

Comp. & Rhet.
October 3, 1950

Dorothy M. Scott

It was just dusk. I stood in the abandoned logging road, which was little more than a path through the second-growth timber in the Tennessee hills, and listened. Maybe I was asking for a sign--or a promise.

I was 27 years old. Was it possible that I was going to business school tomorrow? Wasn't I too old to learn something new? Could I change from one who fed pigs and helped with crops and kept house for my brothers to one who fed paper into typewriters, helped with office work and kept house for no one?

It wasn't that I minded getting up at 5:30 and making a fire in the cook stove. I didn't mind drawing water from the well on the back porch. And it was an event of sorts to make biscuits. Feeding chickens and pigs and wielding a hoe occasionally--these tasks were strenuous but not unrewarding. I didn't want to go, but neither could I stay.

The night creatures were beginning their evening symphony. Gradually their chirping, cheeping, rasping and rustling seemed to blend into one stage-whispered phrase, "Success, success."

So I went to school. I came to the city. I became-- what? An automaton. A servant girl of modern industry. Something. But maybe, if I am successful enough, I can go back to the hills and buy that strip of woods. Then I can tell the crickets and katy-dids and tree-frogs, if I can get them to listen, what success really is.

This is well - done. I'm afraid that you are far above the "average freshman" - but perhaps there's something more to learn - even in this class.

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