mrs. Martin.

From the experience with sound effects, script writing, and taping their voices, it was a natural step to move into film-making. Students, with Mrs. Martin's help, borrowed equipment they needed from parents and friends; the only expense for the project was for purchasing film [Students donated the money (approximately $14.00) to cover this.] The result of the project was a spoof on westerns: the sheriff's gun was a huge sucker; a poker game was actually Old Maids; and the poker chips were oreos. "I really gained insight into what the students thought was funny," says Mrs. Martin.

Much of the humor in the film was subtle—outsiders viewing it were unable to catch all of it. Some of the humor lay in the casting of parts; many students played roles completely out of character. A shy, quiet girl, for example, played the role of a dance hall girl and lounged atop the saloon piano. One of the important things students learned was that their film, while very funny to them, did not communicate all they had intended.

Mrs. Martin feels the film-making experience was a good one, not only for the students but for herself. It was her first attempt at film-making in the classroom; while she had attended a workshop on the subject, she did not find it too
helpful. The main requirement, she says, is “to be brave—just go ahead and try it! Film is a medium of communication, a very appropriate medium for an English classroom, and is especially appealing to high school students.”

Modern Music—Are the Lyrics Poetry?

Examining the lyrics of the students’ favorite music is another activity which brought good response. Mrs. Martin asked each student to bring to class a record of his favorite song and copies of the lyrics. The class listened to the record, read the lyrics, and then discussed whether the lyrics stood alone as good poetry or whether the music was more important. Lyrics to many of the current songs deal with universal themes such as friendship, freedom, and love, and provide opportunities for students to explore their values and attitudes.

“Such poetry is often more relevant to the students than some of the poetry in our textbooks,” notes Mrs. Martin. “Not only does it provide a base for discussion of real issues for students, it frequently inspires them to try writing lyrics themselves. One student listened to a record as many as fifteen times to get copies of the lyrics.”

Encouraging Reading

“I used to think there was some kind of law that students had to make nine book reports a year—but I’ve found out that’s not so.* But I do encourage them to read.” Mrs. Martin often brings books into the classroom; frequently they are books she herself has been reading. Her brief descriptions of the books arouse the interest of students. There are also times when she asks students to read a book relating to a unit underway. For example, Mrs. Martin asked students to read about someone different from them as a part of a unit on “The Other America.”

Her attitude toward required reading and book reports was influenced by the fact that one of her tenth-graders several years ago related that she had just completed her first book. “She had obviously made book reports for years,” says Mrs. Martin, “but had never actually read a book.”

Mrs. Martin also believes in reading aloud to her students occasionally. “Reading stories to the class should not be confined only to the elementary classroom. Even in tenth grade, when I read to the class, you can hear a pen drop. The students seem to get much more out of a story read to them—particularly those who are poor readers.”

While the activities described in this article undoubtedly appeal to students, it is apparent that much of their success is due to Mrs. Martin’s respect for the

True! According to the new State Department curriculum guideline, each school is to determine its own graduation and course requirements. - Editors
ideas and opinions of her students. "They know how I feel about things," she says, "but they also know they can disagree with me." Such freedom of expression, whether oral, written, or on film, is an essential ingredient in any successful English classroom.

**Being smart is** hearing everyone say,
"It must be easy for her," and knowing it isn't.

Being smart is having 50 friends the day before a test, and 3 the day after one.

Being smart is knowing no one will ever be surprised when you make straight A's.

Being smart is acting depressed when you make a 97, but being a little glad, somewhere down in your heart.

Being smart is never good enough.

Being smart is too much responsibility.

Being smart was the dumbest mistake I ever made.

Butterflies are the souls of angels, drinking morning dew and sunshine.

8 is gold and can run in two circles with two seats for friends.

I wish I were bare earth's big red drum sitting on stage listening to the deep sounds while I boldly vibrated.

The sands of time will trickle slowly, softly gently down until the dust is too.

t h i c

to breathe, while the gray, ugly, empty hand of death calls, too soon.

Dresses are expensive, chic, flowing, sensuous, tasteful. That's why I wear pants.

Ego is ugly, selfish, demanding, robbing, killing. The enemy from within, master.

I cried, I got my way.
I didn't speak, I got my way.
Then I pouted, I got my way.
They said OK, I got my way.
I didn't want it, but I got my way.

Orange is very warm with a little love hanging here and there just waiting for you to reach out and discover it.

Fright is gray and very cold and doesn't have many friends.

**Being a teenager** is hard.
Being a teenager is great.
Being a teenager is you're too old and you're too young.

Being a teenager is always hearing, "I want you to stay home tonight; There's too many things happening for you to be out."

Being a teenager is hearing, "You can't date him; I can hardly tell he's a boy."

Being a teenager is having to make a lot of decisions that will affect the rest of your life.

Being a teenager is being loved.
For the young writer, knowing what to say isn’t enough; he has to know how. A study by Frank O’Hare, just published by the National Council of Teachers of English, tackles that elusive “how” in a new way, without recourse to formal grammar. O’Hare’s findings suggest that a solution to the problem of widespread failure of American students to learn to manipulate written language in a mature fashion may be easier to solve than educators have heretofore thought. *Sentence Combining: Improving Student Writing without Formal Grammar Instruction* described an experiment in which O’Hare introduced seventh grade students to an eight-month course of sequenced exercises, designed to help them acquire dexterity in writing complex sentences. To overcome the immature writer’s well-known tendencies to chop his thoughts into short, simple sentences or string them together in flat, run-on fashion, O’Hare gave students clusters of four or five kernel statements, structured as simple sentences but capable of combination into one complex whole and accompanied by several easy-to-grasp clues as to which elements were to be subordinated to others. A sample exercise:

A. A girl tightly held the hand of her mother  
   The girl was *pale.*  
   The girl was *nervous.*  
   The girl was *about six years old.*  
   The girl was apparently going to school for the first time. (WHO)  
   Her mother was *smiling.*  
   Her mother calmly encouraged her. (WHO)

B. A pale, nervous girl about six years old, who was apparently going to school for the first time, tightly held the hand of her smiling mother, who calmly encouraged her.

O’Hare explains that his clues, parenthetical or underlined above, “capitalize on the students’ inherent sense of grammaticality,” as well as on skills young
people already use in speech, and are "in no way dependent on the students' formal knowledge of a grammar, traditional or transformational." Instead of drilling students repeatedly on a single type of combination of main and subordinate sentence elements, O'Hare's tactics led his experimental group of seventh grader to practice a great range of possible structures at one sitting and thus get a sense of the inventiveness constantly practiced by mature writers.

O'Hare's experimental group and a control group who had received no sentence-combining practice wrote narrative and descriptive compositions at the close of the experiment. When analyzed statistically to determine their syntactic maturity, the compositions were found to differ dramatically, the experimental group writing with a syntactic sophistication beyond that of eighth graders and, in some cases, similar to that of high school seniors.

Both experimental and control groups ranged from high to low IQ's. In the group receiving sentence-combining practice, students of all IQ levels showed "significant increases in syntactic maturity," with the most notable gains coming from those with highest IQ's.

A panel of eight experienced teachers, who evaluated the compositions for ideas, organization, style, vocabulary, and sentence structure, judged the experimental group's writing to be significantly better than that of the control group.

The author, a faculty member at Florida State University, asserts that his study "has demonstrated that the writing behavior of seventh graders can be changed by certain written and oral language experiences, and that it can be changed fairly rapidly and with relative ease." He points out that though his experiment was made with seventh graders, "there is no obvious reason for assuming that sentence-combining practice should not be used in elementary and senior high school, as well as in junior high school."
WHERE ARE YOU?

We Want Manuscripts From You

on topics for which teachers are all requesting more information: Elective Programs, Film, Ethnic Studies, and Unusual Approaches to the Teaching of English/Communication.

Especially

for our Fall Issue, we would like for you to submit articles on how you are dealing with the teaching of VALUES in the English classroom. Please submit articles by August 15, 1973 for our special Fall Issue on

VALUES IN THE CLASSROOM
MAE WALKER MOVES TO TENNESSEE

Miss Mae Walker, 68, who retired three years ago as an assistant professor of English at Pembroke State University, was honored at a farewell party from women associated with the university Tuesday. Some 70 persons attended.

Miss Walker was presented a corsage and special gifts through a “money tree” to help defray her expenses back to her home in Tennessee. Miss Walker will depart for Knoxville, Tenn., June 1.

Without any family except for her brother, a partial polio victim who lives in Ft. Wayne, Ind., she will establish residence at the Farragut Hotel in Knoxville.

“I taught at the old Knoxville High School for eight years,” she said. “The hotel is conveniently located. People who say I’m retired are wrong. I’m recapped. I plan to do free-lance writing, editing and publishing.”

She will also be close enough to Ft. Wayne to visit her brother who is a medical doctor despite his polio. He is Dr. Floyd B. Walker, who has two sons. Miss Walker is also looking forward to seeing her nephews again.

Miss Walker, taught at Pembroke State University for five years, from 1965-70. She received her B.S. degree at East Tennessee State University and her M.A. degree from George Peabody College at Nashville, Tenn. A native of Jellico, Tenn., she was valedictorian of her high school class.

Last fall she was presented the 1972 Special Achievement Award by the Tennessee Women’s Press and Authors’ Club for chairing a committee which created an extensive North Carolina Literary Map. She calls this project, which took 2½ years to complete, as her No. 1 achievement.

Volunteering to drive Miss Walker and her belongings to Knoxville was Querlon Cummings, director of Central Supply and Duplicating at Pembroke State University who is part-owner of the weekly “Carolina Indian Voice” newspaper for which Miss Walker has written a column called: “Walker Talk.”

ON MULTIPLE - ELECTIVE PROGRAMS. NCTE recently advertised the following four publications which address the question of elective programs in the English curriculum.
-ALTERNATIVES IN ENGLISH: A Critical Appraisal of Elective Programs—By George Hillocks, Jr. A detailed examination of the efforts to restructure English courses through elective programs. Hillocks examines rationales on which programs seem to be based, program structures, patterns of course offerings, course designs, and methods and results of evaluation. Identifies weaknesses in specific programs and recommends strategies for strengthening elective programs to insure that such programs do indeed present a valid alternative to traditional course offerings in English. 1972 (ERIC Clearinghouse on Reading and Communication Skills). Stock No. 00251. $2.75 ($2.45).


-SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT PLANNING PHASE-ELECTIVE PROGRAMS IN ENGLISH - Edward Jenkinson, editor. Answers such questions as: What is a phase-elective program? Why were phase-elective programs developed? What are the advantages of a phase-elective program? Why do some elective programs fail? How large must a school be to offer a phase-elective program? How much time is required to plan a program? How much does it cost? What is the role of performance objectives and evaluation in phase-elective programs? Includes sample course descriptions, sample course outlines for teachers, and an extensive bibliography. 1972 (Indiana Council of Teachers of English). Stock No. 04854. $1.50 ($1.40).

From The NCTE Cassette Service

-Edmund J. Farrell, National Council of Teachers of English—“English from APEX to Nadir: A Non-Elected, Omni-Phased, Opinionated, Untested, Oral Examination of What's Up and Down” A whimsical but occasionally cutting critique of the current trend toward multiple-elective programs in secondary schools. Farrell maintains that despite the frequent pretentiousness, foolishness, and hard-sell rhetoric of some course descriptions, the movement has enough virtues to justify optimism. Recorded at a conference on English in the Southwest, Tempe, Arizona, February 1972. (32 min.) Stock No. 77598. $5.
UNUSUAL IDEAS FOR STUDENT REPORTS

1. Pretend you are a psychiatrist. Analyze the conflict of the main character in (TITLE), and suggest ways in which he might overcome it. Use layman’s terms, please.

2. You are a judge reviewing the case of Raskolnikov (CRIME AND PUNISHMENT), Meursault (THE STRANGER), Steve Maryk (THE CAINE MUTINY) or Billy Budd. What would be your verdict?

3. You are an interior decorator and have been asked to furnish a home for the main character in (TITLE). Choose a style that best suits your client, for instance: Danish Modern, American Colonial, Louis XV. Either describe in detail your plans for the rooms or draw pictures of them.

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| METAPHOR MAKING | LISTENING SKILLS |
---|---|

The following activity can be used in the English classroom to let students come to a new understanding of the power and delight of the metaphor. It also has the very powerful effect of letting students know how they are coming across to their fellow students without any of the damaging sid-effects of encounter techniques. In the exercise the class should be gathered in a circle so that each member can see every other member of the class. One student is then designated as the metaphor maker and is asked to close his eyes while another member of the class is chosen as Mr. M.

The exercise is begun then when the Metaphor Maker is told to open his eyes and to begin to identify Mr. M by use of metaphors. He can only guess M’s identity by forming the first half of a metaphor and asking another classmate to complete the metaphor in his own terms. For example the Metaphor Maker would say: “if M
After the conversation topic (supplied for discussion may be

150 words, explain why you would (not) recommend this book for

7. You are a teacher making up a summer reading list. In about
means of discipline alone.
Consider also how you will introduce and reveal your characters by
You want to "hook" your students without giving too much away.
how far into the plot you will go in this first episode. Remember
how to start the chapter? Consider carefully
6. You are a screenwriter; write to sell your (TITLE) for

GODOT.
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT: the early years in the WAITING FOR
For All Seasons (of Freedom).

COURIER SMITH (1984) and ST THOMAS MORE (A MAN

FORCED AT ANY EARLY AGE) on research
X and Y and the problems of growing up: Mark
Holmes, Coraline (THE CATCHER IN THE RYE) and Philip
Cary
Papers. Choose a subject of interest to them both. For example:
9. Write a dialogue between two characters in different novels of

Your friend has already been made into a film. Imagine
narration? Which characters would you choose for the read and supporting
3. The importance of setting in (TITLE).
Suggestion: The Heath.

the original cast.
If your novel has already been made into a film, imagine
4. You are a movie director. Write to cast a film of (TITLE).

your cast. Why? Which roles would you choose for the read and supporting


the best listeners.
and the score of the 20 total. The students with the lowest total
and incorrect responses should then be put at the top of each box
and incorrect responses are recorded. Each number at
plus 4 if there are any correct answers. Then have the listeners put the correct number at
down for the 5 statements. When the listeners are asked to put down the

2. Identify the different conversationalists (any number of figures) and have
the listeners put the correct number at

In which character in your book would you be least likely to

B. You run a computer dating service and your job is to

"I see a bright W." Would be an easier, the
metaphor by saying: "If W were a bird, W would be a bright W." Consider M carefully and then complete the
inquiry would then consider M carefully and then continue to pull forth class.
which would then be completed by other students until the task is

"I see a bright W." Would be — . . . "The student to whom this book

7. You are a teacher making up a summer reading list. In about
means of discipline alone.
Consider also how you will introduce and reveal your characters by
You want to "hook" your students without giving too much away.
how far into the plot you will go in this first episode. Remember
how to start the chapter? Consider carefully
6. You are a screenwriter; write to sell your (TITLE) for

GODOT.
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT: the early years in the WAITING FOR
For All Seasons (of Freedom).

COURIER SMITH (1984) and ST THOMAS MORE (A MAN

FORCED AT ANY EARLY AGE) on research
X and Y and the problems of growing up: Mark
Holmes, Coraline (THE CATCHER IN THE RYE) and Philip
Cary
Papers. Choose a subject of interest to them both. For example:
9. Write a dialogue between two characters in different novels of

Your friend has already been made into a film. Imagine
narration? Which characters would you choose for the read and supporting

3. The importance of setting in (TITLE).
Suggestion: The Heath.

the original cast.
If your novel has already been made into a film, imagine
4. You are a movie director. Write to cast a film of (TITLE).

your cast. Why? Which roles would you choose for the read and supporting


THE NORTH CAROLINA AWARDS

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA

2006
THE AWARD

The North Carolina Awards were instituted by the 1961 General Assembly, which acted on the idea of Dr. Robert Lee Humber of Greenville, State Senator from Pitt County. The purpose of the Awards, as set forth in the statutes, is to recognize "notable accomplishments by North Carolina citizens in the fields of scholarship, research, the fine arts and public leadership." It is the highest honor the state can bestow.

The North Carolina Award was designed by the eminent sculptor Paul Manship and was one of his last commissions before his death.
THE NORTH CAROLINA AWARDS COMMITTEE

The Honorable Jack Cozort, Chairman
Nick Bragg
Hal Crowther
Shirley T. Frye
Jean W. McLaughlin
The North Carolina Award is the highest honor our state can bestow. Created in 1961 by the General Assembly, the award is given yearly to men and women who have made significant contributions in science, literature, fine arts, and public service.

On behalf of all North Carolinians I congratulate the 2006 award recipients for their outstanding achievements. We in North Carolina are grateful to these outstanding citizens for their leadership, service, and talent.
43rd North Carolina Awards

Awards Presentation and Dinner
Sheraton Imperial Hotel
Research Triangle Park
November 8, 2006

Pledge of Allegiance
Major General (ret.) Gerald A. Rudisill, Jr.
North Carolina National Guard
Raleigh, North Carolina

PROGRAM

Invocation
Monsignor Gerald Lewis
Raleigh, North Carolina

Remarks and Awards Presentation
The Honorable Lisbeth C. Evans, Secretary
North Carolina Department of Cultural Resources

The Honorable Jack Cozort, Chairman
North Carolina Awards Committee

Governor Michael F. Easley
State of North Carolina

First Lady Mary P. Easley
State of North Carolina

Acknowledgments
Blue Cross and Blue Shield of North Carolina
Biltmore Estate Wine Company
Asheville, North Carolina
# PAST RECIPIENTS

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<tr>
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1976
Romare Bearden
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C. Clark Cockerham
Science
Foster Fitz-Simons
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Juanita M. Kreps
Public Service
Richard Walser
Literature

1977
Elizabeth Duncan Koontz
Public Service
Reginald Glennis Mitchiner
Science
Reynolds Price
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Joseph Curtis Sloane
Fine Arts
Jonathan Williams
Fine Arts

1978
Robert Robey Garvey, Jr.
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Henry L. Kamphoefner
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Science
Harriet L. Tynes
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Manly Wade Wellman
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1982
Selma Hortense Burke
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Science
Willie Snow Ethridge
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R. Phillip Hanes, Jr.
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1983
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Literature
Frank Guthrie
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Mary Dalton
Fine Arts
Harry Dalton
Fine Arts
Hugh Morton
Public Service

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Robert L. Hill
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Maud Gatewood
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Joseph Mitchell
Literature
Andy Griffith
Fine Arts

1988
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Fine Arts
Pedro Cuatrecasas
Science
Charles Edward Eaton
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William S. Lee
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David Brinkley
Public Service

1989
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Science
Ronald Bayes
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Maxine M. Swalin
Public Service
Roy Park
Public Service

1990
Leon Rooke
Literature
H. Keith H. Brodie
Science
Bob Timberlake
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Dean Wallace Colvard
Public Service
Frank H. Kenan
Public Service

1994
Sarah Blakeslee
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Richard Jenrette
Public Service
Elizabeth Spencer
Literature
Marshall Edgell
Science
Freda Nicholson
Public Service

1995
Banks C. Talley, Jr.
Public Service
John S. Mayo
Science
John Biggers
Fine Arts
Clyde Hutchison III
Science
James Applewhite
Literature
Kenneth Noland
Fine Arts

1996
Robert W. Scott
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Martha Clampitt McKay
Public Service
John L. Sanders
Public Service
Betty Adcock
Literature
Joseph S. Pagano
Science
Joanne M. Bath
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1979
Archie K. Davis
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John D. deButts
Public Service
Harry Golden
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Walter Gordy
Science
Sam Ragan
Fine Arts

1980
Fred Chappell
Literature
George H. Hitchings
Science
Robert Lindgren
Fine Arts
Dan K. Moore
Public Service
Jeanelle C. Moore
Public Service

1981
Adeline McCall
Fine Arts
Glen Rounds
Literature
Ralph H. Scott
Public Service
Vivian T. Stannett
Science
Tom Wicker
Literature

1985
J. Gordon Hanes, Jr.
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Literature
Irwin Fridovich
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Claude F. Howell
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A. R. Ammons
Literature
Ernest L. Eliel
Science
Doc Watson
Fine Arts

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Charles Kuralt
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Maya Angelou
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Robert J. Lefkowitz
Science
Harvey K. Littleton
Fine Arts

1991
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Fine Arts
Mary Ellen Jones
Science
Robert R. Morgan
Literature
Jesse H. Meredith
Public Service
Elizabeth H. Dole
Public Service

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Louis D. Rubin, Jr.
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John M. J. Madey
Science
William McWhorter Cochrane
Public Service
Maxwell R. Thurman
Public Service
Charles R. "Chuck" Davis
Fine Arts

1993
John Hope Franklin
Literature
Oliver Smithies
Science
Joe Cox
Fine Arts
Eric Schopler
Public Service
Billy Taylor
Fine Arts

1997
Thomas S. Kenan III
Public Service
M. Mellanay Delhom
Fine Arts
Robert Ian Bruck
Science
Elna B. Spaulding
Public Service
Clyde Edgerton
Literature

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L. Richardson Preyer
Public Service
Emily Harris Preyer
Public Service
Kaye Gibbons
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Robert W. Gray
Fine Arts
Martin Rodbell
Science
Marvin Saltzman
Fine Arts
James V. Taylor
Fine Arts

1999
Frank Arthur Daniels, Jr.
Public Service
Julia Jones Daniels
Public Service
Knut Schmidt-Nielsen
Science
Robert G. Parr
Science
Allan Gurganus
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Jill McCorkle
Literature
Frank L. Horton
Fine Arts
Herb Jackson
Fine Arts
General Henry H. Shelton
Public Service
<table>
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| 2000 | Henry Bowers  
Public Service  
Harlan E. Boyles  
Public Service  
S. Tucker Cooke  
Fine Arts  
William T. Fletcher  
Science  
James F. Goodman  
Public Service  
William S. Powell  
Literature |
| 2001 | Kathryn Stripling Byer  
Literature  
W.W. Finlator  
Public Service  
Robert B. Jordan, III  
Public Service  
Royce W. Murray  
Science  
Arthur Smith  
Fine Arts  
Shelby Stephenson  
Literature |
| 2002 | William G. Anlyan  
Science  
Cynthia Bringle  
Fine Arts  
Julius L. Chambers  
Public Service  
Martha Nell Hardy  
Fine Arts  
H.G. Jones  
Public Service  
Romulus Linney  
Literature  
Edwin Graves Wilson  
Public Service |
| 2003 | Etta Baker  
Fine Arts  
Jaki Shelton Green  
Literature  
Frank Borden Hanes  
Public Service  
James Baxter Hunt, Jr.  
Public Service  
Mary Ann Scherr  
Fine Arts  
William Thornton  
Science |
| 2004 | Voit Gilmore  
Public Service  
Walter J. Harrelson  
Literature  
William Ivey Long  
Fine Arts  
Elizabeth Matheson  
Fine Arts  
Penelope Niven  
Literature  
LeRoy T. Walker  
Public Service  
Annie Louise Wilkerson  
Science |
| 2005 | Joseph M. Bryan, Jr.  
Public Service  
Betty Debnam Hunt  
Public Service  
Randall Kenan  
Literature  
Thomas Willis Lambeth  
Public Service  
Bland Simpson  
Fine Arts  
Mansukh C. Wani  
Science |

700 copies of this public document were printed at a cost of $3,465.00 or $4.95 per copy.
"The world as I had known it had to be remade while I was a student. It was clear to me as an undergraduate that education had, and must have, moral purpose," Thomas K. Hearn Jr. said. This insight shaped his career as a teacher, scholar, and administrator, as he led the transformation of Wake Forest University from a respected regional institution to a nationally prominent university. For his life-long work in education, Thomas K. Hearn Jr. receives the 2006 North Carolina Award for Public Service.

Hearn grew up in Albertville, Alabama. Intellectually and spiritually challenged by the moral demands of the civil rights movement, Hearn earned a degree in English and philosophy from Birmingham Southern College in 1959, a bachelor of divinity from Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and a doctorate in moral philosophy from Vanderbilt University in 1965.

During the 1960s, Hearn taught philosophy at the College of William and Mary. In 1974, Hearn returned to his home state to lead the philosophy department of the University of Alabama-Birmingham. He rose quickly in the administration, becoming dean, vice-president, and, in 1982, senior vice-president.

In 1983, Hearn accepted the presidency of Wake Forest University. Early in his tenure, he worked with the trustees to complete the realignment of the university and its relationship with the Baptist State Convention, a process finalized in 1986, resulting in Wake Forest University becoming an independent institution. Hearn then addressed the campus's shortage of academic space, launching fund-raising campaigns and recruiting a vice president for administration and planning. A new student center, classroom buildings, a center for the law school and business graduate school, and new buildings for the medical school were opened during the 1990s.

Hearn's visionary leadership reached to the professional schools. The law school and business graduate school programs were restructured to provide smaller classes and more personalized instruction. The medical school was renamed the Wake Forest University School of Medicine, and its graduate programs were more closely integrated with the university's. Hearn also proposed a new graduate program that would draw on the university's religious heritage; the new divinity school opened in 1999. By his retirement in 2005, Hearn had served for twenty-two years, among the longest tenures for an American university president. The university has been consistently ranked in the top tier of higher education institutions for the past decade.

Hearn's leadership research beyond the campus. He founded Leadership Winston-Salem in 1984. He has chaired the Piedmont Triad Development Corporation, the Center for Creative Leadership, and Winston-Salem Business, Inc. He was instrumental in the development of the Piedmont Triad Research Park, a biotechnology corridor. Recently he spearheaded a drive to support research at the Wake Forest University Health Sciences Brain Tumor Center. At the state level, Hearn was appointed to the North Carolina Education Standards and Accountability Commission and was chair of the North Carolina Transit 2001 Commission. Concerned about college athletics scandals, Hearn was a founding member of the Knight Commission on Intercollegiate Athletics.

Dr. Hearn and his wife Laura live in Winston-Salem.
Near the close of his term as governor in 1977, James E. Holshouser Jr. said, “People ask me how I want to be remembered, and some say I ought to be called an Education Governor, or a Good Roads Governor, or a Health Care Governor. But all I hope for is that you’ll remember me as a governor who cares about you.” For his many contributions to the State of North Carolina, James E. Holshouser Jr. receives the 2006 North Carolina Award for Public Service.

Holshouser was born in 1934 into a family with a tradition of public service. His father was a U.S. District Attorney, and his mother was a nurse. In 1956, he graduated from Davidson College with a bachelor’s degree in history. While at the University of North Carolina law school, Holshouser became interested in politics, sitting in on sessions of the state legislature. After graduation, he joined his father’s law practice.

In 1961, Holshouser was elected to the first of four terms in the North Carolina House of Representatives. He worked on issues including higher education, judicial reform and reorganization of state government. In 1966, he was elected State Chairman of the Republican Party, the youngest in state history. In 1968, he became the North Carolina campaign manager for Richard Nixon’s presidential bid.

In a close election in 1972, Holshouser became the first Republican governor of North Carolina in the twentieth century. He was also the century’s youngest Tar Heel governor. Legislation he championed during the election was put into action, such as the state university system consolidation under the Board of Governors. He worked to ensure that the state community college system received significant capital improvement funds. He pushed for the expansion of the state kindergarten program, extending enrollment to children statewide.

Holshouser expanded the participation of minorities and women in his administration. He appointed Grace Rohrer as Secretary of the Department of Cultural Resources, the first woman in a cabinet-level position. Dr. Larnie Horton, an African American educator, served as the first special assistant to the governor for minority affairs.

Holshouser established health clinics in rural areas not served by local physicians. In response to the energy crisis, he instituted energy-saving measures such as the reduced speed limit. His administration expanded the highway system and added to state park holdings. During his term, ground was broken for the North Carolina Zoological Park.

After completing his term of office, Holshouser returned to private law practice. He took leading roles in Ronald Reagan’s presidential campaign and James Martin’s gubernatorial race. In 1979, he was elected to the UNC Board of Governors where he still serves as a member emeritus. In 1989, he joined the Board of Directors of the United Network for Organ Sharing, which establishes rules for distribution of organs for transplants. He has received the Freedom Guard Award from the United States Jaycees, the I.E. Ready Award, and the Razor Walker Award. Appalachian State University has endowed a professorship in ethics in his honor.

He and his wife Pat live in Southern Pines.
Michael Parker writes about a vast array of characters, but they all wrestle with what he describes as “the distance between how we want to love and be loved and the way that we actually are loved.” Whether it is a fourteen-year-old boy trying to save his family by finding his mother, or a jilted college girl whose hurt seeps out between the lines of an academic paper, his characters use language to bridge that distance. For his novels and short stories, Michael Fleming Parker receives the 2006 North Carolina Award for Literature.

Parker was born in 1959 in Siler City. His family moved to Clinton when he was six, when his father bought the local newspaper, the Sampsonian. He attended Appalachian State University for a year. Parker then worked at a series of blue-collar jobs in restaurants and warehouses before re-entering college at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. In the creative writing program, Parker studied with Lee Smith, Daphne Athas, and Marianne Gingher, graduating with honors in 1984.

For the next two years, he wrote in the early morning hours before going to his job driving a forklift in the warehouse of the University of North Carolina Press. In 1987, his short stories were first published in literary journals. As a Henry Hoyns Fellow, Parker earned a masters of fine arts from the University of Virginia in 1988. After a series of one-year college appointments, Parker joined the faculty at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro in 1992, where he is now a professor of English.

His first novel, Hello Down There, was submitted independently and published by Scribners in 1993. The story of Edwin, a middle-aged reclusive addict who reveals himself through letters to teenaged Eureka, won critical acclaim. The New York Times Book Review praised Parker’s “bone-deep affection for his characters, his love of clear, crisp, pungent language, his confidence in the possibility of redemption.”

Journeys and distinctive voices are strong motifs in Parker’s work. “My characters have a relationship to place that people assume is real Southern, because they love where they come from or they hate where they come from, but they are never indifferent towards it,” Parker said. “Most of my characters love language and delight in language.”

The Geographical Cure, a story collection published in 1994, won the Sir Walter Raleigh Award. Towns without Rivers continues Eureka’s story as she leaves her hometown. Virginia Lovers follows two brothers, one a high school football star, the other a brilliant slacker. If You Want Me to Stay, a BookSense Pick and a New York Times Editor’s Choice, tells of Joel’s flight from a chaotic household, searching Carolina coastal towns for his runaway mother. Parker has had over twenty short stories published in journals and anthologies.

Among Parker’s awards are the Pushcart Prize, the Goodheart Prize for Fiction, and the O. Henry Award. He has received fellowships from the North Carolina Arts Council and the National Endowment for the Arts.

Michael Parker lives in Greensboro.
Roy Parker Jr. identifies himself as not just a newspaperman but “a North Carolina newspaperman.” Parker has been covering North Carolina news for over fifty years, writing for every type of paper from small weeklies to major dailies. For his lifelong work as a journalist and historian, Joseph Roy Parker Jr. receives the 2006 North Carolina Award for Public Service.

Parker was born in 1930 in Ahoskie into a family of newspaper men. His father, Roy Parker Sr., and his uncle, J. Mayon Parker, owned and ran local weekly newspapers in Hertford, Bertie, and Northampton counties. In 1941, the family moved to Chapel Hill, where his father taught journalism at the university. His mother worked as a dorm hostess and later served on the Northampton County Board of Education.

During the summers, Parker worked for his uncle in Hertford. First he was a “printer’s devil,” doing odd jobs; he then learned the “back shop” work of a newspaper, everything from setting type to delivering the papers. After earning his undergraduate degree in journalism from the University of North Carolina in 1952, he worked as an editor for the family papers.

In 1957, Parker joined the staff of the News and Observer in Raleigh, covering the legislature as the Capitol correspondent. “When Sam Ragan asked me to Raleigh, it was heaven to me,” Parker said. “When they sent me to Washington, it was even more heavenly—I didn’t even have to report to an office.” For nine months in 1959, through an internship offered by the American Political Science Association, Parker worked for Congressman Hale Boggs of Louisiana, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, and Senator Sam Ervin. The News and Observer sent him back to Washington as a correspondent in 1963, where he arrived just before President Kennedy’s assassination and remained through President Nixon’s first term. In 1972, Parker returned to North Carolina as the press secretary for Hargrove “Skipper” Bowles’s campaign for governor.

After the campaign, Parker became the founding editor of the Fayetteville Times in 1973. Parker wrote the newspaper’s book column for twenty-five years and worked as a contributing editor until his retirement in 2001. Always interested in history, Parker was captivated by the heritage of the Cape Fear River region. In 1993, he began a weekly column on military history for the paper, which he still writes. He wrote Cumberland County, A Brief History, published by the North Carolina Division of Archives and History, now the Office of Archives and History, and was the co-author of Fayetteville and Fort Bragg in Vintage Postcards.

Parker has served as an officer and board member of many organizations, including the University of North Carolina Board of Governors, the Airborne and Special Operations Museum Foundation, the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association, the North Carolina Writers’ Conference, and as a trustee of the North Carolina Museum of Art. He was a National Endowment for the Humanities Fellow at Harvard University and was inducted into the North Carolina Journalism Hall of Fame in 1999.

Parker and his wife Marie live in Fayetteville.
Whether working as a cardiologist, professor, an executive at major pharmaceutical companies, or serving on boards of biotechnology firms, Dr. Charles Sanders has championed the central importance of research to medical advancement. For leadership in the field of medicine, Charles A. Sanders receives the 2006 North Carolina Award for Science.

Sanders grew up in Dallas, Texas, and his ambition was so clear that his family nicknamed him "Doc." He graduated from Southwestern Medical College at the University of Texas in 1955. An internship at Boston City Hospital with the Harvard Medical Service led to a Clinical Research Fellowship in cardiology at Massachusetts General Hospital and a teaching position at Harvard Medical School in 1958. He served in the Air Force Medical Corps for two years, earning the rank of captain.

In 1962, Sanders returned to Massachusetts General Hospital to start the cardiac catheterization unit, a cutting-edge medical procedure at the time. He became director of the hospital in 1972. During his directorship, he oversaw the construction of an ambulatory care center and established the Institute for Health Professions, which provided national accreditation to nurses and other health professionals. He has published over one hundred scientific papers and health-care articles.

Having accomplished his goals at the hospital, Sanders switched fields, to the pharmaceutical industry. "When I began practicing medicine, hospitals were filled with people with conditions that are now being treated with drugs," Sanders said. "The move gave me the chance to pursue projects that could benefit thousands of people, to really make a difference." As an executive at the Squibb Corporation, Sanders managed the company’s science and technology development and medical research from 1981 to 1989.

Sanders came to North Carolina in 1989 as the Chief Executive Officer of Glaxo, Inc. The company prospered under his direction, building on the success of the anti-ulcer drug Zantac and bringing several new drugs to market, including Serevent for asthma, Imitrex for migraines, and Zofran for treating nausea associated with chemotherapy. One of his proudest achievements was creation of the North Carolina Healthy Start Foundation, devoted to reducing infant mortality through education. The foundation was started in 1990 with a five million dollar grant from Glaxo.

After his retirement in 1995, Sanders continued to support biomedical research through serving on the boards of biotechnology companies such as Genentech, Vertex Pharmaceuticals, and Icagen, Inc. He is past chairman of the New York Academy of Sciences and past chairman of The Commonwealth Fund. He has served in Washington, DC, on the President’s Committee of Advisors on Science and Technology. As chairman of Project HOPE, a world health-care foundation, Sanders oversaw the equipping and training of personnel for the state-of-the-art Shanghai Children’s Medical Center, China’s first major pediatric teaching hospital. He is currently chairman of the Foundation for the National Institutes of Health and a member of the Institute of Medicine of the National Academy of Sciences.

Sanders lives in Durham with his wife Ann.
Precise, hard-edged geometry; shimmering, lyrical color; handprints trailing over thick layers of paint: over the decades, William T. Williams has explored all these techniques in his paintings. He seeks to combine “the ability to draw an informed line,” while using color as the “carrier of emotional power” in his art. For his work as a painter and educator, William T. Williams receives the 2006 North Carolina Award for Fine Arts.

Williams was born in 1942 in Cross Creek, North Carolina, now part of Fayetteville. His family soon moved to New York City and he grew up spending summers in the country and the rest of the year in the city. “The duality of experience, having grown up in an urban environment and a rural one, those two things always tug at your sensibility,” Williams has said. He studied art at City University of New York, Pratt Institute, and Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, and earned a masters of fine arts from Yale University in 1968. He joined the faculty of Brooklyn College in 1971, where he is a professor of art.

Williams’s first show was in 1969 at the Studio Museum in Harlem. He soon gained the attention of the New York art world. That same year, his art was in shows at the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Museum of Modern Art, and the American Embassy in Moscow. His work was compared to that of prominent abstract artists Frank Stella and Mark Rothko. Yet within a few years, Williams moved beyond geometric formalism into more fluid personal expressions.

Just as his work contains dualities of color and form, formality and individualism, Williams has had to balance the expectations placed on an African American artist and the demands of his own artistic growth. In the late 1970s, he took his first trip to Africa and returned with a different concept of the relation of his art to the community. “I hope that my work is about celebration, about an affirmation of life in the face of diversity; reaffirm that we’re human, that we’re alive,” Williams said.

Williams’s paintings are in noted collections, including the Museum of Modern Art, the Library of Congress, the Whitney Museum, and corporations such as Chase Manhattan Bank. His first major solo exhibit in his home state was at the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art in Winston-Salem in 1985. His work was in several important touring exhibits, including To Conserve a Legacy: American Art from Historically Black Colleges and Universities in 1999 and Seeing Jazz in 1997.

Williams’s talent has garnered many awards, including a John Simon Guggenheim Fellowship and two National Endowment for the Arts awards. He was the first African American contemporary artist to be included in the 1986 edition of the legendary reference work, The History of Art by H. W. Janson.

Williams and his wife Patricia live in New York. He still paints in the lower Manhattan studio where he has worked for the past thirty-five years.
“I think there is a mystery about her because she lived a private life,” Emily Herring Wilson says about garden writer Elizabeth Lawrence. “I wanted to pay homage to a woman I thought had been slighted in history — not just Elizabeth Lawrence, but also women like her.” Through her work, Wilson has focused attention on the importance of the lives of women, their overlooked moments, and their contributions. For her poetry, nonfiction and teaching, Emily Herring Wilson receives the 2006 North Carolina Award for Literature.

Wilson grew up in Columbus, Georgia, and attended the neighborhood elementary school where her mother taught. Her favorite book as a child was The Secret Garden. She studied poetry with Randall Jarrell at Woman’s College of the University of North Carolina, graduating in 1961. She earned her masters degree in 1962 from Wake Forest University, where she taught for two years.

Over time, Wilson’s career expanded to include journalism, poetry, and publishing. Her first poetry collection, Down Zion’s Alley, was published in 1972. As one of the first poets in the North Carolina Arts Council’s “Poetry in Schools” program, she taught poetry to public school children and led teacher workshops. She was an editorial writer for the Winston-Salem Journal. In 1975, Wilson and friends started a small publishing house, Jackpine Press. Wilson’s poetry collections include Balancing on Stones, Solomon’s Seal, Arise Up and Call Her Blessed, and, in 2001, To Fly without Hurry.

Wilson became involved in community advocacy, working especially with civil rights issues and women’s lives. With a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, she traveled and collected oral histories for the book, Hope and Dignity, Older Black Women of the South. In 1984, she gave public programs as a scholar with the North Carolina Humanities Council. Wilson also wrote books on philanthropy and compiled an oral history of New Bern.

Wilson’s involvement in the North Carolina Women’s History Project led to her collaboration with Margaret Supplee Smith, curator of the major women’s history exhibit at the North Carolina Museum of History in 1994. They co-authored the book North Carolina Women: Making History, which received the 1999 Mayflower Cup for nonfiction.

While working with Smith, Wilson discovered the writing of gardener Elizabeth Lawrence. Beacon Press initially turned down Wilson’s proposed biography, but editors were interested in Lawrence’s correspondence with legendary New Yorker editor Katharine S. White. After intense “detective work” tracking down the letters, Wilson published Two Gardeners: Katharine S. White and Elizabeth Lawrence — A Friendship in Letters. The book was such a success that Wilson was offered a contract for a Lawrence biography, published in 2005 as No One Gardens Alone. She is working to preserve Lawrence’s house and garden in Charlotte.

Wilson has served on the boards of the North Carolina Writers’ Network, the People for the American Way, and the advisory panel for the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation. She has been a fellow of the MacDowell Colony and the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts.

Wilson and her husband Ed live in Winston-Salem.