

HOMESPUN

FOLK-LORE



HOMESPUN

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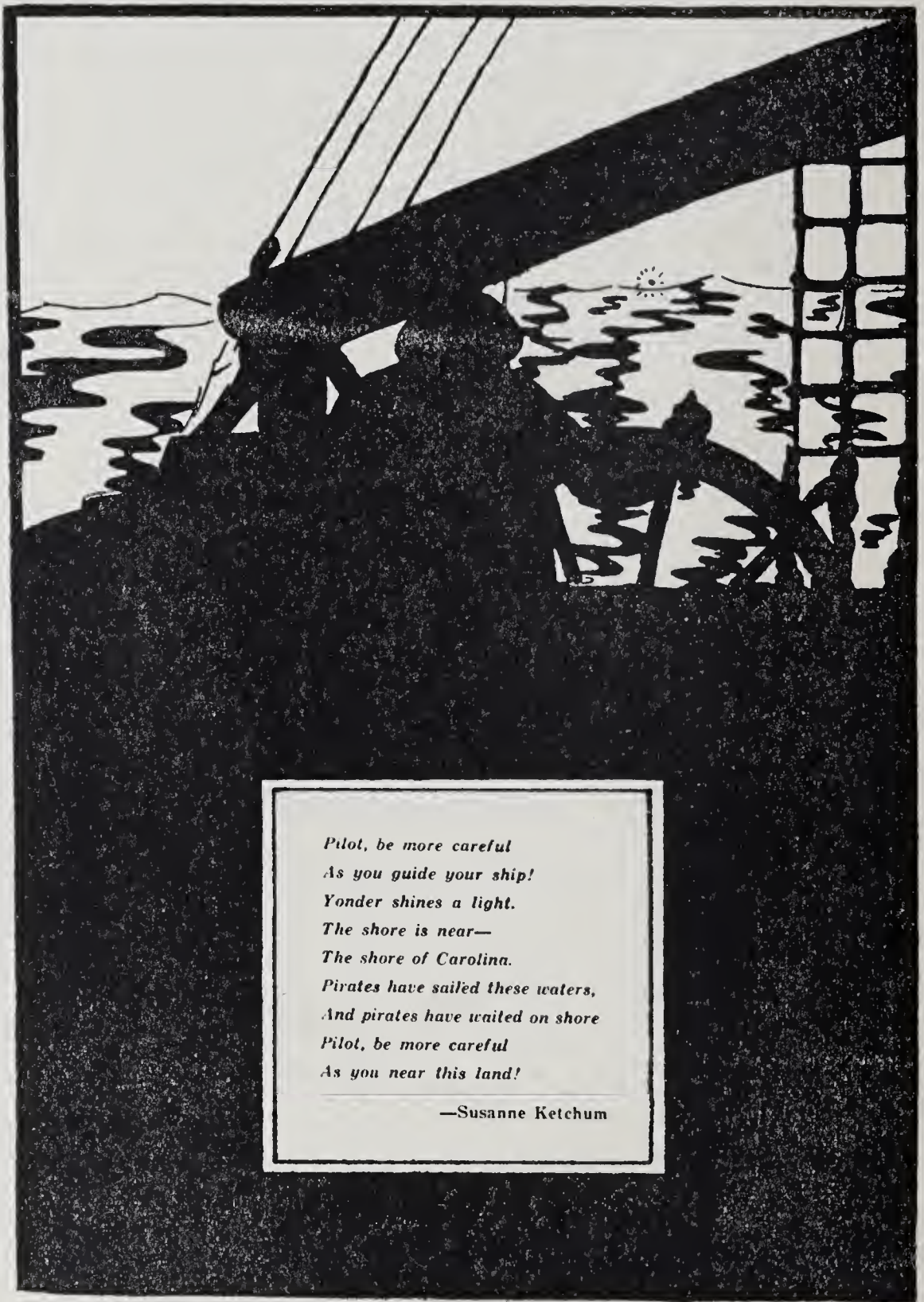
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*Pilot, be more careful
As you guide your ship!
Yonder shines a light.
The shore is near—
The shore of Carolina.
Pirates have sailed these waters,
And pirates have waited on shore
Pilot, be more careful
As you near this land!*

—Susanne Ketchum

THE WEAVE

NORTH CAROLINA SUPERSTITIONS

(Collected by a group of seniors)

THROUGHOUT North Carolina among the less educated people are hundreds of superstitions which are most indicative of the types who believe them. Negroes, Indians, mountaineers, seamen, and farmers, all have their superstitions. Of course, it would not be correct to say that these beliefs are strictly North Carolinian. With a few exceptions all of them are found in this entire section of the South. Superstitions which are universally familiar have been purposely omitted from our lists, and only those which are unusual or peculiar to this district have been included.

Negroes are perhaps the most superstitious people in our state. Many of their ideas hark back to their semi-barbaric days in Africa. One object about which they are particularly cautious is the black cat. Several superstitions concerning it follow:

A black cat must never be allowed to cross your path. Go around the cat, or go back home. If neither of these is possible, turn your hat around and go ahead.

If a black cat crosses your path when you are starting out in the early morning, the next person you meet will be a negro.

It is bad luck to kill a black cat before sunrise.

If you wish to have good luck all of your life, carry out these instructions: Go to a cross-roads and get a black cat. Near some running water, such as a creek or stream, cook it in a pot until the meat falls off its bones. Take the bone of each hind leg and put them in the water. The bone that goes upstream will always bring you good luck.

(It is interesting to know that a negro in a nearby town was recently put in jail for making this attempt to have good luck. The authorities first thought he was a fit patient for the insane asylum, but they were informed that this superstition is commonly believed by negroes.)

Rabbits are also thought to bring one either good or bad luck, depending upon the rabbit's being dead or alive. In ante-bellum days no negro was without his rabbit's foot. There are only two principal superstitions about rabbits.

The possession of the left-hind foot of a "graveyard rabbit" killed in the light of the moon assures good luck.

Death has always been a mystery to man, especially to primitive man. It is not unusual that we should find these beliefs concerning death and cemeteries—the "cities of the dead"—among many types of people.

If a dove coos in your front yard, death will surely come to some member of the household.

The itching of your right foot indicates that a funeral is near at hand.

It is a sure sign of death for a strange cat to be under a sick person's bed.

It is bad luck to let a clock run down with a dead person in the house.

Harm will surely come to the house in which a dead person is "laid out" with his head toward the east.

If an enemy is trying to do you harm, go to a graveyard and run your hand down in a sinner's grave as far as it will go. Take a handful of dirt from the middle of the grave and parch it with red pepper in a pot over the fire. Carry the parched dirt around with you a week, and your enemy will do you no injury.

On the Yadkin river there is a colored cemetery in which grow blackberry vines bearing extremely large and luscious berries. However, the negroes in that community will not touch the berries, saying that they are food for the graveyard ghosts and not intended for mortals.

If you want to be a good fiddler, stay in a graveyard from midnight till dawn for nine consecutive Sunday mornings. You must

sit on the headstone of some grave and play on the fiddle. On the ninth Sunday morning the devil will appear before you in the form of a rooster. He will take the fiddle, tune it, and play a while before returning it. He will then disappear, and you will be a good fiddler the rest of your life.

There are many highly-recommended methods of warding off evil spirits, whether they be in the form of sickness or enemies:

Each night before retiring sweep across the threshold with a squirrel's tail, and night prowlers will not bother you.

Put a shovel in the fire to drive an owl away.

Place a broom before the door, and no evil spirits or witches can enter.

If you are troubled with rheumatism, carry a freshly-dug, medium-sized Irish potato in your pocket, and it will absorb the malady.

Pour water on the fire with a new dipper, or turn the poker upside down to drive away evil.

In the Old Testament we find stories of dreams' being interpreted. At the present day many people still believe that dreams foretell certain events.

If you dream of someone who is sick, it is a sign that the sick person is better.

It is an indication of rain if you dream of a dead person's being alive.

If you dream of a wedding, it is a sign of death.

If in your dream you kill a snake, you may be sure you have conquered your enemies.

Love and marriage also come in for their share of superstitions:

If you fall up the stairs, you will not be married in three years.

The first time you hear a dove coo in the spring pull off your shoe, and you will find in it a hair the same color as that of the girl you will marry.

If you are single, do not let anyone sweep under your feet, or you will never be married.

A boy and girl in love should not give each other a piece of jewelry with a point on it, for it might cut into their love affair.

There are not so many superstitions which bring good luck as compared with those that bring bad luck. However, there are a few things which mean good luck.

It is good luck for a man who is not a member of the family to be the first person to come in the front door on New Year's morning.

To see the new moon for the first time unobstructed over the left shoulder and, at the same time, to have your hand on a coin in your pocket will bring good luck.

If your left eye itches, you will have good luck.

One would have to be careful of his ways to avoid having bad luck with all these superstitions:

It means bad luck to look over your left shoulder in a mirror as you walk past it.

To go in one door upon first entering a house and come out another is bad luck.

If you start somewhere and find you have forgotten something and have to turn around and go back, unless you make a cross mark in the road with your toe and spit in it three times, you will have bad luck.

It is bad luck for a woman to be the first person to enter your home on New Year's morning.

Do not go over a fence with a ring on your finger, or you will have bad luck.

It is bad luck for your right eye to itch unless you say "rabbit foot."

To leave a chair rocking is bad luck.

Do not have three lamps lighted in the same room if you wish to have good luck.

It is bad luck to take ashes out of the house after sundown.

If a man lays his hat on a bed, he causes bad luck.

There are many other superstitions quite common in North Carolina.

If you have a cat that will not stay at home, grease its feet and put them against the chimney so that they will become covered with smut, and the cat will never leave home again.

If you have a dog that will not stay at home, wet some hair from its head and put the hair in a split stick of wood. Remove your doorstep and bury the stick there. Then the dog will stay at home.

If you make a wish when you pass over a new bridge, it will come true.

If you strike a person with a broom, he will go to jail.

It is bad luck for a left-handed person to kill a chicken.

If you drop a knife and it strikes on the point and stands, the house you are in is evil.

If a pin stands up in your clothes, someone is speaking evil of you.

If a baby's fingernails are cut with scissors, he will steal.

There are many beliefs about the weather which some call "superstitions." It is indeed difficult to draw the line between fact and fancy in this case. We have listed several so-called "weather signs."

A ring around the moon is the sign of a storm.

When the new moon hangs over in the south with the points downward, there will be cold weather.

When the moon rides across the sky like a boat, there is dry weather ahead.

If the horns of the new moon turn up so as to hold water, it will be dry; if they turn down as to spill water, it will be a wet season.

What has been said about weather signs is also applicable to superstitions about planting and hunting. Are these real superstitions?

If the edible part of the plant grows in the ground, plant in the light of the moon; if it grows above the ground, plant in the dark of the moon.

Corn should be planted for the first time when the white-oak leaves are the size of squirrel's ears.

Kill hogs when the moon is increasing, and the meat will weigh more.

The person planting a cedar or willow tree will have a short life if the trees die.

If potatoes are planted on Easter morning, hogs will root them up.

Sow seed on the fourteenth of February.

Plant beans on Good Friday.

If cats are drowsy and sleepy, don't go 'possum hunting. If cats are stirring around and wide awake, 'possums will be out too.

Are you superstitious?



THESE ARE OURS

GRACE HOBBS

In these rugged, wind-swept hills,
Hills of laughter and of glory,
Lie memories of other days,
Strangely told in song and story.

These valleys are gardens, quietly dreaming,
And the shells along the shore—
Conch shells—will whisper legends
From our treasuries of lore.

These tales are ours—through long, grey years
Have seen the dying glow of youth—
And they quench the flame of fiction
In the glory of the truth.

NORTH CAROLINA BALLADS

(Collected by a group of seniors)

THIS is a collection of North Carolina ballads which we believe have never been published. They were obtained from people who had heard or sung them when the ballads were popular. Most of these crude songs originated in the mountain section of our state.

The following ballad tells the story of two men who killed an old Jewish peddler for lace to give two old women. The men, it seems, knocked the old Jew in the head with an axe and buried him under the house. The authorities did not know what had killed the Jew and gave up the case for lack of evidence. Several years later, however, the lace which the Jew was known to have sold was found on the two women. The two men were betrayed by the women and were hanged in Nashville, North Carolina. It is claimed that the day they were hanged it rained water black as ink, and the weather (it was in the summer) turned so cold that the water on the ground froze.

The ballad was originated about 1904. Some parts of it are missing.

TOM AND CAL COLEY

Tom and Cal Coley must be hung
For the murder of an innocent Jew.
"Must I be hung, my neck be broke,
And bid this world adieu?"

Water black as hell's own depths
Rained down the day they died.
The summer weather turned so cold,
It froze before it dried.

They never went to Sabbath School
To hear them sing and pray.
They never heard a sermon preached
Until the present day.

Now all you people gather 'round
And profit by this word:
"The Devil sure will get you
If you don't believe the Lord."

In the early years of North Carolina history there happened a tragedy which is commemorated in the name of Naomi Falls, on Deep River, in Randolph County. Colonel J. I. Brittain of Winston put the story in ballad form. The story goes that Naomi Wise was an orphan girl about nineteen years old. She was beautiful and had a very expressive countenance and a winning manner. Jonathan Lewis was one of her visitors and admirers. He gained her affection and confidence. Meanwhile, he had prospects of a marriage with a lady whose future was superior to Naomi's. He decided to get rid of Naomi. He called on her, asking her to marry him at once. She agreed, and they started (so he pretended) to the magistrate's house to be married. Instead of doing this, though, he carried her to the falls on Deep River, and riding into the stream, threw her from the horse. She was drowned. Afterward the guilt of Lewis was established, and he was confined in the jail at Asheboro. He soon escaped, however, and fled to the West.

Throughout that section of North Carolina a superstition prevails among the people that in the dusk of evening a voice may be heard above the river in accents low and sweet, beginning thus:

"Beneath these crystal waters
A maiden once did lie," etc.

The old lady from whom the information was obtained remembers the event clearly, having lived within a few steps of the place where the tragedy occurred. Although she couldn't remember all of the ballad, she was able to recall this much:

"Come all you good people; I'd have you draw near;
A sorrowful story you quickly shall hear;
A story I'll tell you of Naomi Wise—
How she was deluded by Lewis's lies.

Naomi was missing, they all well did know,
And hunting for her to the river did go;
And there found her floating on the waters so deep
Which caused all the people to sigh and to weep."

This ballad was sung over a hundred years ago. The writer obtained it from a man about seventy years old. Strictly speaking, it is not a ballad. It is written in ballad form, however, and has a moral to it.

The awfulest crime that ever has been,
Selling liquor is the greatest sin—
Has caused more misery, pain, and woe
Than every other crime on earth before.

It has robbed the strong man of his strength
And thrown him down in the mud full-length,
And there to curse and roll
As though he cared not for his soul.

It has caused the father to beat his child,
And set the mother almost wild,
And in his drunken sprees at night
Has oft-times set them all at flight.

His works were in the church unfound,
And lying stretched upon the ground
With a bottle of whiskey in his hand,
Saying, "Help me up, and take a dram."



HUGH OF LINCOLN

The following ballad was brought to an English class by Cleophas Bray, a student in the Roanoke Rapids High School. His mother, who came from the Carolina mountains, had sung it to him.

It rained a mist, it rained a mist,
It rained all over the town;
And two little boys went to play,
To toss the ball around, around,
To toss the ball around.

At first they tossed the ball too high,
And then they tossed it too low;
Then they tossed it into a shop
Where none was allowed to go, to go,
Where none was allowed to go.

Out came a young miss all dressed in silk,
All dressed in silk so fine.
"Come in, my boy, my pretty little boy;
You shall have your ball again, again,
You shall have your ball again."

"I won't come in, I shan't come in,
Unless my playmate comes too,
For oftimes I've heard of little boys' going in
Who never were known to go out again."

She took him by his little white hand;
She led him through the hall
And into the dining room
Where none could hear him call, oh call,
Where none could hear him call.

She laid him on a lily white bed
And covered his little white face,
And then she called for a carving knife
To carve his little heart out,
To carve his little heart out.

Oh, place a prayer book at my head
And a Bible at my feet;
And if my playmate should call for me,
Just tell him that I'm asleep, asleep,
Just tell him that I'm asleep.

Oh, place a Bible at my feet
And a prayer book at my head,
And if my mother should call for me
Just say that I'm dead, oh dead,
Just say that I am dead.

There are, William Allan Neilson says in his *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, twenty-one versions of this ballad about Hugh of

Lincoln. This story has been told since medieval times and may possibly be based upon true incidents. It was recounted in the *Annals of Waverly*, 1255, and is easily comparable with the Prioress's Tale in *Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims*.

In the version found in the popular ballad and the one quoted above, the boys are playing with a ball which Hugh throws into the shop of a Jew whose daughter entices him in; while in the Prioress's Tale he sings a song in praise of the Holy Mother, and Satan tells the Jew to murder him. After his death, Chaucer says, he sang the same song, "O *Alma Redemptoris*," over and over in the pit where he was thrown, until he was found. In the popular ballad he speaks with his mother after his death, but the version found here does not tell how he is discovered.

It is probable that this ballad came over from England with the early pioneers and was taken into the mountains where it has been passed on unwritten from mother to child for many generations. Like many of the old ballads it has long been unpublished and quite unknown to the progressive world outside the quiet valleys.

Elizabeth Craven



AN INDIAN FOLK-SONG

The following folk-song was given to me by our cook. Her mother, who was half negro and half Indian, used to sing it to her:

In these dark woods no Indian nigh.
Though me look heaven
And send up cries.
Though me look heaven
And send up cries.
Down on my knees so low.

Though me love God
With inside heart,
He fights for me and takes my part.
He fights for me and takes my part;
He saved my life before.

Lily Goss

THE WITCHES A-RIDING

DOROTHY HINES

CHARACTERS

BUCK ATKINS tries unproductive farming on the barren grounds of the mountains of North Carolina.

LILY ATKINS is Buck's wife. All she knows is the continual slavery of household work.

JIM ATKINS is their youngest son and the only one still living in the ignorant, grinding drudgery of life in the mountains.

SCENE

A few crude chairs and a table constitute the meager furnishings of the one room of the two-room house of BUCK ATKINS. An iron pot is hanging in the fire-place, and herein, we gather, the evening meal is cooking. LILY ATKINS is putting some tin plates on the table. She is mumbling to herself.

LILY: *(In a weird voice)* I've seen the new moon through the trees tonight, an' it's a sure sign of evil. The new moon's a-shinin', an' the witches are a-ridin'! The witches are a-ridin'!

The door bursts open, and a young man comes stamping in.

JIM: Hi, ma. Ain't the grub ready yet? I'm hungry!

LILY: There's yo' beans in the kittle. I guess they's purt'n near done. Where's yo' pa?

JIM: I dunno. He's set a-lookin' to an how them trees got burned t'other day. I calc'lates as how it's some more dirty work of Ed Cooper.

LILY: Lord! We ain't a-gonna have more trouble with them Coopers, air we? That feud's been going on long 'fore you wuz born, more'n twenty year. *(Sadly)* I thought we'd had our share of trouble with the bad crops and the death of po' li'l Bill—and now this! Oh, the witches is after us!

Enter BUCK.

BUCK: Gimme some grub.

LILY: How come you's so late, Buck?

BUCK: Oh, I jest had a leetle bizness I had to 'tend to.

LILY *(nagging)*: What?

BUCK: Damn, Lily! Air you plumb crazy? Cain't I 'tend to my own bizness 'thout you buttin' in? I said it was bizness, and I meant bizness I'm hungry.

He dishes out some beans onto his tin plate and greedily crams them down his throat with a knife. JIM and LILY seat themselves at the table with him. LILY does not eat.

LILY: (*Finally*) 'Twarn't nothing 'bout them Coopers agin, war it, Buck?

BUCK: Naw! I ain't able to tell. But them trees didn't jest nat'rally ketch on fire of their own accord last week.

JIM: (*Rising*) I'm goin' down there and see what I can see.

JIM exits. LILY rises and looks out of the window.

LILY: There's somethin' quair 'bout this hyere night. The new moon is shinin' through the trees. The witches are a-ridin'.

BUCK: Whatcha doin'? Tryin' to give somebody the creeps, and you're out'n yo' mind.

LILY: (*Pleading*) Buck, please leave them trees be. Don't start no other row with them Coopers! The p'int-blank truth is—I air allus scairt when you gets riled up.

BUCK: (*Sullenly*) I ain't shootin' nobody, air I?

JIM enters. His walk, his carriage, the expression of his face are all significant of excitement.

JIM: Well! Guess this oughter be 'nough proof for you. (*He holds out a pistol. BUCK snatches it up quickly and examines it.*)

BUCK: Wal?

JIM: Ain't that Ed Cooper's gun?

BUCK: I rec'lect it looks mighty like it.

JIM: Wal, I was walking down by the creek whar them trees war burned, and I hears footsteps. I keeps quiet, and through the brushwood I could see Ed Cooper! He war lookin' all on the ground for sumpthin'.

BUCK: Did he see ya?

JIM: Naw. I kept still, and he went on back toward his farm.

LILY: (*Questioning*) But whar did this pistol come from?

JIM: Comin' home, I stumbles over this, and I 'lows as how this must a been what he wuz a-looking fer. He lost it on our land! (*Slowly*) He lost it on our land!

BUCK: (*Still more slowly*) He lost it on our land!

LILY's and BUCK's faces change from utter amazement to deep thought. LILY's then changes to fear; BUCK's to a passionate hate.

BUCK: (*Emphatically*) Wal!

LILY and JIM: Wal!

BUCK: I guess that settles it.

LILY: Yeh.

LILY and JIM watch BUCK's every movement. They question his future actions only with their eyes. BUCK's face shows a definite decision has been found. He rises and strides over to a shelf in the corner of the room. He takes his pistol from his holster, then some bullets off the shelf. He turns to LILY.

BUCK: Gotta 'tend to a leetle biz'ness, Lily. Stay here and take care of yo' ma, Jim.

LILY: (*Dashing up to him and trying to pull him back*) Don't, Buck; I'm scairt. Please don't, Buck. I saw the moon through the trees tonight. It's a bad sign.

BUCK: (*Pulling himself away*) Just a leetle biz'ness!

He exits. LILY leans against the door sobbing.

LILY: There's a new moon a-shinin', an' the witches are a-ridin'. It's a bad sign. The witches are a-ridin', and he'll never come back again he'll never come back again.

A shot is heard off-stage.

LILY: (*Hysterical*) Oh! It's Buck! I knew the witches war a-ridin' tonight.

She falls to the floor. Slow curtain.

OLD GRAVEYARDS

QUENTIN DIXON

Old graveyards—
Old memories—
Leaning, dull, old gravestones—
Old, old—
Beaten and worn—
Ghostly, sunken graves—
And a faint, uncertain smell
Of old, dusty bones
Why are you all
So stern and quiet,
While sweet, throbbing, painful life
Bursts all around you?
Why are you so grim and silent
When years ago—
Years ago (what of it—mere time)
Those bones
Were cased in warm living flesh?
And you lived
And strove
And were swept into the powerful smashing
 current
Of life, fevered and tormented,
And torn between blind passions
Till your souls groaned in anguish?
But then you died.
That's queer.
Your flesh turned cold—
Pure marble—
And your eyes became glassy,
And you strove no more—
You lived no more—
You were dead.
And I must die

And go the way of all flesh.
And some young man
With the bewildered head of the dreamer
Will stand upon the firm ground
And feel the warm blood
Pulse through his body,
Quivering with life,
And look upon my grave
And many others—
Old sunken graves
With their worn inscriptions
And sigh
And wonder why
He, too, must go the way of all flesh.

I HEAR YOU SINGING

SUSANNE KETCHUM

Carolina, Carolina,
I hear you singing,
Singing softly, sweetly of the years gone by.
Your music has no words,
But it tells your story well,
Tells of family feuds among your mountains
And pirates off your shore.

Now I think you are singing of Nag's Head,
For your voice is like the waves
Of a stormy, angry sea.
And it recalls to me the story
Of the tossing ships,
The frail ships,
Searching for the shore.

Carolina, sing more softly,
For the world must never know
That, in days of old,
Ships were lured to destruction
By a lantern,
A lantern hung around a nag's head,
A lantern on the reef.

Carolina, Carolina,
Do not let the people know.
Let them hear the glad song,
The songs that trill with joy.
Let them know the good men,
The men who made our state.

Carolina, Carolina,
Again I hear your voice,
But now your song is joyful,
You are singing to the skies,
Singing of the present—
Of the future,
Singing still and singing
With a voice that trills with joy.





COLORS IN THE WEAVE

A TOAST

NANCY HUDSON

Carolina, hail to thee—
Stately realm of majesty.
Land of wonders yet untold,
Mother of races brave and bold
Art thou. Greatest of the great,
Hail to thee, thou sovereign state,
Carolina!
Land where life and laughter twine,
Land of the tall and regal pine,
Where the sultry breezes blow,
Where the rivers smoothly flow,
Where the wavelets lave the shore,
Hail to thee forever more.
Carolina!

CARVED ON A TREE

LOIS LAZENBY

STATELY black pines stood clearly outlined against the starry sky, and the liquid song of a meadow-lark rang mellow and sweet through the dim, dark forest. In the stillness of the night no breeze sighed through the leaves of the maples; no breath of air ruffled the feathers of the golden-throated bird as he caroled away from his perch on high; the shadowy river seemed of mirror-smoothness. A great orange moon stretched a ribbon of yellow from shore to shore. Suddenly, across the path of the moon a thousand circles rippled through the water, and the night-bird's song was hushed as a tinkle of gleeful laughter floated among the trees.

On the edge of the river bank an Indian maiden sat, lightly tapping the moon's golden path with her small brown foot as she laughed to see the ripples circle larger and larger until they reached the other side of the river and the surface grew smooth again.

The girl rose and lifted her face to the light of the heavens; her lips moved as though she whispered to the stars. In spite of her Indian clothes and the burnished copper of her skin, there seemed to be something strangely un-Indian about the girl. Her plaited hair was black as the darkest night—but, as she released it from its tightly drawn braids and shook it out, it waved against her cheeks luxuriously and fell about her slender shoulders in a mass of curly tendrils unlike the straight black hair typical of Indians.

Was it her hair that caused the girl to appear so strangely dissimilar to all else she seemed to typify? Or could it have been something else—something about her eyes? It was!—They reminded one of a midsummer-day's sky. The eyes of the Indian girl were blue!

Behind her a twig snapped. From among the trees a warrior came into view, and she ran to meet him with a soft little cry like a joyfully surprised little fawn.

"My Moon-Flower, I thought I would find you here." He smiled down at her.

She laughed back at him. "You are glad? I was telling the

moon that tomorrow you and I are to be married?"

"Moon-Flower," he queried, suddenly growing serious, "you are happy here with us?"

"So happy, Topka."

The Indian took both her small hands and clasped them tightly in his.

"Tonight we meet for the last time," he told her.

A terrified look stole into Moon-Flower's eyes. "You are going to send me away?" she breathed.

"There are English men in our camp—white men—of your race. They search for you. Often have you hoped they would come; but because I could not bear to lose you, I told them I knew nothing. Then, I slipped away to find you—to ask you if you wish to go with them. You are old enough to decide; and if you wish, you may go to your white men, or you may stay here—with my people." His voice broke. "It is for you to choose."

As Topka finished speaking, the muffled sound of tramping feet came to the ears of Moon-Flower and her lover. For a moment the girl stood looking up at the man by her side. Tears sparkled on her lashes.

"My people," she whispered, "they are near?"

"Come," Topka said.

Their moccasined feet made no sound as the two crept near the path. A few feet from the trail Topka and the blue-eyed Indian girl crouched behind a screen of bushes and watched the Englishmen as they marched away from the camp of the red-men. Fragments of their talk drifted back to Moon-Flower.

"Virginia Dare—*Croatan*, carved on a tree."

"My people," she murmured brokenly.

Topka spoke in a husky voice, "There is still time. I shall call to them."

"Wait!" The girl grasped his arm as he started after the men. "Listen to me, Topka. Since my childhood I have lived with your race, believed in your beliefs, abided by your laws, and lived according to your customs. I would live where I spent my childhood and with the people who have shared my joys and sorrows, rather than go to new surroundings and learn a new life. I would rather be

happy where I have always been content than risk unhappiness away from you." Her voice was soft as she smiled at the Indian. "They are no longer my people; your people are mine. Forget that I was ever Virginia Dare—I am just your Moon-Flower." Her uplifted face was very close to his. "Let them go, Topka. Let them never find me."

The path of the orange moon led to the feet of Topka and his bride as they sat on the edge of the river bank. Only the soft tones of the night-bird's song broke the stillness of the waning night as Topka watched Moon-Flower weave two braids of gleaming hair—two braids of hair whose ends escaped from their plaits and curled, as an Indian maiden's hair should never curl—unless her eyes are blue.



THE BROWN MOUNTAIN LIGHT

ANNA WILLS

A mile below the mountain top
A little hut had stood,
And there within, a country girl
Upon a bench of wood

Had pined for her lost lover
For years and years and years.
And when we gazed upon her,
Her eyes were wet with tears.

We asked her why she was so sad,
And why her eyes were red.
She mourned for her lost lover, oh,
Her lover, so she said.

He'd set out for the village when
The night was bleak and cold;
Her love had gone in spite of all
The weird tales she had told.

In spite of all her pleading he
Insisted he must go.
But by the hand of fate he had
Been buried in the snow.

And every night she'd called him with
A moaning and a wail,
And cried for her lost lover who
Had long since lost the trail.

Each night she'd climbed the mountain with
A lantern all aglow,
And waved it for her lover who'd
Been buried in the snow.

And years have passed, and in that time
The maiden still has cried
And pined for her lost lover till
Heart-broken she has died.

But still when darkness creeps upon
The mountains thereabouts,
A light will flash from place to place,
And then it will die out.

Some say it is her spirit that
Is coming back to go
In search of her lost lover who
Was buried in the snow.

SEARCHING FOR THE SCAR

FRANCES JONES

It is a cold, dreary afternoon in late fall. The rain falling in a soft drizzle looks as though it may continue for some time. A rather expectant air pervades the little group of loafers gathered around the old yellow station. No one knows what he is waiting for, but the very atmosphere says that something is going to happen.

In a few minutes, through the drizzle, comes the sound of a train and the screaming of wheels on the rails. What an unusual occurrence it is for a train to stop at this little old forgotten town in the Piedmont Section of North Carolina! Two well-dressed, foreign-looking men step off and make their way into the station.

Having arranged for their night's lodging, they finally make known the object of their visit. It seems that they wish to dig up the grave of Peter Ney, a school teacher of the vicinity.

Many people had hinted that the school teacher and Marshal Ney of Napoleonic War fame were one and the same man. Their beliefs were well-grounded, too, for had not the riding of this man been compared to that of Napoleon's bravest of the brave? When the news of Napoleon's death reached America, had not the school master closed his school and gone home for the day? Some people said that on that day he burned certain letters written to him by "The Little Colonel"—letters that would have identified him as the much-talked-of traitor to Napoleon. It was for the purpose of determining whether he was the school teacher that the two Frenchmen had come so far.

"But what proof will you have that Peter Ney is the man you're looking for?" some one asked them.

"During one of the battles Ney received on the forehead a severe sword cut which left a terrible scar. If the skull remains, we will be able to see the result of the cut on it," answers the taller of the two foreigners.

However, for the townpeople, such an explanation is not sufficient. They tell the Frenchmen that they are a couple of fools to go to dig up a grave on such a day. But the foreigners, knowing

that the whole enterprise depends on their tact, respond calmly: "The French government awaits our answer. There is a grave in the cemetery of Père Lachaise in which Marshal Ney is supposed to have been buried after being shot in the Gardens of Luxemburg on charges of treason. However, the grave has been there so long that, by this time, the body will have decayed. Our only hope is that the body in this grave will contain sufficient proof to identify it. We want two or three men to help us dig it up this afternoon."

Finally several loafers, more for the sake of curiosity than for anything else, give their reluctant consent, and, together with the Frenchmen, make their way to the graveyard. The news of what is going to happen has spread rapidly; and by the time the party reaches the supposed burial spot of Ney it has become much larger.

As the digging begins, the excitement increases. Comments are made on Ney and his place in the community.

When the body is finally reached, the excitement has mounted to its highest pitch. Upon opening the coffin, which is of green wood and has therefore rotted very quickly, it is found that only the leg and hip bone remain! No skull!

Time has destroyed the skull—the skull that would have told the story. Time has made it impossible ever to solve the mystery!



Down with memories of the past!
They come to us,
Old legends and traditions
Made ripe
With the yellow mellowness of time,
And soon the days will pass,
Pass like the wind away,
And we too will leave behind
Legends.

Nancy Hudson

OLD LEGENDS OF CAROLINA

(Collected by a group of seniors)

The story of North Carolina's coastal region is unique in legends of pirate and Spanish invasions. This territory at one time during the seventeenth century, we are told, was the rendezvous for daring buccaneers, for the shifting sandbars made these rovers secure from any interference in their exploits.

The Governor of North Carolina and other corrupt officials did nothing to prevent the outrageous crimes of these invaders; it is even thought that Blackbeard bribed the state officials to protect him and his obstreperous crew. The headquarters of Blackbeard and Bonnet were at Bath, then Brunswick, and at Cape Fear, now Wilmington.

At length, though, after many outrages in this region Governor Johnson of South Carolina decided to take matters into his hands, and so sent Colonel Wilhan Rhett in pursuit of Bonnet whom he captured and whom the government sentenced to death in Charleston; moreover, Blackbeard was taken prisoner by Lieutenant Maynard and was decapitated at Ocracoke. Maynard hung his head on the bowsprit of his boat and sailed victoriously for Norfolk.

Not only did pirates frequent the Carolina Coast, but the Spaniards were also early rovers around the territory and lurked about the bays and inlets. Near Morehead City there stands a perfect model of an old Spanish stronghold, Fort Macon, which bears all the scars of a fifteenth-century fortification.

With the death of Blackbeard the age of piracy faded, but tales still exist of buried treasures hidden by Captain Kidd on Money Island in the Pamlico Sound near Wrightsville Beach. Blackbeard's booty has been constantly searched for near Bath, and in that vicinity many old haunted houses have the reputation of having been pirates' headquarters.

Nag's Head is another coastal village associated with the age of plunder, for its inhabitants, namely, pirates, made a practice of tying a lantern to the head of an old nag and driving her up and down the beach for the purpose of luring ships ashore. When the

vessels struck the sandy shoals, they were wrecked, the crews murdered, and the ships pillaged by the local pirates.

Another story of a pirate crew is repeated in the unusual legend of Aaron Burr's beautiful daughter, Theodosia Burr Alston, wife of a South Carolina governor, who, in 1813, sailed from Charleston for New York. The boat on which she was a passenger was attacked by pirates off the coast of North Carolina, and she, like all other voyagers, was forced to walk the plank. It is thought that in this way Theodosia Burr was drowned, and the boat on which she was traveling was driven by the wind to the mouth of the Roanoke River and there wrecked.

To confirm this supposition of Theodosia's death a picture of a beautiful woman was found in a wrecker's cabin near Nag's Head many years after the catastrophe. It was supposed to be the portrait which she had had painted for her father and was carrying to him on that fatal journey. This likeness is now in the possession of a person in Norfolk, Virginia. Some of her personal property, valuable papers, and letters were discovered near the tragic spot where the boat is believed to have been destroyed.

Along with these interesting legends of Theodosia Burr and Captain Kidd comes the story of the historic "Dram Tree." During the year 1665 Sir John Yeamans, like other explorers who visited the Cape Fear section, at that time called the Clarendon and the Charles, was master of all sailing vessels which carried full supplies of liquors and whiskey. These intoxicants were used to give the hardy sailors mellifluous rations called "grog," thus, a "dram" was a generous portion of a "grog".

When this old tree was reached on the outward voyage, all the sails were set, and while the ship proceeded under full canvass, the first drink of "dram" was furnished by the sailors as the bend of the river came into view. During the inward voyage to the colonial towns the sails were not furled until the ship had proceeded some distance beyond the point where the old "Dram Tree" is located. This furnished an excellent opportunity to serve another drink or "dram".

The "Dram Tree" served not only as a sailor's goal, but also at one time as a place of refuge to a planter's wife who, having been

captured by the pirates and having escaped their brutality, hid herself in the thick foliage of its branches. She stayed there all day hoping that her husband might come down the river and rescue her. The old tree is still standing today.

Not very long ago an old house, which was built before the Revolutionary times, was torn down in Edenton in order that a modern building might be constructed; and, when the foundation was being dug, an old chest was found filled with old English gold coins and coach trappings which are very valuable. It is probable that these were the spoils of some of the early marauders.

These legends about our coastal towns that have come down to us have of course increased our interest in the state. They have enriched our folklore. We hope they will live forever.



SQUANTO AND MONDOWMIN

JUANITA OZMENT

In the extreme western part of North Carolina there lived an Indian youth named Squanto. Not far away lived his most bitter enemy, Sunoset. Now it happened that in this same locality there lived a beautiful Indian princess, whose name was Mondowmin. Both young warriors were in love with her.

One day the father of Squanto said to him, "My son, you must go on a long journey to the far North." Squanto, being the chosen lover and the betrothed of the beautiful princess, took leave of his bride-to-be and with a trusting heart went to fulfill the mission of his father.

Sunoset, seeing that his rival was away, decided to call on the royal beauty. While he was pouring out his heart to the girl he loved, the accepted lover without warning suddenly returned and found his enemy conversing with his promised wife. Squanto became very angry, seized his rival, and with all his power threw him far away, saying, "I will turn you into a rock." He turned

to his love and said, "You I will turn into a mountain that you may never more be tempted to be unfaithful."

Because of his love for Mondowmin and fear of losing her, he changed himself into a mountain at her feet to keep watch over her. So we have the two mountains, Squanto and Mondowmin, in the western part of North Carolina.



OLD BESS AND THE CYPRESS FORT

ALLEN STANLEY

There is in the city of Wilmington a point of land which separates the northeast from the northwest branch of the Cape Fear River, once known as Negro Head Point. This little tongue of land was a cypress swamp. Here grew a very tall cypress tree, which looked sound from the outside, but was in fact only a shell, and so large at the ground that a small family could have lodged comfortably in it. The fact that the tree was hollow was discovered by Colonel Thomas Bludworth, a good patriot then living in Wilmington. Near the close of the Revolutionary War this huge cypress tree became a fort, one whose garrison never surrendered to the enemy.

After the battle of Guilford Courthouse, the British, who did not want another taste of North Carolina fighting, made their way in a hurry to Wilmington, which was then in their hands. It made Colonel Bludworth's patriot blood boil to see the Redcoats marching about the streets of Wilmington. He made up his mind that if he could not drive out the whole British army, he would at any rate rid the earth of a few of the enemy. Colonel Bludworth was a skilful gunsmith. He could make the very best pistols, rifles, and sword blades.

"If I could only make a rifle long enough to send a ball from the big cypress to Market Street dock, I'd have them," said Colonel Bludworth to himself. "I'll try it, anyway."

So he set to work and soon had a very long rifle, with which he

could shoot a ball into a tree which he thought was about as far from his door as the cypress tree was from the Market Street dock. This rifle he lovingly named "Old Bess."

One July morning Colonel Bludworth called to his young son, Tim, and Jim Padgett, a small lad who worked with him. "See that big cypress tree yonder, boys? That tree is to be our home for two weeks and perhaps our everlasting home. That tree is hollow and big enough to lodge us all. Let's make a fort of it. We can build a scaffold inside and make an opening in the tree fronting on Market Dock. That is where the pesky Redcoats parade up and down and take their grog every day. We'll introduce Old Bess to them, and when she speaks, somebody's head may ache, but not ours. Now, if you think you can stand it, say so; and if not, say so, and Old Tom will try his luck alone."

"No, sir," cried the boys, "we'll stand by you."

Reaching the point, they soon fell to work on their fort. They bored a hole into the trunk of the tree, in which Old Bess's muzzle could rest, and still others to let in light and air.

At ten o'clock the next day the Colonel called the boys' attention to a group of Britishers with their red coats on Market Wharf. "Now, I'll just send a ball to ask what they are doing there this morning and to ask after the health of that old Tory, Captain Gordon."

Crack went the rifle. "See," said Tim, "there is a man down."

For more than a week Colonel Bludworth and the two boys kept up this work, and many a Redcoat bit the dust. Soon after, the British sent a party to hunt them. They cut down all the undergrowth and some of the cypress trees. All this time the brave garrison of three were keeping very quiet in their cypress fort. So near did they come to being caught that just at sunset one evening a soldier struck his axe into the tree in which they were hiding. Then one of the soldiers said to leave the big fellow until the next day.

When the soldiers cut into the big cypress tree the next morning, great was their surprise to find it an abandoned fort. Much to their sorrow, the brave garrison had escaped during the night.

HOOF PRINTS

BILLY SCOTT

Long ago in Bath, North Carolina, there was a horse trader, whose name was Silas Jones. In the horse trader's possession there was a very fine race horse that he was bragging about one day to one of his friends. His friend also had a race horse of which he thought a good deal. So the friend challenged Silas to a race; and not to be outdone, Silas placed a bet on his horse.

Now Silas was not a religious man, even though he might have pretended to be. Bright and early the next morning, which was Sunday, Mr. Jones and his contestant, along with a group of cronies, went out to hold the race. Of course, all good people know that one should not race horses or gamble on the Sabbath, so Silas and his friends went out on an old byway to be screened from the public.

They were off! The horses galloped at top speed down the narrow little road for a mile or so. They were coming in on the home-stretch now; the little group of spectators could see them. Silas was leading by a good ten yards. Cheers rose from the little group.

Silas was but a hundred yards from the finish line when his horse reeled crazily and crashed into a tree, throwing the rider from its back and instantly killing him.

There in the grass on this lonely byroad are the horse's tracks. They may be seen to this day.

Not so long ago two inquisitive young men went to this place and dug up the tracks. The next day, to their amazement, when they returned to the spot, there were the hoof prints as a warning to Sunday horse-racers.

WITCH TREES

ELBERT FORD

On an old plantation in the eastern section of North Carolina there was a lumber mill. One day as the lumbermen were busily at work, they noticed that one of the logs as it passed through the saw had a peculiar design cut on it. They became so interested in the design that they took the squared log and carried it to the house, where they learned this story:

When the colonists came to North Carolina, they brought with them very queer superstitions. For one thing, they believed that persons were possessed with witches, having evil spirits that worked harm by magical powers. If a person was suspected of being a witch, he was in danger. It therefore became the custom for people to carve witch heads on trees; then the person who was afraid of being possessed of evil spirits was to go out to the "witch-tree" and shoot the head that was carved thereon. That act, it was believed, would rid him of his evil spirits.

The particular design on the slab of wood which the lumbermen found was one of the "witch-trees." The slab was preserved to convince people of the superstitions and beliefs of the early colonists.



BATZ'S GRAVE

JOHN W. GUNTER

There lived on an island in the upper part of Albemarle Sound some few years prior to the Revolutionary War a man named Jess Batz. He was an odd sort of man, and few white men were acquainted with him. However, he found companionship in a tribe of Chowanoke Indians who dwelt on the mainland some half-mile from his island. The Indians honored him with the name of Secotan or "The Great White Eagle."

Among the Indians was a young girl, daughter of the Chief, who was by far the most beautiful and graceful Indian girl in

America. In his frequent visits with the Indians, Batz and Kickowanna, this beautiful young girl, fell in love. The Chief was pleased, and Batz began to spend nearly all his time with the Indians.

Things were arranged for the wedding when a mighty chief from the north demanded Kickowanna's hand in marriage. The southern chief refused, and the northern tribe attacked him. A fierce war followed in which Batz aided the Indians very much. Finally the southern tribe conquered their enemies, and all was in peace again.

Batz went to his home on the island to rest awhile before his wedding. Kickowanna, becoming impatient, decided to go to him. She was never heard of again.

Batz's heart was broken, and he slowly pined away on his lonely island. Today nothing lives on Batz's Grave, as the island is now called, except large numbers of sea gulls. Batz's ghost is supposed to roam about among the gulls.



THE PHANTOM COACH

RALPH MURRAY

Many lurid tales are told of the ghosts of the Revolutionary War, but one of the strangest is the tale of the phantom coach. After the battle of Lillington the British seized the town and inflicted horrible torture upon the people. The soldiers killed the people, burned their homes, and took their possessions. One of the homes which they confiscated was the old "Polly House". No one knows the reason for the queer name, but the British officers selected it as their headquarters.

Not very long after they had moved into their new quarters, a messenger came with the news that a stagecoach was coming. The officer in charge immediately sent out a detachment of soldiers to capture the coach and bring it to headquarters. The coach was captured and put in the hands of officers. The prisoners, the coach driver, and three men passengers were treated very brutally. After the soldiers had so cruelly handled the men, the officers ordered that

they be beheaded. The soldiers did this and put the headless bodies back into the coach and set the horses off at a run. Not very long after that the British evacuated the town.

Today the "Polly House" still stands amid a grove of magnificent oaks. The house has been preserved, but on the thirtieth of November no one is ever seen around the place. They say that if you should be there, you would hear the jingle of harness trappings and see a ghostly apparition in the form of a stage-coach pulled by six horses driven by a headless driver and urged on by the three headless passengers, rattling down the road toward the "Polly House".



WARP AND WOOF

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Folk-Lore in North Carolina

IN this issue of HOMESPUN we take another step in our effort to interpret life in North Carolina from the viewpoint of youth. The first issue of the year was devoted to our heritage—to those factors which have combined to make us, the youth of North Carolina, what we are today. Now we turn to the folk-lore and legend and superstition that are found in the Old North State.

North Carolina, along with her sister states in the South, has a double advantage, so to speak, in the field of folk-lore. Besides the superstitious legends and the quaint customs which have been given us by the mountaineers and eastern fisher-folk of Carolina, we are

heirs to that great store of tradition which has come down to us from the Southern negro.

The old type of plantation negro, whose life was spent in a tiny log hut amid an assorted flock of chickens, children, and hound dogs, is gradually disappearing from the South. We still have him here—many of his type, in fact—but he is slowly and steadily losing the customs and traditions of his ancestors and is adapting himself to the more prosaic life of the white man. The folk-lore, however, that the Southern negro has given us is well-deserving of literary immortality. It differs decidedly from the folk-lore of the white mountaineer and of the white inhabitants of eastern Carolina in its outlook upon life. Consequently, we North Carolinians are fortunate in finding two distinct types of folk-lore in our state: that of the more primitive Anglo-Saxon variety, and that of the negro.

Therefore it is our hope that we may present in this issue of HOMESPUN a well-rounded study of folk-lore as we, the youth of North Carolina, find it in our native state.

William Edgerton

Influence of Negro Superstitions

Southerners probably are the most superstitious people of the United States, as most persons realize. This is not just an accident, for it has a real cause and, as the scientists tell us everything must have, an effect. When one looks around our familiar country, it is not difficult to see just what this cause is.

Consider the old, old beliefs that a rabbit's foot is sure to bring good luck, while a black cat is an ill-omen of the deadliest sort. Where else could they have originated but in the mind of an ignorant negro of the old school? These and many other superstitions which are now so firmly implanted as a part of the South and of Southerners were once given credence only by negroes, but no longer is this so.

Scholars and philosophers will tell you that the best way to reach a people and produce a widespread effect is through its children. The only accident involved in the "superstitionizing" of the

South was that circumstances made it possible that the children of the South should come in more direct contact with the negroes than anyone else. This was especially true in former times, though it is still somewhat the case.

In other days, even until the present generation, the Southern child's earliest memories were of his "Mammy". She it was who took charge of him in his earliest infancy and remained his nurse until he was twelve or thirteen years old—for the old woman always considered him her child and refused to give him up until he went off somewhere to school. With her he spent his days, playing and coaxing her to tell him stories. What amazing stories she could tell! Invariably they concerned ghosts, or "hants" as she called them, and often they would make his hair curl and his flesh creep. But they were fascinating, and he would sit listening for hours, entranced.

Then, too, at night when he might chance to glance at the moon, he would be hastily turned around, and a frightened voice would exclaim: "Lawsy mercy, chile, don't never look at de new moon through de trees! Dat's de wust luck a-tall!" Or if, when the child was with his "Mammy", a black cat should run across his path, he would be made to stop, make a cross over the cat's path, and spit in the middle of it to destroy the bad luck! Then, following the old woman's example, he would proceed with perfect confidence that he would not be bothered by that cat!

Of course, when the child who has been brought up thus finishes school and perhaps leaves home to work, he outgrows these beliefs to some extent. His educated side tells him that it is impossible, but his purely Southern side, his perennially young side compels him to walk quickly and lightly through a cemetery, never to look at the moon through the trees without a little apprehension, and to walk circumspectly around the path made by the black cat.

So it has been for generations; so it is today, to a less extent; and so it shall be, probably, for some generations to come. Or so may it be, at least, for this certainly can do no one harm, and we should hate to see the years stamp out all of the age-old traditions, customs, and peculiarities of our Southland.

Manie L. Parsons

Finding Your Place

Every living animal upon earth has its particular place in the great plan of life. Each has its part to play; each is a cog in a gigantic machine.

And most of these creatures are content to take the task they were fitted to do: the lowly earthworm is satisfied to burrow through the ground until he is eaten by the early bird; the fish is quite happy to remain in water; and the woodpecker has no doubt about what his life work shall be.

But this strange, unfathomable creature called man—now, that is quite a different tale! Apparently without definite work of his own, he proceeds to try to manage the whole world. And, strange to say, he has almost done it!

But many of these men-creatures suffer from a strange malady that is unknown to the earthworm, or the fish, or the woodpecker. Many of these human beings, in their adopted business of running the world, find it difficult to decide just what part they want to manage. A man who could have become an excellent carpenter wastes his life in a poor attempt to be a merchant. Another whose natural abilities point toward engineering doesn't find it out until he has spent twenty years in a shoe store.

Probably both of these men—and the many more like them—went through high school with the sole idea of losing the least possible amount of time there. Of course they had no doubts about their ability to become rich, or famous, or both, once they had “got away from that ol' high school.” But a few contacts with the rough edges of life brought them to the realization that this unappreciative world did not recognize their genius unless it was supported by a bit of practical knowledge.

After all, in spite of such necessary evils as algebra classes and history term papers and science notebooks, high school is an excellent place in which to prepare one's self for the life work that he feels is his.

William Edgerton

TANGLED THREADS

STRANGE ROADS

GRACE HOBBS

My life is full of strange roads
With bent figures by the way
Staring hollow-eyed
And begging rides.
The trees beside the road
Are naked and forlorn,
And shriveled fruit
Hangs restlessly from miser boughs.
The highway is full of signs—
“Soft Dirt”—“Danger”—
And the hills seem full of green pastures
Until the brown ribbons unfold
And near them—only young wheat
In a resentful earth—
Disillusionment!

I do not understand.
But I am warned.
“Dangerous Curves”—
“Soft Dirt”—
And beggars for a ride.
Oh, I fear their hollow eyes.
I am afraid of their slim hands.

TURTLE ISLAND

W. B. DAVIS

THE professor spat bitterly over the rail, stuck his lean brown hand into his pocket, and pulled out his watch. He looked at it and then at the blazing sun directly overhead. The native at the wheel glanced sullenly at him, but did not speak. The professor's eyes rested for an instant on the land they were approaching. Far out on the calm, clear water the reef was marked in white foam.

Since early morning they had been in sight of land—since early morning, but the heavy tide had kept them from the shore. They were running now at half speed, the little gasoline launch making a strange sound here where for years had been nothing but the crashing of the surf and the shrill cries of the sea birds.

The cook, a Chinaman with a creased and pock-marked face, came out to announce dinner; his dirty white apron flapped crazily in the strong wind that was now whipping the calm sea into angry grey whitecaps.

In the cabin, a low, stuffy little hole, the captain lay on his back and watched the sea and sky all day and stared feverishly at the smoke-blackened ceiling far into the night. Often he muttered thickly to himself, his grizzled face darkly sullen in the flickering lantern light. But at other times his mood changed. When the professor came in, he became at once respectful and sympathetic. It was just that way of the professor's.

When he went to the curator of the Smithsonian and asked to be sent on this expedition, he was rudely laughed at. But after a few minutes' conference he walked out with a sardonic smile on his face and a contract for \$5,000 worth of turtle expedition in his pocket.

On the third day out from Sydney the captain had fallen sick, and each night Wilkins came to him for directions and suggestions. Koi, the Kanaka at the wheel, was the only experienced navigator on deck now; and the captain was not expected to be up before two weeks had passed. Koi was a tall, well-formed boy of twenty-one or two, whose skin was just a shade lighter than the usual copper

of the South Sea Indians. He had a peculiar, crooked smile that was very dazzling and attractive. He smiled only for two reasons: when he was happy or when someone else was in trouble. Once when the cabin boy was beaten for stealing sugar, Koi smiled to himself his crooked, brilliant smile. Wilkins noticed and wondered.

About four in the afternoon they anchored off the reef and sent the men ashore in the small boats. Garrison was brought aboard the first boat and comfortably lodged in a tent next to that of Wilkins.

The usual palms of the tropics were replaced by a short, stubby growth of brush, somewhat like the common palmetto. This unusual growth gave the island a peculiar appearance. When the prow of the boat grated on the sand, hundreds of birds sprang screaming into the air. The natives were startled for an instant; and the bay was silent except for the faint, now far-away cries of the frightened birds and the slapping of the waves against the boat. Someone laughed nervously, and like a flash the momentary oppression was gone.

Before night fell the camp was temporarily fixed, and all preparations had been made. Tents were pitched, and soon fires were flickering among the low growth of the island. Immediately Wilkins took charge. He ordered everyone to be up at break of day, ready to collect turtle eggs.

That night Garrison developed fever. He moaned all night, and his temperature ran up and up. Wilkins couldn't force him to take quinine. By morning he was in a dying condition. He raged like a devil until noon and then suddenly became quiet. His face was not red but white—chalk-white, and drawn and haggard. His eyes were not glassy as is usually the case in fever, but cold and sunken.

After noon the men began to come in with the eggs, those giant grey leathery eggs of the huge green sea turtle. Koi had a great turtle. Wilkins was elated. He was nervous and smiled continually. Turtles were rarely found save early in the morning, but this one had come up from the surf to guard her eggs. She had put up a furious fight. One boy had nearly lost an arm. The

skin was ripped and torn dreadfully, and the flesh was turning chalk-white around the wound.

The natives began to be restless. They knew that Garrison had the "turtle fever," but now one of their brothers was afflicted. Just before dark they all gathered back of the cook-tent and held a weird meeting. Koi, the young steersman, harangued them in a loud voice that rose and fell like the slow, steady throb of a tom-tom. His face was greatly changed. His eyes glowed and snapped; his cheeks were tinged with color; and his whole body threw itself into his speech.

They must do something immediately. Already their tribesman was in the last stages of his battle for life. They must save their brother, and the only way was to dispose of the other victim of the fever, the captain.

The young men began to nod among themselves; but the wiser, older ones were skeptical. What if there were but two white men and a half-score of natives? Their protests were overruled as Koi outlined his plan to them.

When the turtle cage was left unguarded, they would go to the professor and engage him in conversation. While his back was turned, they would free the turtle, the death turtle. If he went into the captain's tent, then they would know. The captain would be proved the offender, and the native would get well. Koi smiled his leering, crooked smile in triumph.

When Wilkins came out of his tent, the heavy sun was going down over the scrubby trees across the island, shading the camp in unearthly colors. The light seemed so thick that he felt as if he could tear it off in strips. His attention was taken from the sunset by the approach of the group of natives, ominously silent. He unconsciously steeled himself. Wilkins was a hard man, quick-tempered and violent in action; but he was somehow frightened by the approaching natives and the unreality of the landscape. He wondered why he grew so cold.

The men were eager and threw at him many foolish questions, which varied from beans to anchor chains and seemed absurd to Wilkins. He sensed danger. He was tempted by the natives staring stupidly over his shoulder, to look around. He was afraid of

trickery and backed up against the tent before turning his eyes. He stared stupidly. He forgot the men at his side. Why couldn't he move?

Across the small open space in front of Garrison's tent the sea turtle was slowly crawling. She looked like some gaunt, prehistoric creature crawling there on the smoky sand. Her eyes were sunken and shrivelled, and her long neck stretched out to see about her. For only an instant she hesitated and then made straight for the dying man's tent.

Wilkins remembered in a flash a description in the Ditmar's book on *Tropical Reptiles*:

"The species is distinguished by the pale shell and long claws. It is a carrier of the contagious disease known as 'turtle fever' and is a very dangerous reptile when it is afflicted by it. There is an old superstition among the islanders that turtles attack men to avenge themselves for wrongs done them in the past."

Then this superstition seemed foolish to Wilkins, but now it was far from foolish. The turtle walked surely as though she had a definite purpose in her mind.

The group was silent; white and brown had grown tense in suspense. They heard movements from the tent and a low moan from Garrison. No one moved. In a few seconds she came out again and made her way toward the sea. Her flippers dragged unsteadily in the wet sand. She turned her head just before plunging into the water, and the last ray of sun struck her head making two glittering stones of her eyes. She turned, and the grey foam covered her giant bulk.

The stupefied men came to life. Slowly they filed into the tent. Garrison was dead, a great slash across his temple. With all the natives crowded around him, Wilkins read:

H. R. Garrison,
Turtle Agent
Campbell's Soup Company

Wilkins glanced up through the tent flap in time to see Koi smile his crooked smile out to sea.

DISILLUSIONED YOUTH

WILLIAM EDGERTON

I stood high up on a mountain peak
And looked down in a Valley—
A magnificent Valley that lay in every direction
As far as I could see.
A land of joyful beauty,
Painted with singing colors—
Yellow and green and blue and purple and gold.
(Here and there were ugly, dirty spots of black and gray;
But they were few, and they shrank in shame
From the nobler colors of the scene.)
Beauty—
Strange, majestic, unfathomable beauty.
I gazed in awe

And my soul was happy.

Years passed,
And with each year
My love for the valley below me grew in strength.
Humbled—
Enchanted—
By grandeur that mortals cannot comprehend,
I lay upon that mountain top,
Looked down,
And wondered
Dreamed lost myself in dreams,
And was glad to be alive.

Slowly,
Year by year,
Restlessness overpowered me;
Eager, happy restlessness
Spoke to my heart and said, "Go down; explore."
The way was easy,
(All paths are easy when happiness is the goal)

And soon I was walking in my dreams.

Have you ever watched a circus parade?

You see it in the distance,

Moving in an atmosphere of noise and color.

(And of fascination, too—at a distance.)

It comes nearer;

Now it passes by you—

Passes so close that you could touch it;

And you see the dust and dirt beneath the paint;

You see the frowns that lie behind greasy masks of
laughter.

Do you remember?

As I wandered through the Valley,

I thought of circus parades

But it was foggy in the Valley,

And my eyes may have deceived me

Perhaps I just imagined it;

Maybe Fancy was the master of my mind;

Perhaps—but I don't know.

From that rugged mountain peak

I had seen beauty;

Now I looked upon a piece of clay—

Hardened, broken, crumbling bits of dust.

(Or was it just my fancy?)

Again I saw the colors of the Valley—

Yellow and green and blue and purple and gold;

But they were faded—

Harsh and rough and cracked,

Like the chafed hands of a washerwoman.

Thin, translucent colors—

I looked beneath them,

Saw dark gray and black

And—did I see scarlet?

Or was it just the fog?

Once more I stand upon the mountain peak,

And looking down,

I see distant beauty.

But somewhere in my mind
A thought lingers.
I look inward and see a tree.
Someone cuts deep into its trunk,
Mutilating, spilling life-blood.
Time passes, and the wound is healed;
But the scars remain.

* * * * *

Tell me, oh God,
Did I see Life—real Life?
Or were my eyes mistaken?
(It was foggy down there in the Valley.)



WILD WIND

SUSANNE KETCHUM

O wild, wild wind,
You have taken the glorious
Crimson and gold
That the trees of yesterday wore;
You have taken from the trees
Their colored leaves
And left them stretching
Empty arms
To a cold grey sky.
You are a miser, wild wind!
You have claimed all the gold
For your own.
Someday you will learn
That gold turns to brown
When torn from the trees
By a wild, wild wind at play.

AN UNWRITTEN NOVEL

BENJAMIN BOWE

STANDING near one of the entrances, Henry Shepherdson gazed about the brilliantly lighted ballroom. Everything was a mass of color moving in an atmosphere of intoxicating music. About the room he saw graceful figures, some of them dancing, some seated near the walls, others strolling here and there. Turning, he looked outside on the broad, tile-covered terrace and saw more figures, some of them seated in couples, others standing beside the stone parapet and looking down the steep mountainside at the valley that lay only half discernible in the light of a full summer moon.

"Yes," he mused half-aloud, "it's going over big."

Keeping to one side, he walked along the ballroom floor toward the platform on which the orchestra was playing. He would announce it just after this number. The man smiled grimly as he thought of it.

There, the music had stopped; everybody was clapping: now was his chance! For one small fraction of a second he hesitated. Why not let it go? Why not just drop the matter, pretend that nothing had happened, and—forget it? No one would ever find out

For just one swift moment he paused; then he determinedly took a long breath, like a swimmer preparing for a hazardous dive. He had carefully planned everything for this moment. He had borrowed money—a lot of money, more than he could ever pay back—just to make this thing spectacular; now he would have to go through with it.

The dancers had stopped their applause, and for a minute everything was still; in a moment the orchestra would start again. There, the leader was raising his arm—ready to begin the first note.

"Just a minute, please!" Shepherdson had stepped to the orchestra platform and found himself speaking in a loud, clear tone. "We have a surprise for you tonight," he said, "a surprise that is quite unusual. If you will come with me out on the terrace——" An excited murmur swept through the crowd and drowned out

the rest of Shepherdson's words. Slowly the people moved through the open doors; only the weary orchestra, whose curiosity nothing could arouse, remained in the ballroom.

Shepherdson led them to one end of the terrace; and as he turned toward his guests, an expectant silence fell over everyone. He glanced around once more and saw Lucy standing near the front, her eyes staring at him intently. Just as irresistible as ever, those eyes; for an instant they made Shepherdson falter. He felt himself weakening, just as he had done so many times in the past when he had looked into those eyes.

But he shifted his gaze and tried to put thoughts of Lucy out of his mind. He stepped nearer the edge of the terrace; then, turning, he stood a little more erect, raised his head a little higher, and with an air somewhat suggesting a swagger, he began to speak.

"My friends," he said, "you are about to witness something that you have never seen before and doubtless will never see again." He paused a moment and smiled faintly as he saw the puzzled expressions upon the faces of his guests. "You see," continued Shepherdson, "this dance is really a sort of farewell party—a farewell party in honor of myself." With one quick step he was on the low wall. "And this," he said, "is my farewell." Turning his back upon the crowd, he bent slightly at the knee, poised an instant, then leaped far out into the air and started downward in something resembling a swan dive toward the valley that lay hundreds of feet below.

Just as he left the terrace, Shepherdson heard an agonizing scream in a tone which he recognized as Lucy's.

Swiftly downward he fell. It all seemed so unreal, so like a dream, that he half expected to awaken and find himself in bed. Surely he was not about to die! Something would happen in a moment—something

He lived a dozen decades during those first few seconds. Pictures of his whole lifetime crowded upon each other as they passed before his mind. Once more he lived those happy childhood days when he and Lucy had played together. Then came that year in high school when he had suddenly realized that he loved her.

He still remembered how it had happened. One night he had dreamed of Lucy, and in this dream he had loved her from the

depths of his soul. Next day he remembered his dream and purposely walked to school with her just to see whether it was true.

After that Lucy had gradually become a personal angel in the eyes of Henry Shepherdson. She unconsciously held in her fingers the strings that guided his destiny.

Even now, diving headlong through space, Henry thought of those stories and poems—his first successful attempts—that he had written at college. All of them had borne marks of Lucy's influence upon his thought. And his later short stories—the ones that had brought him national recognition—he wondered how good they would have been if he had never known Lucy McDonald.

Still he was falling—falling toward Eternity.

Those little pictures continued to spring out of his memory and race through his mind. Now they danced before him, taunting him with thoughts of the past year—thoughts that were maddening in their persistence. He wondered if they were really true—those tormenting pictures.

After all, he didn't have any proof about it. Nothing definite, at least; and you couldn't tell what Lucy really thought by the way she acted. It was strange, though; she must have had some reason for it. Lucy didn't do things like that without some reason

But it was too late now; Henry Shepherdson had made his decision, and he could not turn back. Anyway, life held nothing attractive for him—not without Lucy. And he could no longer write good stories either. Something was lacking in them—something vital. He had lost the power to put into them that unexplainable element without which all stories are but lifeless combinations of words. Queer how one disappointment could affect him like that. Perhaps he was just a young fool

He was dropping much faster now; he could scarcely breathe for the rush of air. Probably half way to the valley—and still falling down down down . . .

Now the little pictures were lined up before him. He was looking at them all—seeing his whole life in one glance. Like an artist, he was surveying the finished painting at a distance.

Suddenly he bent closer to this picture of his life and examined

it carefully. He was no longer Shepherdson, the man; now he was Shepherdson, the author, and he had found a novel in his own experiences.

Only the bare outlines were clear to him; but as each precious, fleeting moment passed, the story grew more definite. It would have been a wonderful novel—a masterpiece. But Henry Shepherdson had made his decision: now it was too late. His greatest story—his own story—would remain unwritten forever.

And he dropped down and down and down—nearer Eternity.

Far above on the mountain top a horrified group of dancers stood mute upon that moonlit terrace and watched the figure of a man hurtling downward until it disappeared in the still, solemn blackness that lay below. Several long moments passed in silence—in a tense, expectant silence—chilling, penetrating, paralyzing. Then the prolonged crashing sound of a heavy body tumbling through distant tree-tops floated upward in the calm night air.



HILLS

GRACE HOBBS

These hills are mine.
God made them—gave them to me—
To love—to write poems about.
I drink in their beauty,
Love them,
Write of them,
And know that other flocks
Will pasture there—
Other poets will sing of them
When I am dust,
And my poems
Are sadly-remembering stars
Thinking of one who loved them
And the hills.

PERHAPS

WILLIAM EDGERTON

Some day I shall die;

And on that day

Another ocean will be formed—

A boundless reservoir of unknown power.

My heart will vanish in a living cloud,

The cloud will fall as rain,

And each raindrop will grow into a wave

Upon my reincarnated life.

My arms will stretch beyond the earth's horizon.

Great ships will try to cross my restless surface;

And I will laugh and crush them in my fingers,

And drag them far below to feed my fishes.

For I will hate all men—

All those conceited little demons

Who manufacture halos for each other.

Many times will glory-seeking sailors

Launch their little splinters on my shores.

I will disguise myself

With calm seas and steady winds.

I will lead them far away—

Far from everything but rolling, heaving water.

Many days will pass.

The fools that crawl in chips upon my surface

Will say, "Behold us!

We are heroes!

We are greater than the ocean!"

I will chuckle,

And my laugh will rock their little piece of wood.

Then I will roar with laughter;

I will shake and roll and tumble about with glee.

I will raise a briny hand above their boat

And pull them far beneath my jovial surface,

And let them stay to entertain my fishes

With other jokes about themselves and all their deeds.

TO AN OLD WOMAN

ELIZABETH CRAVEN

You sit motionless in the sunny door
And heed not those who tread your floor.

For what care you for this curious crowd—
You who were once so young and proud?

You sit and watch with emotionless eye
Those who have come your treasures to buy.

For what care you for this curious crowd—
You who now sit with your old head bowed?

You sit with tear-washed eyes and gaze
Far out into the autumn haze.

And what care you for this curious crowd
And the auctioneer who shouts aloud?

You sit and watch and wonder why
It has not been your lot to die.

You who were once so young and proud,
Why don't you mind this curious crowd?

Is it because you've lost desire
And now are warmed by memory's fire?

PATTERNS

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

Magic Casements—G. S. CAHART AND P. A. MCGHEE

*She comes like the husht beauty of the night
And sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after.*

—EDWIN MARKHAM

Who could read such expressive lines and not be lured into the mystic realms of poetry? *Magic Casements* is a veritable riot of verse which brings color and beauty to the mind's eye. In it we find that which stimulates our interest and kindles within us a new love and admiration for poetry.

Magic Casements holds an appeal for every heart. It tends to satisfy each varying emotion of the soul, to quench every thirst for adventure, to quell every uprising of anger, to incite every kind impulse, to arouse pity for dumb animals, and to stress "peace on earth, good will toward men."

If we wish to indulge in light and fanciful reading, that which gives pleasure for the present alone, we satisfy our whim in the pages of this book. If we wish to study the deeper, nobler things of life, we find them there also. In *Magic Casements* one lives through a peaceful world, a world at war, a romantic world, an ancient world, and a significant universe of modernity and beauty.

After perusing this book, we are pleurably aware that our keenest interests have been stirred and satisfied. We close the door to our own magic casements with a desire to enter further into this land of mystery and delight—the land of poetry!

Marlin Smith

Byron—ANDRE MAUROIS

Maurois in his new biography tries to picture to us the true Byron as he was at his worst and best. I think that he realizes the two sides of Byron's life—is conscious of his weak character, his few or no morals; and at times I felt that he was in sympathy with him, more or less pitying him. He wants us to perceive Byron's "misfortune as a habitual passion for excitement, which is always found in ardent temperaments where the pursuits are not in some degree organized."

If, when one reads this wonderfully realistic book in which the author describes Byron's unhappy childhood, his home surroundings, and his unfortunate love affairs, and does not feel touched and almost moved to tears in places, there is something lacking in one's make-up. And on the other hand, if one can read this book and not be seething in a rage of passionate anger after finishing parts of it, in which Maurois shows us the side of Byron's character which was ruthless, heartless, cruel, loathful, beastly, and beyond endurance, there is also something lacking.

Maurois has a style simple but individual and different from any other biographer whose works I have read. He does make his readers feel the emotions of sympathy, understanding, and hate, and does it in a most interesting way. The author has a very vigorous and lucid style; it is forceful and effective. The book reads like a romance.

Elizabeth Leftwich

RAVELINGS

BLACKBEARD

NIXON HAMILTON

Blackbeard was a buccaneer
Who in colonial times
Would rob the foreign merchant ships
And steal their golden dimes.
They didn't call them dimes, of course—
Be sure to get this straight.
We call a dime, "a dime," but they
Would say, "a piece of eight."

The coast of Carolina was
His favorite rendezvous.
He'd hang around 'most every night
And rob a ship or two.
Then, at the end of every week—
Or so the legend goes—
He'd take the loot and bury it—
Just where, nobody knows.

We all admire this buccaneer
And read about his deeds.
Some seek his buried treasures
When the ocean tide recedes.
But if Blackbeard were living now,
And saw them digging 'round,
We bet he'd give a good horse-laugh,
And ask them what they found.

A MOMENT OF TRUCE

PHYLLIS HAGEDORN

It seemed to Robert Huntington that he had barely fallen asleep when he suddenly awoke with a start. Somehow he had a presentiment that all was not as it should be. Quietly he pulled on his lounging robe and slippers, took his revolver from under his pillow and his flashlight from the bureau, and tiptoed softly down the carpeted back stairs. Entering the kitchen, he paused only for a glance around the room. As he did so, he caught the gleam of a flashlight through the open French doors leading into the library. Swiftly but silently he advanced toward the light and, leveling his pistol at the stooping man, he coughed slightly. The man started and turned to face him.

"Have a cigarette, my good fellow; it's good for the nerves," said Huntington, reaching for a nearby cigarette box, not altering the position of the revolver in the least.

The man colored slightly. "Thanks," he said, taking a cigarette and lighting it.

"You know," said Huntington, "I've always wanted to have a talk with one of you fellows. I imagine your profession is a rather interesting one. Certainly I should say it holds enough excitement for anyone. Come, let's sit down and have a chat. Oh, by the way, have you a pistol?"

The man reached in his pocket and pulled out a small revolver which he handed to Huntington, who placed it with his own on a table. Then, sitting opposite the burglar, he lighted a cigarette.

"I shall be obliged to call the police station, Mr.—er—ah, I don't believe I caught the name?"

"Wilson's the name," was the reply.

"Well, as I was saying, I shall have to call the police unless you can give me a satisfactory explanation of your reason for being in front of my safe at this hour of the night. Now, mind you, don't bother about giving the old starving-wife-and-kiddies-at-home excuse—it's been worked to death—and, besides, you're too well-dressed to get away with that."

“Well,” said Wilson, “I don’t steal because I need the money, for I have enough of my own to last me the rest of my life; but—well—it was sort of wished on me. Ever since I was a boy, it’s been expected of me, and—” bitterly, “you see I’ve lived up to all expectations.”

Huntington looked at him questioningly.

“You’re what I mean, aren’t you?” The man smiled; it was a peculiar smile; Huntington was not sure whether or not he had seen one just like it before; in fact, he was not at all sure that it was a smile, so quickly had it come and gone. The man seemed to be mentally deploring the irony of fate.

“It’s this way,” he began. “I don’t know exactly how to say it, but—well, anyway—” he fidgeted and seemed rather embarrassed, “—to make a long story short, when I was a child, I was passed through a window.”



THE MAN IN THE VACANT CHAIR

HENRY BAGLEY

Ere the curfew tolls the knell
Of parting day, I wish to tell
A story that would fill with fright
A cave man, if 'twere told at night.

Being a man of practical mind,
And laughing at tales of the ghostly kind,
I boasted I'd willingly go anywhere
To chase any booga-man out of his lair.

At midnight when the clock struck one,
(Denoting that day had just begun)
I saw a house with a ghostly look
And a sign in the keyhole, “Beware—the Spook.”

I turned the knob and walked on in.
He turned to me with a mirthless grin,
And he looked at me with an empty stare—
The man who was sitting in the vacant chair.

I thought of how I'd laughed at tales
Of spooky stairs and ghostly wails:
And wondered if my hair, erect,
Would e'er regain its self-respect.

Then, mopping my brow with shaky hand,
I summoned what courage I could command,
And asked him, "Isn't the custom rare
For a man to sit in a vacant chair?"

For answer, the spectre turned its head
And slumped down into the seat, cold dead.
I walked up closer. He wasn't there—
The man who sat in the vacant chair.

Thus seeing a thing I didn't see,
I said, "This isn't the place for me".
And, caring not for spooks so vile,
I broke all records for the mile.



THE SHUTTLE

As one glances over the literary productions of high school students of today, one is amazed at the wealth of talent displayed. Everywhere, it seems, new poets and prose-writers are springing up to make us realize that there are even among us William Cullen Bryants and Edna St. Vincent Millays. One would perhaps not be going too far were he to prophesy that some of the work of these young writers will some day rank with *Thanatopsis* or *Renascence*.

These possibilities in the literary field may be seen in *The Beacon*, Cleveland, Ohio. The fall issue of this contains an excellent essay on "The Beginning and Fate of the Constitution"—an essay which, we learn, won an award in an oration contest sponsored by the *New York Times*. This magazine shows decidedly the capabilities of the high school student of today.

The *S. F. A. Tower*, published by the St. Francis Academy of Joliet, Illinois, is climbing above trite stories and hackneyed poetry. It shows remarkable possibilities in the field of writing. "Fire," by Audrey Walsh, is a good example of this.

The Critic of Lynchburg, Virginia, is an excellent sample of what the Southern youth is accomplishing in the literary field. This magazine excels in its unique style.

In *The Clarion* of Boston, Massachusetts, we find a poem entitled "Day Dreams," which we cannot refrain from quoting:

Have you ever in the warm still summer
Sat and dreamed the day away?
Or built fine castles in the air
When you should have been at play?

And you wouldn't—not for anyone—
Have breathed them to a soul;
But you wove them all together
Till they made a perfect whole?

Here is another poem that is inspiring; it comes from *The Dial* of Brattleboro, Vermont, and is headed "A Road." We quote two stanzas of this:

I know a road, a winding road
That wanders on its way,
From velvet night with jewel star,
Into another day.

A road that's fringed with leafing trees,
Beneath which flowers lie;
A road that feels the scent of pine
And breezes rushing by.



THE WEAVERS' GUILD

THE KEEPER OF SHADOWS

LOUIS BROOKS

SHADOWS, vague, pantamorphic, fell along the wall. There was something invidious, strangely terrifying about these shapes. It was as if demon forms had raised themselves from some subterranean abode and were dancing upon the rim of their abyss, dancing and casting frightful shadows. Anyone passing along the wall would be arrested by these swiftly moving forms. It was always so. Perhaps the twisting smoke columns from nearby stacks had something to do with it, the smoke lines and the searchlights. Servants going home at night avoided the place; children connected it with dreams of goblins.

A man came along presently and stopped by the wall, leaning against it heavily. In the dim light his body was but vaguely visible. Only his face was illumined, his features brought into relief by a distant street lamp.

An unusual face, this lean, almost haggard, yet handsome in a vigorous way. A faint stubble of beard added to its ruggedness. The eyes were sorrowful, sorrowful with a tragedy too great to be the burden of one being; sufficient they seemed to express the agony of a bleeding world. It might without paradox have been the face of a Christ or of a Judas. It was a face of shadow, belonging to the shadows on the wall.

In the daytime this man was a tinsmith, but in the night he was a friend of shadows, a dweller in the shadow-world. He came often to this wall, came till his body, blurred, tenebrous, became a

part of the greater blur playing upon the stonework. He came here to think, and his thoughts, too, were shadows—shadows of dead days and empty nights, shadows of desires that were stabbing pain. He came here and stood, and brought these shadows out from within himself and watched them twist about him tentacle-like. They drew his heart tight, twisting about it. They gripped around his body and filled it with an interminable ache. Sometimes he watched them mingle with the shadows on the wall, and then he would forget them for a while and be almost happy. He was the keeper of these shadows and he played with them at will. He kept them shut within himself in the day time, and they consumed him with a horrible slowness. When he let them out at night, they sprang up in a bright flame of old ecstacies and fell again in a dull grey of dead ashes.

He never dreamed that an artist would have said, "Here is a man who might be Christ himself, or Judas Iscariot." He only knew that he was the keeper of shadows and that he came to this wall to watch them.



