Journalism I

March 15, 1949 Dorothy M. Scott

A

When I was a kid I had all sorts of thoughts that I never mentioned to anyone--I'm half ashamed to do so now. I must have been crazy.

I guess I was pretty young when I heard about my grandfather's house burning. Among other things, my mother said grandfather's teeth burned up. I pictured him holding his lips back with his fingers while the blue flames licked at his teeth, much like the flame in the oil stove. It was difficult to imagine.

I never knew how to tell the folks about seeing a flaming cross slide out of the sky one night. It awed me, but I guess I thought no one would believe me.

I remember pretending sleep because grandpa's legs, stretched out to the fireplace made a most uncomfortable seat. And when he laid me on the bed in the half dark, I opened one eye so big I thought it must look like Old Dan's.

More

And sometimes my feelings were terribly hurt, but who could I tell? I remember making hullabaloo with my brothers and sisters in the "front" room until grandpa stormed in. We scattered, but to my dying day I will remember grandpa saying, "I used to think Dorothy was the best one, but now I don't know".

It would be silly to tell your teacher that snow on the brown leaves in the school yard looked like sugar on Post Toasties, wouldn't it?

And you wouldn't walk up to your mother and say, "Yesterday when I lay on my back in the meadow, the sky looked like the inside of our blue and white enamel dishpan".

How could you explain that you had a melancholy feeling--that the very air sometimes seemed to be weighted with gloom? Some days were like that, but I didn't know the words then.

Once a dignified old man with a gray beard was visiting us. I knew he was highly regarded by my parents

and I wanted to make a good impression. He watched me solemnly as I prepared to light a lamp. When I exhibited impatience over a slow-striking match, he said in sepulchral tones, "Be patient". I felt very much rebuked--but how could I tell him that I was just trying to act like my father?

Not exactly a "Newspaper" type feature - rather a sort of essay in introspection, the type one might find in personal letters or memoirs —

But Nice writing, which is what Jim basing the grade -

Dorothy Scott