

# Homespun

DRAMATIC  
ISSUE



WILLIAM  
Troxell



# HOMESPUN

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The Globe Theatre  
taken from old print



# THE WEAVE

## WHERE FOOTLIGHTS GLEAM

REBECCA HEATH

I wonder how the moon can shine; tonight  
It seems the very stars should dim their light.  
The roses strewn across my path are dead;  
The lily sadly droops her proud-flung head.  
I said goodbye today; my days are done  
When I may face the footlights and the sun.  
I hear taps blown in every whistler's tune.  
Have I then aged so greatly thus so soon?  
That roseate glow of yesterday has fled,  
But it was just the crimson where my heart had bled.  
And as I sit here in my lonely stall,  
And watch the glitter where the footlights fall,  
That youngest actor standing there is I—  
His lines have covered up my escaping sigh,  
His life is mine; I live again; I dream,  
And wander once again where footlights gleam.

# THE RISE OF AMERICAN DRAMA

CLYDE NORCOM

THE literature of a country bespeaks of the spirit of its people, their ideas, hopes, and attitude. America is not unlike other nations in that her literature reflects the life of her people. However, this is not true in regard to our drama and theatrical productions. For if we were gleaning the field for a revelation of our national soul, the theater would perhaps be ignored.

Man from earliest ages has had some amusement or entertainment, and time has not erased the desire, but changed the type of entertainment. Drama was ushered in by the Greeks of the fifth century, and since then has become a distinct type of literature. Through these centuries it has passed from the Greeks to people and nations everywhere.

Foreign productions and plays prevailing in England filled the needs of the early American communities, and for a time America was satisfied to be fed upon foreign by-products. Because the theater seeks to exploit the facts and interest of the hour, immoral things to catch the interest of the people were shamelessly shown. At present the tendency is little changed. The majority of themes to attract popular attention, particularly in recent years, has been the relation of the new generation to its parents and an elder point of view.

America has changed and is still changing in many respects. And authorities say that the theater is not untouched. In fact, a new and better theater will be one of the results which is foreseen. "That development," says Mr. Walter Eaton, of Columbia University, "is a necessary precedent to a national drama worthy of our growing national literature, and is the most significant tendency in our theater at present. Certainly it is more significant than anything in our drama itself."

In 1880 an American play was a curiosity, but in 1926 there were twenty-six native productions on Broadway while foreign ones numbered seventeen. And at present America is making theatrical entertainment out of her native material.

By 1900 a new creative era had dawned in American drama. No longer were the people content with foreign by-products, for they demanded the very best and finest in productions from foreign countries. New York has in the past fifteen years cultivated a taste for the finest in drama. The demand in New York in 1800 was decidedly the opposite. Today America's metropolitan city is theatrically sophisticated. But productions that ran for a season on Broadway were financial ruins as road shows.

In 1910, when the dramatic theater was degenerating, the moving picture entertainment was improving. A symphony orchestra, an interesting movie, and all for an unheard-of price, immediately caught the fancy of theater-goers. The popularity of the moving picture dealt the final blow to dramatic productions, and the World War saw the theatrical system almost completely ruined, for the duration of the war, at least.

At this hour America is becoming aware of the dramatic possibilities of its people, and our drama is waking to look around and see with a man's eye. For some time it seems that drama has been sleeping, at least to the extent that very few American plays are of permanent value. And, too, the very choice material for dramatic development has not been productive. When an American asked a London human encyclopædia, "What great event took place on the Fourth of July?" he replied angrily, "That wa'hn' no great event. That was a bloomin' houtrage!" To me the "bloomin' houtrage" is that no noteworthy historical drama represents this towering point in America history. But regardless of the fact that the drama of the Revolution is yet unwritten with the expansion of ideas in the American theater, the development of native material and playwrights will surely come.

# THE LITTLE THEATER MOVEMENT

JUANITA DAY

ABOUT seventeen years ago there was started a movement known as the Little Theater movement which was destined to grow and grow. Two of the pioneer groups, the Hull House Players and the Neighborhood Playhouse, began as parts of social settlements. About the same time, Mrs. Gale's Toy Theater was founded in Boston, and this was followed by the Chicago Little Theater, which Maurice Browne built in 1912. These early pioneers were interested in new experiments in production and in producing those plays of a fine literary character which were found unprofitable by commercial managers. Then, too, these producers wanted to offer a place where unwanted, yet unusual, scenic artists from abroad might practice.

Gradually this movement gained supporters. People became interested in forming groups of players and studying play production. At different places throughout the United States Little Theater companies were formed. At first they were rather weak, but they rapidly gained strength as more people understood the purpose of the organization. In an Indiana town the citizens became even so enthusiastic that a number joined together in changing a saloon into a theater.

Another step in the development of the Little Theaters was taken in 1912 when Professor George P. Baker established his 47 Workshop at Harvard. There he taught the fundamentals of play-writing. Because of this unique experiment and his progress in this field, he is recognized as one of the outstanding college enthusiasts in dramatic art.

Here in North Carolina there were two noteworthy Little Theater backers—namely, A. G. Arvald and F. H. Koch, the latter of whom is now at the University of North Carolina, carrying on his work there. He has been so successful that now funds are appropriated for his company, to be used for touring the more isolated sections of North Carolina and presenting these rural people with drama at their very doorsteps, so to speak.



At first the Little Theaters attracted amateurs only, but more and more actors of real talent came to be associated with them. Such well-known dramatists as Susan Glaspell, Eugene O'Neill, and Lord Dunsany made their first appearances in some of these small playhouses. In addition, many now prominent scenic artists worked with the companies. Among these were Robert E. Jones, Lee Simonson, and Rollo Peters. In the beginning the actors presented one-act plays, but gradually, with an influx of real talent and with more training, they ventured into the realm of longer plays.

One must not think that these actors endeavored to crowd out the commercial theater. They did not. In fact, many communities which had been almost inaccessible were opened up for the commercial managers. If the Little Theaters were ever to reach the point where they would compete with the regular work-a-day world theaters, they would certainly depart from their aim. Their purpose is not to rival such, but to develop local talent and to bring to the people what other theaters do not.

This movement has so grown that now in many cities the population as a whole supports the community playhouse, and in some towns beautiful Little Theaters have been built. One Little Theater, though, has had its twilight. It is the Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street, New York—one of the real pioneers. It has been crowded out by the more pretentious showhouses on Broadway. This does not mean, however, that the others are soon going to make their exits. Not by any means. They are prospering and being backed more and more by the civic bodies of the towns. New groups of players are constantly being formed, and these lead on to the Little Theaters. Several colleges now have their own small playhouses.

In fact, so great has been the influence of these organizations that play production in all phases is taught in a number of colleges, and some fundamentals are taught even in high school.

Of course in any enterprise there must always be something which serves as a stimulus. In this movement it is the Belasco Cup. Each year there is held in New York a Little Theater tournament which, on the payment of a certain fee, a company of Little

Theater play-actors may enter. Each group presents a play, and the one that exhibits superior acting is awarded the Belasco Cup. For three years the players of Dallas, Texas, won the cup. This feat has gone down in stage annals now—three years in succession! The winning company was always very careful in its choice of plays, for it would even compete with professionals. Therefore, the members picked plays portraying life about which they knew. They won!

The average season for players is from October to May, but there are a few Little Theaters whose season is in the summertime. Probably the most picturesque of the summer season theaters is the one in Gloucester, Massachusetts, where every week-end during the summer a play is presented, much to the delight of the summer tourists. The auditorium is unique in that it was built from an old sail loft. Some of the buildings connected with it are parts of old ships.

On and on this ball is rolling, gathering ground as it goes. More and more people are becoming interested in this great advancement of drama, the Little Theater movement.



## LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH!

GLADYS HOLDER

The line worms forward, slow and stolid—  
Tickets in hands that are dappled with sweat.  
Frayed green tickets for the bald-head rows,  
Sleek red tickets for the half-way rows,  
Crumpled blue tickets for the balcony beaux.  
The coiling streamers sway and toss  
With a drowsy seething—swayed by the breathing

Of men who talk and laugh and choke  
With their necks upthrust in the banded smoke,  
In order to get the point of a joke—  
    Laugh, clown, laugh!

Black-face clown in baggy breeches  
Leers his way through a dialogue  
With a ghastly, blondined girl  
Who does her best to lend some zest  
To the glib narration of a smutty jest.  
The young men giggle, the old men smirk,  
And the smoke settles down with a soft insistence.  
Then another buffoon strides upon the stage,  
His face lighted with well-feigned rage,  
And rushes on the black-face, paddle in hand.  
The pair of them prance in a ludicrous dance  
Interspersed with blows on the seat of the pants.  
Roars and guffaws, nudges and prods—  
A vast, throaty whoop from the gallery gods—  
    Laugh, clown, laugh!

Grand finale and a jumbled swirl,  
Yammering voices in a last shrill chorus,  
The patrons rise in a solid mass,  
Clogging the aisles as they clamor to pass.  
A ceaseless grumble, a formless mumble—  
Men who shove and shout and stumble.  
A stream of bodies, sluggish and slow.  
Some move on to a night of lust—  
But behind the stage—as if he must—  
The clown looks out on the crowd—turns—groans—  
The theater throbs with the echo—  
    Laugh, clown, laugh!

# THE WHITE DOE

*A Fantasy Based on the Legend of Virginia Dare*

DOUGLAS LONG

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VIRGINIA DARE, first white child born in America  
ELEANOR DARE, Virginia's mother  
NAWISKO, Virginia's Indian lover  
SICONA, the Croatoan medicine man, and a jealous  
    admirer of Virginia  
MANTEO, Chief of the Croatoans  
WANCHISE, Chief of the Poumiks  
CHIABO, Medicine man of the Poumiks  
THE INDIAN BRAVES

## ACT 1—SCENE 1

*The scene is laid in what is now Dare County, North Carolina, just across Croatoan Sound from Roanoke Island. It is a typical Indian summer day, and when the sounds of activity cease for a moment in the little Indian village off stage to the right, the restful lull of the wind in the pines and the lapping of the waves on the beach to the left may be heard. At the right of the stage is the wigwam of ELEANOR DARE and her daughter, VIRGINIA. No other wigwams may be seen, but all around are stately trees.*

*As the curtain goes up there are shouts from the village, and as they cease, VIRGINIA DARE rushes in wearing a beautiful red fox skin. She is a young girl apparently about eighteen years old and unusually beautiful, having long flaxen hair and very fair skin, which shows that she is not of Indian blood. Lithe and graceful as the Indian maids who have been her only companions, she runs joyfully onto the stage, calling to her mother.*

VIRGINIA: Oh, mother, come quickly! Come see the beautiful skin Nawisko has given me.

ELEANOR DARE *emerges from the wigwam. She is a beautiful woman of about forty years of age, and, though somewhat faded, there is still a striking resemblance between her and her daughter.*

ELEANOR: What? Is he still showering you with gifts?

VIRGINIA: (*Displaying the pelt*) Why, yes, but is it not beautiful? Manteo says it is the prize catch of the season and the envy of the whole village.

ELEANOR: Indeed, it is beautiful, but should you be accepting so much attention from only an Indian boy? That question has worried me often of late.

VIRGINIA: (*Leading her mother to a seat beneath one of the pines*) Why should you worry, mother? The Indians are the only friends I have ever known or probably ever will know. I am as one of them, so I must live like them.

ELEANOR: (*Drawing her daughter's head to her shoulder*) Yes, I know, but for years I have lived on one hope: that of seeing you safe in England, my old home. I want it to be young English lords, not Indian braves, who woo you.

VIRGINIA: But, mother, I don't mind. I am sure I would love England, but I am happy here.

ELEANOR: Yes, you would love it as I do. I will never forget my presentation to the Queen. I loved the court life; but it was right after that that I married Ananias Dare, your father, and we came to Roanoke Island with my father, Governor White, of the settlement. It was in this settlement that you were born and named Virginia after the land granted by the Virgin Queen, but the Indians called you Winona Ska, the first-born white child.

When father returned to the mother land for supplies I felt that I would never see him again. For a while I hoped that he would soon return, but one morning a savage band of Indians attacked the fort, and your father and I fled with Manteo, carrying you with us. Ananias stopped to carve the word "Croatoan" on a tree according to an agreement with my father, but had only carved three letters when an arrow struck him and he fell dead. Taking the knife, I ran away and carved the word on another tree.

VIRGINIA: Mother, how did you have the courage to carve it after seeing Father shot down?

ELEANOR: I hardly see how I could have, but in that moment my only thoughts were of you. I knew I must leave some clue by which Father could find us if he ever returned. He never has, though.

VIRGINIA: (*Suddenly*) Oh, mother, there comes old Sicona. I do not want him to find me, as he worries me with his foolish love-making. Let us go down to the beach.

ELEANOR: Humor him, Virginia. He is only an old medicine man in his second childhood. He is attracted now by your youth and beauty, but will soon grow tired of wooing you. Treat him kindly, for he means well.

*Exeunt VIRGINIA and ELEANOR at left. Enter SICONA, the medicine man, at right. He is an old, bent Indian with an evil-looking face. He peers into the wigwam, but seeing no one, he begins to count the mussel pearls he has in a leather pouch.*

SICONA: Oh! At last I have enough of the magic pearls. (*He shakes his fist at the wigwam.*) She will scorn my love, will she? She will flee when she sees me coming? I'll teach her not to scorn the mighty Sicona. I'll teach her.

*SICONA turns to leave the stage but is met by NAWISKO, a handsome young brave.*

NAWISKO: Greetings! O Wise One, have you seen Winona Ska?

SICONA: (*Surlily*) I think she is with her mother on the beach. *Exit SICONA, right.*

NAWISKO: (*Running to the left*) Winona!

VIRGINIA: (*Running in*) Coming, Nawisko! (*She has the fox skin over her shoulders and twirls around to show him how it looks.*) Nawisko, it is beautiful! Did you kill it on the Island?

NAWISKO: No, I killed it far away from here. That is why I went away last full moon.

VIRGINIA: You should not have journeyed so far just for that. You have already done too much for me.

NAWISKO: I couldn't do too much for you—(*he pauses*) the maid I love.

VIRGINIA *starts to speak, but* ELEANOR DARE *enters, her arms full of autumn leaves.*

ELEANOR: Good day, Nawisko.

NAWISKO: Good day. (*He holds the curtain of the wigwam for ELEANOR to enter, then turns and takes VIRGINIA'S hand*) Winona, is it wrong for an Indian to love a paleface?

VIRGINIA: Not if he really loves her, Nawisko. (*He starts closer to her, then turns quickly away in embarrassment.*)

NAWISKO: (*Hastily*) I must be going, Winona. Goodbye.

VIRGINIA: (*A little hesitantly*) Goodbye, Nawisko. (*She gazes after him a moment and turns to be confronted by SICONA, who, unseen by the lovers, has been hiding behind a tree. He displays a string of mussel pearls.*)

SICONA: Are they not beautiful, O Winona? If you will go with me in my new canoe to Roanoke Island, they will be yours.

VIRGINIA: (*Enraptured by the pearls*) Oh, Sicono, will they really be mine? I will ask mother if I may go.

ELEANOR: (*merging from the wigwam*) Go with him, Virginia, and remember what I told you.

VIRGINIA: All right, mother. Goodbye. (*ELEANOR stands waving goodbye.*)

*Exeunt VIRGINIA and SICONA. Curtain.*

## SCENE II

*The scene is the same as the first, only about three weeks later. A group of Indians are gathered about the wigwam. SICONA is seen to hang back from the others. The group is very quiet, and only a few mutter at intervals. MANTEO, the chief, steps from wigwam and raises his right hand for attention. The group seems to have expected the gesture.*

MANTEO: (*Sadly*) The Paleface Mother is dead. (*There is a hush, then a warrior cries out.*)

WARRIOR: She has grieved herself to death since Winona Ska disappeared. We must find the White Maid.

ANOTHER WARRIOR: There are rumors that Winona is in the shape of the white doe that has been seen on Roanoke Island. No one can kill the doe, for she seems to be charmed.

FIRST WARRIOR: Yes, I have seen the doe and it is true that no one can shoot her. Many of the best hunters have failed. I, myself, fell and was so hurt when I tried to kill her that I cannot run.

SICONA *chuckles sneeringly*.

NAWISKO: (*Turning to him angrily*) Hush, you jabbering old fool. This is no time to laugh. (*He turns away and begins to chant, unnoticed by others.*)

SICONA: Doe of White, Winona Ska,  
Ne'er shall harm by winged arrow  
Come to you, most charmed of creatures.  
Mussel pearls have all power;  
So live in bondage by me given,  
Only free to roam the island,  
For thy lover e'er unknowing  
Cannot break thy magic spell.

*All the Indians but NAWISKO go quietly and with bowed heads off the stage. He remains rocking sadly to and fro.*

NAWISKO: (*Despairingly*) Oh, Winona, if only I could bring you back. I fear some magic of Sicona's has harmed you.

*A strange Indian enters from left.*

THE INDIAN: O Nawisko, Winona Ska has indeed been affected by Sicona's magic. His charmed necklace of mussel pearls changed her into the white doe seen on Roanoke Island. But I, Chiabo, the Magician of Poumik, think I can counter-charm the spell. But first you must pay me well.

NAWISKO: (*Falling on his knees before the magician*) O wise Chiabo, I will pay you anything. I will give you all my skins and wampum if only you will bring back my Winona.

CHIABO: Take this magic arrow, Nawisko. Shoot it into the heart of the doe, and it will bring back the maiden. The head is made of the shark's tooth and set with mussel pearls, the arrow of witch-hazel, while a white feather from the wing of a living heron steadies its flight. At sunrise I dipped it three times in the magic spring of Roanoke and said these words:



Mussel-pearl arrow, to her heart go;  
Loosen the fetters which bind the white doe;  
Bring the lost maiden back to Na-wis-ko.

NAWISKO: O Chiabo, many thanks to thee. I will pay you well for this aid.

CHIABO: Go—shoot the white doe. Be not afraid, for you will not harm Winona Ska; but, mind you, speak no word of this, else you break the charm.

*Exit* CHIABO.

NAWISKO: At last I will have my Winona again. I must prepare for the hunt.

*Exit* NAWISKO. *Enter* MANTEO *and* WANCHISE.

WANCHISE: (*Sadly*) The young men of today are not great hunters as before the time we journeyed across the water to see the paleface Weroanga.

MANTEO: Indeed, there were great hunters then, but now the young men are soft and lazy.

WANCHISE: (*In disgust*) They even say that they cannot kill the white doe!

MANTEO: (*Musing*) So they say, so they say.

WANCHISE: I'll show them! I'll kill the white doe!

MANTEO: But, Wanchise, they say that no one can kill her. She is charmed.

WANCHISE: (*Displaying a silver arrow*) I will kill her. I have the silver arrow the paleface Weroanga across the big waters gave me. The arrow of the Virgin Queen will surely kill her.

MANTEO: (*In excitement*) I will send my best braves with you. Then you cannot fail. (*He utters a shrill cry and a group of braves, among which is NAWISKO, appears.*)

MANTEO: Fetch your bows quickly and accompany Wanchise to Roanoke. He plans to kill the white doe.

*They run off quickly and return with bows and arrows.*

MANTEO: Good luck to you, O Wanchise! I will view the hunt from here.

*Exeunt* WANCHISE *and* *the braves.* *Enter* *the lame warrior from the village.*

WARRIOR: O Manteo, may I watch the hunt here with you?

MANTEO: Surely, and should not one who was fouled by the charmed creature see her death?

WARRIOR: O wise chief, suppose our Winona really has been changed into the doe. Will they not kill her?

MANTEO: (*Hoarse from fright*) I had not thought of that. We must stop them quickly!

WARRIOR: (*In great excitement*) Look! They have landed on the island—some one has startled the doe—she is running straight toward the beach.

MANTEO: (*Crying out in horror and grief*) Nawisko's arrow has struck her!

WARRIOR: Wanchise has also shot! Both arrows have struck her! Oh, look! Look! See what has happened! The doe has changed into Winona! Our Winona!

MANTEO: She has fallen! Nawisko is putting her in his canoe.

MANTEO *turns away, his head in his hands. The warrior stays him with one hand, and continues to watch NAWISKO.*

WARRIOR: He is bringing her to the village. (*Sadly*) I fear that she is badly wounded.

*Enter NAWISKO carrying VIRGINIA, who is clothed in a white doe's skin. Two arrows, the magic one and the silver one, making the cross sign, are fast in her breast. Gently he lays her on the ground. He kneels silently and in anguish while she slowly makes the sign of the Cross on his forehead.*

VIRGINIA: (*Softly*) O forget not your Winona.

*Her hand drops. She is dead. NAWISKO jumps up quickly.*

NAWISKO: (*In despair*) O wise Manteo, tell me what to do. Can I not restore my Winona to life? Is there not some charm or magic you can tell me of?

*SICONA has entered room.*

SICONA: (*Relenting*) Go in haste. Steep the silver arrow in the Spring of Magic Waters. We may be able to bring her back.

*Exit NAWISKO with arrow which he has tenderly removed from the breast of VIRGINIA.*

MANTEO: (*Sadly*) I fear our beloved Winona Ska is gone from us forever. (*Turning to the sorrowing braves*) Go! Prepare

secretly for the funeral. If the palefaces ever return, they must never know that it was by the hands of her Indian friends that the maiden died. We who loved her so would never have harmed her willingly.

SICONA: It was the silver arrow that killed her. Nawisko's arrow of love changed her to her true form, and the silver arrow, striking a moment later, broke the head of the first.

NAWISKO *enters running.*

NAWISKO: (*In amazement*) O Manteo, when I placed the arrow in the magic spring the water disappeared and the arrow changed into a wondrous plant which grew and spread in rapid bounds. Truly it was also magic.

MANTEO: (*In awe*) Lo! That means great changes in our land. As Nawisko's arrow and the magic waters yielded to the silver arrow of the paleface Weroanga, so the Red Man will vanish and yield to the palefaces. As the plant rose and spread, so shall the white man's villages cover the Land-of-Wind-and-Water.

NAWISKO *gently covers VIRGINIA's body with his mantle of sea-gulls' skins, and with the others makes the sign of the Cross that his WINONA had taught him.*

*Curtain.*



## DEJECTION

(*A Personification*)

LOUIS BROOKS

I stood in the midst of the city of the dead,  
About me moldering forms whose spirit had fled  
Lay silent in tombs that the moon dimly lighted.  
About me, graven symbols of hopes now blighted,  
Rose carven memorials to those lying here—  
Mute sentinels whose presence made the place more drear.

Chiseled upon them free things and winged creatures,  
Children and angels, beings with happy features—  
Mockeries of earthly dreams and earthly desire.  
Thus, thought I, does human happiness expire;  
For I also was one among the silent dead,  
One among those whereon the ravages of time fed;  
And worse than theirs was my lot, for my spirit fell  
Into despair; my conscious self visioned the hell  
From knowledge of which my being had not escaped.  
My soul alone lay dead; no welcome shroud yet draped  
My conscious body, nor locked fast my conscious mind,  
Scarred by the bitter rejection of human kind,  
Wounded by the agony of hopes long broken,  
Crushed by the lack of any sincere love-token,  
Borne down by more than my soul could bear,  
Coming here at the silent moonlit tombs to stare. . . .  
Far better the lot of the moldering forms there.



## FINALE

REBECCA HEATH

When the curtain descends on the stage of the world,  
And time just ceases to be,  
Concealing masks shall be ripped apart;  
We shall see as immortals see.  
Rose-colored glasses shall be thrown away,  
Pedestals smashed at our feet;  
But, oh, what a chorus of joy we'll hear  
When actor and stagehand meet!

# COLORS IN THE WEAVE

## ONE SMILE

KERMIT MITCHELL

USUALLY I did not notice particularly the people I showed down the aisles of the theater at which I was then employed, but the peculiarity of his dress, together with the worn look on his face, attracted my attention. He was a short, thin person and although the theater was somewhat dark, it could be seen that his clothing was expensive, but that little attention had been paid to harmony or style. His eyes had a dull, stupid look, and his face suggested that the corners of his lips had never been turned upward in a smile. Altogether he was a peculiar sort, a type different from any I had ever seen, and his look made an impression that was hard to erase from my mind.

The theater was presenting a month's run of a famous tragic stage drama at the time, and several days later I noticed him back in his seat again. The corners of his lips were still down, and the dull look in his eyes seemed duller still.

In the weeks that followed, he rarely missed a performance, which caused me to wonder about the man, and my curiosity led me to ask the head usher who this strange man was. To my surprise, he said, "Oh, he's the fellow who wrote this play. Folks say it is the tragic story of his life. Funny chap."

I walked away, wondering what strange chain of circumstances could lead a man to become such a queer, inhuman creature, and I decided to watch him.

He did not join in the jollity of the crowd between the acts, nor did a smile ever pass his lips during the performance. He sat

quite still, looking at nothing but the stage, and once I thought a light flashed into his dull eyes, but I watched closely afterwards, and the light, if light it was, did not again appear.

As I started to take him to his seat the next night, he muttered something I failed to catch, and when I asked him to repeat, he asked if I would take him to a more secluded section of the building. At first I started to turn away in contempt, but a wave of pity for such a creature came over me, and his request was complied with.

When the curtain had gone down on the last act and all the people had left, we noticed him still in his seat. "Poor devil," I said, "guess he went to sleep tonight. I'd better wake him up."

When I tapped him on the shoulder, he did not budge. He was more than asleep—he was dead, and neither his physicians nor the coroner ever found the cause of his death.

All of the circumstances surrounding this man were strange, but the strangest of all to me was the fact that when we carried him out, there was a smile on his face, the first I had seen, and his last.



## CHASING A FANCY

*A comedy in one act*

ROSE GOODWIN

TIME—Present

SETTING—A fraternity dance at the University

### CHARACTERS

STEVE WHITE, the hero, a college boy  
SARA WARD, simpering, silly college girl  
TOM McKNIGHT, college boy  
BOB NEWTON, college boy  
PERCIVAL NEET, sissy college boy

Scene opens in a room adjoining the ballroom. The orchestra can be heard playing jazz music. A davenport, two lamps, several chairs, and a table are in the room. STEVE WHITE enters left as the curtain rises. He hesitates and looks back in a worried manner.

STEVE: If that silly, simpering Sara Ward comes in here, I'm going behind a chair, and use this lady-killing device. (*Draws something from his pocket.*)

*Enter SARA.*

SARA: Steve! Oh, Steve! (*STEVE has hidden behind chair.*) Now where is he? I'm sure he came in here. I——Gosh!!! A mouse! (*STEVE has wound a toy mouse and sent it across the floor. SARA grabs her skirts and runs screaming from the room.*)

STEVE: (*Coming from behind chair, laughing*) That's the way to handle a woman, no caveman stuff, not a parlor dude, but a child's toy.

*Dances a jig. Enter TOM McKNIGHT.*

TOM: Say, Steve, where did you get it? I haven't had a drink all evening.

STEVE: Aw! cut it. You'd be raving, too, if you had shaken off that Sara Ward.

TOM: Rave! Kid, I'd go on a wild spell. How did you manage it?

STEVE: This mouse did the trick. (*A peculiar, musical laugh is heard*) Say, did you hear that laugh?

TOM: I didn't notice it.

*Another laugh.*

STEVE: There it is again. I must meet her. See you later.

TOM: Nut! Sounds like Steve White. Chasing a laugh. (*Hears some one singing*) Gosh! Here comes Sara. Me for the wide open spaces.

*Starts for door. Enter SARA.*

SARA: Oh, Tom, won't you come fix this for me? (*Holds up rose*)

TOM: Oh—uh—sure. Where do you want it?

SARA: Here in this ringlet.

TOM: Oh, on your hand.

SARA: No, silly, in my hair. Here, I believe I'll give it to you.  
*Sits down on davenport, drawing him down with her, and putting rose in his buttonhole.*

TOM: Oh, thanks. It is pretty.

SARA: Tom, you know I've been looking for you all evening. You know, I think you play football adorably!

TOM: Adorably! Say, that's some slam!

SARA: Oh, don't be so modest! You know you're the cutest player on the team.

TOM: Cute! Say— (*Enter BOB*) Hello, Bob. Come, sit down and be sociable.

BOB: Hello! Have a cigarette? (*They light up while SARA looks on.*)

SARA: Well! I think you're awfully rude. (*BOB and TOM look surprised.*)

BOB: What! Why—

SARA: You might at least offer me one. (*Pouting. Both boys offer cigarettes.*)

BOB: Pardon me! I didn't know you smoked.

TOM: Sorry. I wasn't thinking.

SARA: No, never mind, now! (*Turning to BOB*) How's the football team?

BOB: Oh, fine.

TOM: S'cuse me, please, I gotta go chase my drag.

BOB: Sure. (*Exit TOM*)

SARA: I've been wanting to tell you what an adorable football player you are.

BOB: Thanks, Sara. I surely do appreciate that.

SARA: I've heard you're a wonderful dancer, too.

BOB: Yeh?

SARA: The girls just rave about how graceful you are.

BOB: Yeh?

SARA: Isn't that music thrilling! It makes me tingle all over.

BOB: Yeh? Well, come on; let's dance some.

*Exit BOB and SARA. Enter STEVE cautiously.*

STEVE: She's gone, thank goodness. (*Strolls to table disconsolately*) Oh, heck, the girl with that musical laugh has been haunting



me all evening. I wish I could find her. She must be charming and beautiful. A perfect angel with golden hair, dreamy blue eyes—gee, I'll bet she's a beauty.

*Enter* BOB.

BOB: Say, Steve, I wish you'd take care of that Sara Ward for a while. She's been pestering me all evening.

STEVE: (*Snaps fingers*) That for Sara. I'm looking for the girl with the most musical laugh in the world. She must— (*Voice is heard*)

BOB: Check. Here comes Silly.

*Exit* STEVE and BOB. *Enter* SARA right.

SARA: I wonder where Steve is. (*Enter* PERCIVAL) Why, hello, Percival.

PERCIVAL: (*Bowing elaborately*) Chawmed, chawmed, Sara; won't you tarry here for an instant on this divan?

SARA: O-o-oh, fine!

PERCIVAL: I think it is fine to rest amid all the jolly activity of the dawnce.

SARA: Goodness, yes, I haven't rested a minute tonight.

PERCIVAL: Quite jolly to be so popular.

SARA: Thank you, Percival. What a sweet flatterer you are.

PERCIVAL: Oh, no, not at all. (*Pause*)

SARA: Do you play football?

PERCIVAL: (*Horried*) No, no! I would not think of participating in that barbarous sport. Besides I have too jolly many courses to pursue.

SARA: You know, I've been looking for you all evening, Percival.

PERCIVAL: Really, I am deeply honored to claim so much of your attention.

SARA: You know, I think you're just the cutest violin player.

PERCIVAL: Really! That's jolly nice of you. Are you interested in music?

SARA: I think it is divine.

PERCIVAL: I have recently been studying the life of Beethoven—

SARA: Oh, I'm so thirsty. Would you mind getting me some punch?

PERCIVAL: Chawmed, I'm sure. (*Exits*)

SARA: (*Laughs, and we recognize the laugh which STEVE has been chasing.*) I'll vamose before that combination walking dictionary and music-box returns.

STEVE: (*Rushing in*) Who's been in here?

SARA: No one but Sister Percival and me.

STEVE: Who was that laughing just then?

SARA: I was, Stevie. (*Laughs*) What makes you look so funny, Steve?

STEVE: Nothing.

SARA: You know, Stevie, I think you're the cutest football player.

STEVE: Rats!

SARA: (*Starting*) Where?

STEVE: Aw! nowhere.

SARA: What's the matter, Stevie? Why are you so cross?

STEVE: Disappointed in love.

SARA: (*In a coy manner*) Oh, Stevie, you are so bashful. Don't you know I love you!

*Curtain.*



## AT THE "OPERY"

LOUISE CHEEK

In a small town the opera house, sometimes known as the "opery house," is the greatest social center. Next to having one's name in the weekly *Clarion*, being seen at the opera house is the highest mark of social distinction. I once lived in a town which proudly boasted an opera house (over a fish market). When a show came, every one went, for it was considered the thing. Perhaps the entertainments offered would not have pleased any so-called intellectuals; but to the home-towners, they excelled any

play on Broadway. Nothing could shake their pride in the performances, for when they went to them, they always felt high-brow and modern.

Although I never once dreamed of being an actress and holding my audience spellbound as all good actresses should, I was a devotee of the footlights. Very few shows were passed up by me in a season. The greatest trouble I had was in the matter of finances. I would abstain from candy, ice cream, and new ribbons so that I might stuff my pig-bank with every bit of money I could obtain, by fair means or foul. When the momentous day came, I would collect my savings and proudly buy a ticket at the box office when a crowd was around. (I always wanted them to know that I was going—but not where I was to sit.)

Sometimes my money would allow me a seat near the front, but these occasions were rare. If I did get a seat on the main floor, it was over in a corner at the back. My usual location was the peanut gallery. This was generally occupied by those who came with irreverent attitudes, and they were always a source of embarrassment to me. I would try to ignore them and imagine that I was sitting up there because I could see better. Often I would be jolted from my dreams by some rude remark directed toward the players. When the people would stare at the source of the unkind words, I would cringe in my seat for fear that some one might think that I was like the others.

Thrilled as I always was over the performance, I could not help but gaze in envy on the beautiful ladies who with their escorts sat in boxes. I thought that some day I, too, would saunter in, smiling graciously, and take my seat in one of these gorgeous bowers. I felt that it would be the height of social success to be a member of such a gay party just once. One night in the choice position would reward me for those nights I had sat in the balcony. Maybe I was a little sinful to add in my prayers the hint that I would like to sit in a box; anyway, I got to once.

Around the corner from where I lived was a beautiful lady who always smiled and spoke sweetly to me whenever I passed. One day I passed her as I felt somewhat depressed over the contents of

my little pig bank. When I related to her in an impulsive mood my desire to sit in a box at the opera house, she smiled enigmatically and told me to wait.

The night of the next show she came for me in her car, and we left for the opera house. When inside, the usher bowed politely and led us down the corridor to a box. I do not know how I really covered the distance, but I remember sinking into a seat and looking around me with breathless wonder. Down below I could see the tops of people's heads; my own head felt dizzy and everything seemed to rise and fall before my eyes. A gentle voice recalled me to reality and I took notice of the stage. Although I was absorbed in the play, I was conscious of my position, so I held my head up high, the way I thought was right. I shall never forget that night at the "opery."



## TEENY'S CIRCUS

DIXON THACKER

There it was, facing me with all the audacity that its bright colors suggested! Remembering the night before, I immediately traced its origin to Teeny, for who else in all the world would tack a sign like that on our front door?

Teeny had come to mother that night with all his manly wiles displayed, and flirting with her as only Teeny can flirt. He had said in his most winning way, "Mother, you sure do look awful pretty tonight!" And in almost the same breath, he had added, "Can I have a dime? I *need* it!" But for once mother had refused to succumb to the charms of her young son, and had answered a firm, conclusive "No!" If Teeny had already spent his weekly allowance, he should suffer the consequences.

But evidently Teeny was not willing to "suffer," or else he was in desperate need of funds, for tacked on our very front door was the audacious sign:

COME TO SEE THE  
THACKER BROTHERS' CIRCUS!  
THURSDAY AFTERNOON  
3 O'CLOCK                      COST: 5 PINS

It was natural that Billy should be in the game, too, for Billy is more than a brother to Teeny; he is sharer and adviser in all that Teeny undertakes.

The next day, which was the aforementioned Thursday, dawned clear, and Teeny was proudly confident of taking in dozens of pins. Quite sisterly, I had promised to donate my share; therefore, at three o'clock, I approached the garage—Teeny would call it the "circus grounds"—fearfully carrying my five pins. At the door I came face to face with Billy, who commanded that I "fork over" the pins, and I "forked over!" I was then allowed to pass within the small, white tent beyond. But as I entered, my first thought was not of the circus within; I thought of that sad day when mother would learn that Teeny had used her best linen table-cloth as a tent!

But soon my thoughts were called to the circus. Billy had now entered upon the scene and was acting as master. He paraded grandly back and forth, pointing out things of interest—a "wingless bat"—a baseball bat, of course—and the "great divide"—quite naturally, an arithmetical division sign. "Becky" Lee posed as the fat lady—and may I say that "Becky," without pillows stuffed about her, is the smallest and thinnest child I know? There was also a "skinny man"—a scarecrow made of sticks and tin-pail tops. But the funniest thing was the "ape baby." In a doll cradle which Teeny had dug out of the attic lay his own dirty dog—he hasn't had a bath since his fourth birthday, and that was six years ago—carefully dressed in a wrinkled suit of doll clothes—also resurrected from the attic! And then "Teeny, the Clown"

came upon the scene, acting not nearly so funny as he usually acts, and, I thought, looking even less like a clown in his clown suit than he does in everyday attire!

I need not say that the circus was a success. At any rate, it appeared so to me Thursday night, when Teeny came once more to mother.

"Mother," he began in his most business-like manner, "don't you need some pins?"

Mother was about to answer no when she saw my wink. Then she answered cautiously:

"Yes. Do you have any to give away?"

Teeny did not bat an eyelash.

"No'm. But I got some to sell. Two for a penny."

And mother paid twenty cents for forty pins!



## BEHIND THE SCENES

MARY HOBGOOD

Upon the table in the dressing room it lay—a crumpled white messenger of death-in-life. For had he not written that this was the end—that he was leaving, and would never return? To Modjeska, the famous dancer, whom many had loved, and who loved but one, life without him would be worse than death.

A low gong sounded. To Modjeska the sound seemed to come from a long distance. Surely it was the bells of Moscow sending their silvery notes across the wintry plains of Russia—her Russia, where she had just met Valjoski. Valjoski! The name called her thoughts back to the present. He was gone! A glance at the crumpled note assured her of the nightmare reality. She felt numb except for the white-hot pain at her heart.

Tonight was the opening night of her new dance taken from an old, old legend of a beautiful girl who was turned into a swan by an evil witch. It was time for Modjeska to go on, but still she sat motionless. Why should she dance for those cold, unfeeling people when her heart was broken? Suddenly she rose. After all, perhaps hearts had broken before, and their owners had gone on. Tonight she would dance—dance as she had never danced before—and tomorrow—tomorrow she would disappear. The world might wonder, but it would never know her fate. She sighed wearily, and walked slowly toward the stage.

The curtain rose. Modjeska seemed to float across the stage to her partner's arms. As they talked, the music, which was low and soft at first, and which grew gradually deeper and louder, seemed to hold an insistent note of warning. They were too absorbed in each other to note the clouds gathering in the distance. As the clouds grew darker, the evil witch appeared and announced that she was going to turn the maiden into a swan. Their pleadings availed the lovers nothing. The clouds grew darker, the music louder, and in a tremendous crash of thunderous music the lights went out. Out of the darkness came a low, wailing note, rising, falling, and rising again. As the lights came back on, nothing was to be seen on the stage save a beautiful snow-white swan sailing slowly down a crystal lake.

In the second act she and her lover besought the evil witch to release the maiden, but only succeeded to the extent that she was allowed to return to her natural form for the hour before sunset. If, however, the maiden was not on the lake at the given hour, the penalty was death.

At last the inevitable occurred; one day they stayed too late. The witch appeared, and despite their pleadings, was adamant. The maiden grew weaker and finally sank to the floor and died. The curtain fell.

The audience applauded until the building seemed to rock. Cries for "Modjeska" grew more insistent. At last she appeared. Again and again they called her back until at last she refused to

come out any more. For how could they know that her heart was breaking, and that as far as happiness and love went to make it up, life for her was ended.

And Voljoski, in the audience, reasoned to himself with a man's reasoning: "I sent her that note as a test of her love. If she can dance like that after reading it, perhaps she doesn't care so much after all. In the morning I shall leave for Russia."



## KEEPING UP

LUCILLE FERREE

Mrs. Oscar Van Dusen, third, sat at the breakfast table of her elaborately furnished Long Island home stirring her coffee absent-mindedly. Oh, boredom! What wouldn't she do for something exciting!

"Darling," her husband spoke from across the table, "a crowd of the boys want me to go with them to the Casino tonight."

"Oh, that reminds me!" The Crandons promised us their tickets to the grand opera tonight. We will go there, and you will hear real music. The Casino! Why, the very idea!"

"But, darling—"

"Don't 'darling' me now. You be home early tonight. I *must* see that opera!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"These are wonderful seats, aren't they, Oscar? The Crandons chose a wonderful view. There are Sue and her third husband. He isn't half as good-looking as Percy. But, though, this one is Count de Faunce."

"Darling, the opera has begun."

"Yes? Well, all right. Oh, look, Oscar! There is Mrs. Cartwright, the lady you fell for so at the club the other night. Well, stop staring at her. You're just trying to attract her attention."



"I assure you I'm not, darling, but won't you listen to the gentleman sing for a change?"

"He sings beautifully, doesn't he? Goody, Mrs. Cartland and her millionaire sister from Cincinnati are just below us. I hope they see us up here. We'll show them we can afford to go to high class operas as well as they. Her sister is rather good-looking, but I know she's older than she claims to be. I bet this is her first season as a real blonde, too. Look at that rhinestone object just back of her ear. I must get one like it tomorrow before the rest of our crowd does. The woman on the stage has two in hers! Don't they glisten, though? Why, what's the matter, Oscar?"

"What's the matter? Can't you be quiet for a minute, darling? Every one is looking at you!"

"Oh, my goodness!"

A few minutes of silence pass, after which the curtain is lowered for an intermission.

"Darling, are you going in the smoking-room?"

"I don't think I shall. Mrs. Frazier has on a new evening dress, and I would be sure to look shabby by her."

"But, you haven't had that one but two weeks!"

"Don't be silly. She's seen this one. Hers is handsome. I wonder how much it cost. I'd like one like that. Oh, there goes my programme! Be a dear, and go get me another one, Oscar."

"That was very sweet of you. Who all did you see? Was Sir Monticello Rue out there? He has been escorting 'Dandy Dancy' from the Casino around rather much lately, so I hear. Is that the person you wanted to go there to see tonight?"

"Of course not, darling!"

"Horrors, Susan Ryder has on a wrap exactly like mine. Come on, Oscar, I'm leaving right now! What a nerve that woman does have! It's practically new, too!"

"But, darling, the opera isn't over!"

"I can't help that. Oh, I feel so humiliated! Thank goodness, the lights are dim. I'd hate for any one to see us leave."

Several more almost silent minutes pass in which Mr. and Mrs. Van Dusen, third, settle back into a taxi.

"That was a terrible opera! I've never been as bored in all my life! Oscar Van Dusen, don't you ever take me again!"

"There, darling, don't cry. Tomorrow you come down street and buy a new evening dress, evening wrap, and as many shiny ornaments to put in your hair as you want."

"Oh, you dear! You know, Oscar, the opera wasn't so bad, after all!"

"The Casino, instead of 811 Riverside Road, please!" This whispered by Oscar to the taxi driver.



# WARP AND WOOF

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## *The Dramatic Appeal*

FROM the beginning of earliest civilizations the drama has featured prominently as a medium of artistic expression. Even prior to this, savage rites and tribal ceremonies incorporated a crude sort of drama, which, although its purpose was more an emotional outlet than an artistic effort, was, nevertheless, the forerunner of the modern play. This age-old instinct in the hands of the Grecian masters became a formal means of expressing the prevailing philosophy and the prevailing ideals. Today the drama,

both from the standpoint of the actor, and from the standpoint of a literary form, is a potent factor in creative life.

Within the past several years the chief interest of schools has swung from the teaching of stereotyped information to the development of creative desires and talents. It is only natural that in this endeavor the drama should play a vital part. For a long time students have been taught to present plays, after a fashion. Now students are being taught to create plays and to present them according to their own interpretation. This is infinitely better, and has resulted in some remarkable productions, and the development of some unusual talent.

The appeal of the dramatic has reached deeply into the high schools, and the response has at times been very gratifying. The most outstanding feature is the fact that these youthful dramatists have found subjects in the life about them, and have thus created an art that is at least sincere. The possibilities of development in this field are almost unlimited. All that is needed is proper encouragement.

*Louis Brooks*



## *Greensboro's Little Theater*

For several years those people in Greensboro who were interested in dramatics had been wanting some kind of a local dramatic organization. However, it was not until the past year that any active work was begun in this direction.

Last March, under the leadership of several drama enthusiasts and sponsored by the Woman's Club, the local Little Theater was organized. Through the success of its first performance, presented in April, the Little Theater, able to begin work standing on

its own feet, secured a paid worker as a director, and also a group of twenty-five prominent business men in Greensboro to back the financial part of the productions.

The purpose of the Little Theater is, of course, to provide an outlet for the expression of any of the numerous talents that one might have in connection with play work—not only as an active member on the stage, but as a costume designer, scenery painter, electrical worker, property manager, director, or critic.

This organization is open to all those persons who are interested in any form of dramatic work. Already with a membership of several hundred, it is making great progress in the development of local dramatic talent, in the presentation of plays for public benefit, and in the creation of interest in drama for its own sake.

*Elizabeth Boyst*



## *As Regards Art*

An interesting problem in the line of modern educational projects is that of the influence of the movies and the comic strip in forming the ideas and ideals of students of high school age. To just what extent these tremendously outstanding factors in daily life contribute to the mental and spiritual make-up of youth it is impossible to say, but that they do play a prominent part is obvious.

The moral value or detriment of this influence is not under discussion here. The point of interest at present is the effect upon the artistic temperament of youth. Some motion pictures undeniably have a truly æsthetic appeal; such, however, could hardly be said of any comic strip. The chief feature of both is

generally a lurid sensationalism, or at best a melodramatic emotionalism—factors neither of which tend toward developing balanced artistic temperament or artistic talents.

The need of a greater appreciation of art, and a greater proficiency in the creation of art has often been remarked in referring to high school students. While the movie and the comic strip may not be actually inimical to the attainment of this end, the fact that they, to an inordinate degree, take the place of literature and arts of intrinsic worth is certainly a hindrance. The value of classical works has in no way diminished; the movie and the comic strip have merely crowded them out.

L. B.



# TANGLED THREADS

## GOD'S PROMISE TO THE PINE TREE

DIXON THACKER

One still, quiet night God raised His hand  
And planted, then, a tree—  
A pine tree—on a lonely knoll  
That overlooked the sea.

And as the seed became a tree,  
It looked to God in prayer;  
It prayed that it might save lost ships  
And guide them home with care.

God heard the prayer sent up to Him;  
He whispered soft and low,  
“Your prayer is answered, little tree.  
Two ships you’ll save from woe.”

Time passed and still no ship was saved  
By this small, lonely pine,  
But still it hoped to save two ships  
In anguish on the brine.

\* \* \* \* \*

The belfry sang with Christmas chimes.  
The pine heard and knew  
That long before the break of dawn  
Its trunk some man might hew.

Indeed, a man stood there right then  
With ax raised in the air.  
In vain the tree searched o'er the sea  
An answer to her prayer.

Too soon the tree was felled, and then,  
With face turned toward the town,  
The man with fallen tree grasped tight  
Passed o'er the knoll and down.

He followed close a tiny path,  
And 'fore the hour was late  
He reached a small and lonely house  
And stepped within its gate.

An hour passed, perhaps, and then  
A knock came at the door.  
The man who sat before the fire  
Got up and crossed the floor.

The fire lit up the opened door  
And showed a woman's face—  
A face quite sad and washed with tears—  
Within the open door.

Her eyes roved through the room until  
They fell upon the pine;  
So pointing at the tree she cried,  
"You can't have that; it's mine!

"I met my Jacques beside that tree,  
And 'side it said good-bye  
To him as he put forth to sea.  
He's not come back—oh, why?



“I told my Jacques I’d wait for him  
Beside that same pine tree;  
And I am waiting still, and I  
Must have the tree, you see.”

“Did you say Jacques?” Thus spoke the man.  
“Jacques Benet—was that he?  
Then you are my lost wife, dear heart,  
For I am Jacques, Marie!”

The tree looked on with joyous heart,  
For God His word had kept,  
And it had saved two ships from woe,  
And as it looked, it slept.



## THE AWAKENING

KERMIT MITCHELL

Doris had always wanted a fur coat. Since she was very young, she had watched other girls who had been more fortunate than herself financially, and perhaps, being human, she had envied them a little. With the years her envy did not decrease; rather did it tend to grow and become a shadow on her horizon—a shadow that was ominous in the forming of her future.

When she was seventeen, she met a man she was destined to like. John was a tall fellow whose strength impressed one at first sight. His blue eyes and frank smile immediately banished any fear of the strong will his square chin denoted and made one feel that he was a person who could be both trusted and depended upon, and Doris found, in the months that followed, that this was true. She respected him for it.

The months changed to years, and out of her respect grew a love for the man with the blue eyes and the frank smile; the desire for the fur coat was forgotten. In the early autumn of her twenty-second year they stepped around the corner to the parson's and were quietly married. Thus began a very happy period in the life of Doris, and for a while their happiness was unmarred by any disturbing element.

In the few weeks following their marriage, Doris received many calls from her neighbors and friends, and she noted, not without envy, that many of them wore fur coats. A fur coat to Doris was really an obsession, and her desire for one, which had only been asleep for a few years, was awakened with renewed zeal. One day she timidly suggested her need for a coat to John, and he asked that she wait a little while until he had caught up with his expenses. She agreed and when, after a few weeks had passed, he said nothing about it, she asked him again.

"Just a couple of weeks more," he begged, and dropped the subject.

Two weeks passed and still no coat was in sight; so one day while she was washing dishes, the idea of buying a coat and charging it to John occurred to her. She discarded the idea at once, only for it to thrust itself with renewed force upon her mind.

"John would understand," she thought, "but it would be terribly mean to him. I can't do it."

Again and again the idea came to her, and again and again she thrust it aside, but in the end she was defeated in spite of herself. Knowing it would be dark before she got back, she, in the characteristic manner of a newly-wed, sat down and wrote:

DEAR JOHN:

You said I could have a coat in two weeks' time. The two weeks are up now, and I've gone down town to buy it.

DORIS.

It was done. She sealed the note in an envelope and laid it on the library table. When John came home he would find it there. She put on her best dress and hat, then the cloak which she almost hated, and started down town.

In the first store she entered there was nothing she liked: the collars seemed to be too small, or if the collar was right, the shade of the fur was unsuitable; so Doris went on down the street to "Madame's," and as she passed the window, she saw the coat she wanted. It was a dream, the very coat she had always been looking for. Why, it was made for her! She went in and said to the saleslady, "I would like to see the coat you have displayed in the window."

"I am sorry," answered the woman, "but a gentleman has just bought that coat and ordered it delivered. We are fixing to take it out of the window now. Could I show you something else?"

Doris had so set her heart on the coat that she could hardly withhold a gasp of disappointment, but she allowed herself to be fitted in some other coats which she had no idea of taking. Finally she consoled herself with the thought that there were other stores in which she could find a coat.

As she went out, she looked once more at the coat. They were removing it from the window now. How she wanted that coat! It would look wonderful on her, she knew. And as she looked at it this last time, she began to realize something of what she was doing. How hurt John would be to know that she had failed him! Could she fail him that way? Could she go back on the best friend she had ever had? It was then that she realized that she could not. Never again would she be tempted in that way.

With a prayer in her heart that she might reach home first, she hurried on her way. If only she could get there first and tear up that note! She knew now that if he read her note, his love for her might be killed, and his love, she realized, was all that mattered.

When she came in sight of the house, a truck, which she decided was the milkman's, was leaving. Breathless, she hurried on, and at the door she saw that she had failed—that John had reached home first.

"Hello," smiled John, "have you forgotten what day this is?" And he pointed to his wedding anniversary present, a package lying on a chair nearby.

Wondering, Doris opened the package and saw inside a bunch of flowers.

"They're beautiful," she said. "You're a dear, John."

But before she put them in a vase, she walked over to the table, picked up an envelope lying there, and threw it into the fire.

"What's that?" asked John. The corners of her lips twitched as she said, "It was a note telling you I was down town in case you reached home first."



Barren twigs—  
Thin tracery against a gray sky,  
Limbs outstretched pitifully,  
Bare of youth.  
Gaunt and naked, yet majestic,  
Keeping the tryst with spring,  
Waits the tree  
In the winter.

*Mildred Keech*



A cloud—  
God's breath blown  
Upon the sky.

*Juanita Day*

# THERE BLOOMS A ROSE

DIXON THACKER

There blooms a rose upon yon garden wall.  
See there—how autumn's silver morning dew  
Has changed to orchid its once scarlet hue!  
No fate can daunt such flow'rs that grace the fall;  
It is a gift from heaven sent, for all  
Who see that sunbeam in its gloomy place  
Acquire new hope which glows upon each face—  
Far rarer than crown jewels of King Saul!  
You are the rose that lights my gloomy path—  
You, comrade mine, with eyes that glow like stars  
And golden heart from which your smile so fair  
Bursts forth; that smile, dear one, doth calm my wrath  
When some mean object heeds me not and bars  
My stumbling way. Your smile indeed is rare!



# THE TWO MARYS

MAENETTE GRAFF

Mary went into Madame Jeanne's. She met Madame's "Bonjour, M'amselle Marie" with a short "Good morning." Madame knew Mary well; at least once a week the girl came in and purchased a few articles. Sometimes it was a dress; more often lingerie or hose, or maybe a hat. And although Mary never spent very much (she wouldn't have a charge account), Madame liked her; the child had talent in selecting clothes, and Madame always respected talent in any one.

Today Mary allowed the saleswoman to rave on and on about a certain new "creation" "straight from Paris"—"just your type, my dear." Usually she stopped the talk at once and promptly bought what she wanted. But not now; Mary was thinking of other things. She looked at the costly little frocks, the smart accessories—the woman talked on—and then Mary sighed. Now, apparently, Mary had no cause to sigh. She made a good salary for a girl her age and ability; she dressed well, and lived in a pretty little apartment with a girl friend, Alice. Still Mary sighed.

She finally decided to take the dress—the pretty little dance frock. All the salesladies were busy with other customers; Mary had signified that she merely wished to look around, and she was now all alone in her corner of the shop. Yes, she would take the dress. Why shouldn't she? Of course it was wrong to steal, but if she didn't look awfully pretty at the dance tonight, why, Bob wouldn't rush her. He would show Alice a good time, though, 'cause Alice was going to be all dressed up, and she'd look wonderful. Mary, too, had bought new slippers, and some misty chiffon hose—they'd look *heavenly* with this dress, but she couldn't buy a dress and everything else new as Alice did. One couldn't squander *all* on one's clothes; food and rent must be paid for.

Thinking of all this subconsciously, Mary opened her pocket-book. It was a roomy affair, and Mary could easily conceal a filmy little frock in it. No one was near; not a soul was looking. She couldn't possibly be caught; why, she'd even stay around a while after she had the dress safely hidden, and talk to Madame, just to show she wasn't afraid. So Mary put out her hand to get the dress, and—what *is* that picture right over there? She hadn't noticed it before, but now it seemed to look at her. Why, it was—it was Raphael's *Madonna*. Yes, it was a Mary with her babe. And as Mary looked at the young Mother Mary, her hand came back to her side, and stayed there, clenched.

She gasped; what *had* she started to do? That couldn't have been *she*! Why, she didn't even *want* that dance frock; Bob had always said he loved that black evening dress on her, even if it was old. And didn't he always say she was prettier than Alice—and a

better dancer? Why, surely she hadn't *meant* to reach out and—oh, no—. Then Mary looked at the picture again, breathed a soft, "I thank thee, Mother of God"—walked to the door of the shop, smiled pleasantly, and sincerely said, "Good day, Madame Jeanne."



## IN MY BACKYARD

*(Inspired by a tall, graceful blade of grass)*

GRACE HOBBS

I found a poem  
Hidden in my backyard—  
A little pale poem  
In brown skirts,  
With plaited hair.  
A sunbeam clothed her fragile body in soft light;  
And a necklace of frost nestled near her slender throat.  
In a voice that my heart heard  
And welcomed  
As a thirsty flower  
Welcomes the jewels of dawn,  
I heard a poem  
Singing in my backyard;  
And I found it—  
Waiting for me.

# A CARGO OF DREAMS

GRACE HOBBS

There's a pearl ship  
Upon an azure sea;  
For sails, rose petals white.  
It sails gracefully as a swan  
Through the velvet darkness of night.

The sailors jerking  
The silky sails  
Are little flecks of foam.  
The compass is a winking star  
To lead them onward—home.

There are jewels of fantasy  
Which in the moonlight gleam,  
For 'tis a fairy merchant ship  
With a cargo of fairy dreams.



## TREES

There are trees on the summit  
Of a lonely hill.  
They dance in rhythm  
To the music of the breeze.  
They reach their fingers  
Toward the meadows of heaven,  
And clutch bouquets of stars.

*Grace Hobbs*



# A HOSPITAL NIGHT

MILDRED KEECH

Already in my little patch of heaven the evening star twinkled. I had finished my supper long ago, and now quietly awaited the night. In the dimming light of my room I felt a growing sense of peace. All day long my eyes had gazed upon the harsh white walls; only by lingering over the flowers could my eyes escape the unrelieved expanse of white around me. Up and down the corridor the nurses in their starched aprons would hurry in response to the insistent red lights. Often visitors, as they would pass my door, looked in on me as if I were an object in a curiosity shop. Not all, however, were like that, for many as they passed smiled and asked me friendly questions.

Night was really coming, for I could only see faintly the store tops. The little room did not seem so lonely and bare. If I tried real hard I could imagine myself in my own room at dusk watching the shadows settle over the housetops. The day nurse came in to give my pillow a last firm pat and asked me how I felt. All day long she had heard the sighs and groans of those who were sick, and now it was time for her to go. I would not complain to her, so I mustered up a smile and said, "Just fine."

Clink-clank! I heard some one coming down the hall, and I knew that temperature time was here. As I "smoked the pipe" the night nurse teased me about my red-headed doll. I didn't mind, for I could always get her about her funny cap that looked like a little bird's tail.

Beneath my window several cars were heard wildly blowing and honking. It was time for most people to go to the show. I remembered how they looked as they crossed the street, laughing and holding arms. Down the street I heard the siren of the ambulance. In a few minutes the cot hurried by my open door. And I wondered what now?

I tried to read but nothing would hold my interest. Even my game of make-believe seemed rather flat that night. The nurse

came in and told me that it was time to go to sleep. But sleep refused to come, and I acted like a fretful baby. When she threatened me with a big pill and a little pill, I promised to go to sleep. Alas, in spite of my intentions I could not feel a single grain of sand in my eyes. Mr. Sandman seemed to be late that time. At last I resorted to counting sheep. As the ninetieth sheep went over the fence, I heard a great commotion overhead.

Cutting the silence came the thin wail of a baby. How strange, I thought, life is. Just down the hall a little girl was lost in an impenetrable fog, while overhead some new soul starts the journey of life. In a hospital the whole range of human life is found. As I listened to it all, it seemed as if in a moment I had caught a glimpse of life, shorn of its pretenses and shams.

But such serious thoughts were not good for a nervous patient. I felt stifled and asked for the window to be raised. Through the open window came the raucous sound of a jazz orchestra. Sometimes the saxophone blared so loudly that it seemed to be under my window. Even the crude music—no matter how absurd and grating—was a relief to me after the tenseness of the preceding hours.

As the music came to my ear more softly, I gradually grew very drowsy and soon was asleep. Bang-bang! I glanced nervously around the dark room. It was only my door caught by a gust of wind, slamming to and fro, breaking in on the heavy breathing of the night. I looked at the clock to find that it was only one. I felt that I must have company, so I pulled the cord and on flashed the red light.

My antiseptic angel scolded me for not sleeping. To keep her I thought of fifty things that I wanted her to do, but she knew my tricks and laughed at my pretended fears. When she had left me, I reached for my red-headed doll. With her snuggled in my arms, I went to sleep.

I dreamed that I was dancing on a lovely silver roof—which dream was very absurd, because I could not even walk. Dainty, lilting music softly came to me, and I danced on. Suddenly a

terrible icy-looking man grabbed me. At that moment I awoke to feel the maid rubbing a cold wet rag over my face.

Outside the mist was breaking apart and the sun beginning to shine through. It was morning and another day was ahead.



## HINTS OF LOVELINESS

LOUISE CHEEK

They may cover your quiet beauty  
Under the ice-bound earth,  
And the warm tints of your flesh mingle with the elements.  
But, dear, when spring comes,  
Your loveliness shall once more haunt me.  
What if the arms that once held me are dust,  
Their substance is now the heart of the fresh blade  
And your Diana-like limbs clamber exultantly  
In the rosebush you loved so well.  
I know when I walk in my garden  
That you are the spirit of each flower and shrub.  
Freely now you drink of the fresh rain,  
Lightly you float on the arms of the wind  
Like shining particles in the sun's ray.

There is no death, for the beauty which God creates  
Never will He let fade into the void  
Without first casting in imperishable form  
The first free hints of loveliness.

# AUTUMN

WILLIAM TROXELL

The autumn throbs and aches with rampant color—  
The brightly burning red—the orange yellow—  
The brilliant madness of the art of Nature;  
All this against the quiet, solemn hue  
Of that dear friend of man—the evergreen.  
The evergreen, the one fair tree of all,  
The tree that stays with man the whole year through.  
The leaves are falling—happy mem'ries gone  
Where all things go—as all things have to go.  
The summer once was here; the autumn now  
Has taken its place; and soon the dull, dead winter  
Will creep into this world. And each has  
Its individual beauty. Life is a change—  
Eternal change—yet each has compensations.



# GODDESS MOON

LOUIS BROOKS

Oh, goddess moon, fairest form of a starlit sky, tonight—  
Or was it yesternight on some dim slope of Olympus—  
I gazed into your face; I was held captive by your light.  
You are that being who leads wanderers in the dark; thus  
You lead me to peace and to calm, soothing away all fears.  
As an impassioned lover you stir within me wild fires;  
Or perhaps some sad thought in your beauty wakes in me tears.  
The splendor of you, goddess moon, goads me to fierce desires!  
They tell me that you are but the soul of a burnt planet,  
Illumined by the radiance of an eternal sun.  
I think there was a time, goddess moon, when you and I met,  
Olympian slope of yesternight, when you and I were one.

# “WHITE PEACOCKS”

—Griffis

MARTHA SHUFORD

A song was played into the air, wafting one away, away, to India—

There it lay, a jewel in its perfect setting, the Garden of Shalimar. A warm, sweet wind blew sensuous perfumes of lotus and peas to lull and soothe the senses. The moon floated up, up, over the trees to commune with the stars. The white peacocks slowly walked the shining paths, now and then preening their feathers, now and then calling into the jungle, listening for an answering cry. The fountains tinkled, making gay music with their falling drops of water. Higher rose the moon. More gleaming grew the garden, until at last it seemed but a gossamer wisp of fairyland.

Fainter, fainter grew the tinkling of the fountains. Farther, farther sounded the cries of the peacocks, till at last they, too, were but mere echoes. Fainter, farther—gone.

“A memory lingers in the mind,  
And not even the hand of time  
Can blot it out!”



The rainbow,  
A ribbon tying the ends  
Of the earth.

*Carmella Jerome*

# GOSSAMER WINGS

LOUISE CHEEK

All day I raced  
The elusive butterflies.  
In their wings were laced  
Youth's iridescent fires.  
I wanted to hold,  
Imprisoned in my hand,  
The gay flitterer who was so bold  
And stole from the roses on my land  
The pent-up ecstasy of dew.

Flauntingly it swept  
Before my eyes into the blue.  
I snatched in vain, for left  
To me was only the memory  
Of gossamer wings—and a smile.



# PATTERNS

## FROM THE BOOK SHELF

*Carolina Folk Plays—Third Series—KOCH*

“There is nothing that can represent Carolina better to the people of other states, near and far, than the record of her own people in the comic and tragic moments of their living and their history. There is nothing that *does* represent them better—product of the soil or of the machine—than the contribution the Carolina Playmakers are making.” Such were the words of the editor of *The Theatre Arts Monthly*, in reviewing the performances of the Carolina Playmakers in New York City.

The plays are written by young playwrights at the University of North Carolina. The locality has been stressed, the instructors believing that if the locality were interpreted intelligently, it might lead to something higher—“to the universal,” in the words of Mr. Frederick Koch, the moving spirit behind the Playmakers. To be able to write about those near us with understanding—that is the test of true ability and greatness, so it is said.

*Carolina Folk Plays* (Third Series) consists of six plays, the settings of which are in various parts of North Carolina. *The Scuffletown Outlaws* concerns the same Lowrie family that Paul Green wrote about in his play, *The Last of the Lowries*, contained in the first series published. The young author, William Norment Cox, obtained the idea from a story told him by his grandfather concerning the struggle between the Croatoan Indians in eastern North Carolina and their Scotch neighbors, because the Indians disliked being drafted into Confederate service during the Civil

War. Many stories have been told of Henry Berry Lowrie, the outlaw chieftain of the Croatoans. The younger writer says: "*The Scuffletown Outlaws* was written to throw a true light upon the deplorable condition which existed in Robeson County, North Carolina, immediately after the Civil War. The question is a delicate one and it is well-nigh impossible to present a just picture of the affair. I ask you not to condemn the Croatoan Indians too harshly, nor to sympathize with the good white people too freely. They were both right. . . . I know the history of these people as well as any one living today can be expected to know it. This is my excuse for writing the play."

The other plays—*In Dixon's Kitchen*, *Job's Kinfolks*, *A Shot Gun Splicin'*, *Lighted Candles*, and *Quare Medicine*—are written with enthusiasm and broad-mindedness by young authors who interpret the lives of the people in their own particular section.

In my opinion the book is well worth reading. There is a freshness about it that is unusual. The reader realizes that he is obtaining knowledge as well as entertainment and amusement from the plays of the Carolina Playmakers, who are to be commended in that they have dedicated themselves to this living art in which North Carolina has in the past been lacking.

Carmen Patterson

### *The Children*—EDITH WHARTON

Judging from its public reception, *The Children*, Edith Wharton's latest novel, is likely to prove more popular than any other by the same author. Through it for the first time the public sees Mrs. Wharton as a possessor of a sense of humor. However, it is not the kind of humor that keeps one laughing all the time; for the book also contains irony, biting scorn, and mockery, and combines with them mellowness, pathos, and love.

The story of *The Children* is a satire on "people of this world of easy divorces and remarriages." Throughout all of the book one sees the effects of such things on the lives of "the children." There are seven children in all—the three "steps" who are the



stepchildren of Mrs. Wheeler's second marriage, and the four Wheelers—Chip (the baby), the twins, and Judy. It is Judy who, though only a girl herself, assumes the responsibility of keeping all of the tribe together.

Mrs. Wharton has done a beautiful piece of character work in this book. Outstanding, of course, is Judy—Judy who is that combination of two persons, the woman and the girl. Impulsive and sophisticated, yet strangely innocent and child-like, she protects these children whom she has "adopted" with a spirit that nothing can daunt. Rose Sellars, Boyne's fiancée, is a trifle hard to understand. However, one appreciates her beauty and her love, and realizes how beautiful is her surrender of her lover to the little Wheelers. Martin Boyne, himself, is a character. A strong middle-aged man, ready after five years of waiting for marriage, he finds himself suddenly confronted with Judy. However, the question arises in the minds of the readers, "Can he really love a girl so young?"

The ending, though perhaps disappointing to some, typifies the real Judy; for Boyne realizes that she does not love him, and "whoever would promise to keep the children together would gain a momentary hold over her—as he once had." Certain it is, however, that there is that about the book that weaves itself into the hearts of the readers, just as "the children" won their way into the heart of Martin Boyne.

*Elizabeth Boyst*

*Critical Woodcuts*—STUART SHERRMAN, 1926

Stuart Sherman himself describes the reasons why he wrote the book, *Critical Woodcuts*—reasons which are applicable to every writer of collective biography. In the introduction he states that the "first duty of a commentator on current literature is to present a fairly full and veracious report of what is going on." In this, Mr. Sherman says, the attitude and the value which the author places on different books and authors will inevitably be revealed in his brief review. Thus, the purpose of this volume is simply

to show the march of events in the whole world through the books and literature of the countries.

In *Critical Woodcuts*, Stuart Sherman has carried out the purpose in an admirable fashion. He chose authors who were prominent in various countries, analyzed them and their works in a critical review, and pointed out their faults and virtues in a clear-cut manner. Mr. Sherman, as several in this book, has a keenly alert mind and a very descriptive vocabulary at his tongue's end. Considering the book as a whole, I should say that he was a fairly impartial judge of the best literature, although in a few places his sharp tongue and caustic wit ran out of the bounds of unbiased opinion.

Personally, I think the book covers a great deal more ground than the average student is familiar with. The authors about whom I enjoyed reading most were those whose works I knew. Most readers try to become familiar with the best writings in English literature and consider themselves well read. This book certainly shows the wide education, reading, and culture of its author, but it leaves the reader with a feeling of inferiority and insignificance. In short, this review appealed to me as one of those books commonly described by the word, "deep." To one familiar with the authors of the world it would be most interesting, but to me it was very difficult to understand. Some parts I enjoyed very much, but others I left with a sense of relief.

*Edwinna Jones*





# RAVELINGS

## KEEP YOUR SHIP, JOHNNY!

HENRY BAGLEY

I'd like to see John Masefield's ship,  
This star to steer her by.  
I'd like even to take a trip  
Beneath the freckled sky.

But there're so doggone many stars—  
By George, I've just been thinking—  
Suppose I couldn't find that star—  
Suppose the ship were sinking—

What if we had a violent storm  
With sharks all in the sea—  
Suppose some great big monster grim  
Came swimming after me.

I hesitate about the trip;  
I write with trembling hand.  
I'll let old Johnny keep his ship,  
And I'll stay on the land.

# STAGE FRIGHT

GRACE HOBBS

I ain't gonna speak no more;  
It skeers me 'most to death.  
When they shift them lights on me,  
It always takes my breath.

The people staring at you  
And a-peepin' out yer way,  
Mixes up the Shakespeare stuff  
With the road to Mandalay.

I done fergot the authors;  
It began the other night  
When me knees began a-quakin'  
And I knew I had stage fright.

I heard the people whisperin'  
And some a-gigglin' too,  
And I mixed in all the Goose rhymes—  
(What a clumsy thing to do!)

No! I ain't gonna speak no more;  
It skeers me 'most to death.  
When they shift them lights on me,  
It always takes my breath.

# THE SHUTTLE

*Edited by* HAROLD CONE

WE have been greatly interested in the criticisms of HOMESPUN offered by other magazines. We have noticed that a great many of the articles read to this effect: "You are sadly neglecting your school athletics," or "Where is your school news?" Because of these articles, we have found it fitting to mention here that HOMESPUN is published purely as a literary magazine. Our school has a newspaper in which are published school news, athletics, and other features. Our two publications are independent of each other.

*The Gleam*, Edison High School, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Of all the school magazines which the editor has looked over this month, *The Gleam* heads the list. The December issue contains an unusually large amount of splendid literary material. There is ample poetry to balance with the numerous prose articles. The frontispiece with its accompanying poem deserves special mention. The illustrations throughout the issue are appropriate and show much talent. We believe, however, that a few well-chosen illustrations help to insure a serious tone to the magazine. The cover of the magazine is very attractive and suggests the fine material which is to be had within. The editor wishes that this magazine were published more often!

We have received a most interesting magazine and letter from Crypt School, Gloucester, England. This periodical, *The Cryptian*, resembles an American school newspaper in contents. An accompanying letter written by the exchange editor is too long to print here. It is very interesting, indeed. We thoroughly agree with *The Cryptian* in that "an interchange of views and ideas between English and American schools cannot fail to be of great value to both."



# THE WEAVERS' GUILD

*Edited by* LUCY CROCKER

## AN AFRICAN BIRTHDAY

DICK DOUGLAS

ON July 23 we were down in Northern Tanganyka on the plains of the Blanketti River. The party had come down the day before to hunt for buffalo, but had not come across any yet.

I was awakened at four-thirty by Paul, one of the personal boys. It was dark and cold, and I was not at all anxious to get out of bed. For several minutes I lay in bed shivering with the cold I had not felt when asleep. Finally I got up, washed, and dressed. No one else seemed to be up. I waited for a few moments, then, taking off my shoes, went back to bed. About an hour later, I felt myself being shaken by Dave. I arose, put on my shoes, and was ready for breakfast.

When the other boys saw me get out of bed with my clothes on, they set up a howl. For the rest of the day they kidded me, saying that I had gone to bed the night before with all my clothes on so that I could be the first one up in the morning. Even when I established an alibi with the aid of Paul, they still refused to believe me.

Immediately after breakfast, we set out, all ready to see immense herds of buffalo. We traveled in the car, taking Bucari and Shai with us. Bucari, while the headman of the safari and not a gun-bearer, always went with us when we were after game, such as lions, leopards, or buffalo. Mr. Johnson was usually busy with his cameras, and of course we could not be relied upon in case of a

charge. We had not had enough experience with guns. There was left only Mrs. Johnson. She was an excellent shot, but it is well to have two guns ready when a lion is coming for the car.

We started out over some of the roughest ground I have ever seen. The route pointed out by Shai, our guide, led first through a long stretch of tinga-tinga—this is the name applied to country that is a swamp during the rainy season, but is covered with long grass during the time when there is no rain. Then we came to a section of thorns. In two hours, we had two punctures. The long, hard thorns are strong enough to pierce the thick casing of a tire. Luckily we had three spares with us.

We were bumping along when we saw a bunch of black specks off in the distance. At first they seemed to be only wildebeestes, commonly known as "gnu." As we came closer to them, they grew larger and larger; I had never imagined anything so large, other than elephants or rhinos. Then we saw they were buffaloes.

The buffalo is by far the most dangerous animal in Africa. He is very much bigger than the American bison. The animal that once swarmed the plains of the west has a large head, but the rest of his body is small in comparison. The buffalo of Africa possesses an enormous head, and his body is built in proportion. He is "big all over." Some weigh over a ton. Having a remarkable sense of hearing and scent, and very keen eye-sight, his aggressive nature makes him an unpleasant creature with which to deal.

In the herd before us there were no bulls. They were only cows and young. The herd saw us, but fortunately for us, they ran instead of charging us. Mr. Johnson followed to get pictures. The cows were small, he said, and were not worth much for pictures, but he wanted a few photographs. When he told us this, Dave, Doug, and I all agreed that if these cows were small, we did not want to see any big ones. These were plenty large to suit us.

It was just after dinner that a Wasacoma native walked into camp telling of a rhino he had seen asleep near the river only a mile from camp. Taking our cameras and guns, we started over to the spot. The river bed was dry, and in the sand we found



tracks of buffalo, lion, and rhino. There was one place where a lion had dug three feet in the sand to find water. What was a river during the rains was now only a dry bed of sand.

We crossed the river and came up into the tall grass. Here, the native whispered, the rhino had been asleep. Detouring around the spot in order not to frighten him, we climbed an ant hill where Mr. Johnson set up his cameras. Everything was ready. We began to throw stones into the grass. Nothing happened. We shot into the bushes, but nothing came out. The rhino had gone.

We were all a bit disappointed not to find what we were looking for, but the excitement and suspense as we walked through the grass, watching for him to come charging down on us at any minute, was almost equal to the fun of actually seeing a rhino.

For dinner we had a cocoanut pie. I didn't have the usual beating that comes with a birthday. Dave and Doug had asked Bucari to help them give me sixteen licks. He was shocked. No, sir. He wasn't going to help them beat me. I hadn't done anything to him. When they explained to him that it was just in fun, though, he was tickled to death to assist. It was to be at dinner. But when the time came, we were all so busy eating pie that we forgot all about the beating.



Leaves  
Yielding to the breeze  
Are like youth  
Swaying to the melody of  
Life.

*Mildred Keech*

# SONNET TO A DEMENTED AUTHOR

JOHN MEBANE

He smoked his pipe and stared at empty space,  
Forgetting that his necktie did not match  
Exactly with the thin and lonely patch  
Of ruddy hair above his vacant face.  
Relentlessly he thought with awkward grace,  
And often when a new idea would catch  
Him unaware, he seized his pen to scratch  
A note of it in some convenient place.

He was not mindful of approaching night,  
Nor could the ringing of the dinner bell  
Arouse him from the melancholy spell.  
He always sat there in his chair despite  
The fact he never had the chance to write  
Until they led him back into his cell.

*Reprinted from "The Carolina Magazine"*





