HOMESPUN

DIXIE ISSUE

HOMESPUN

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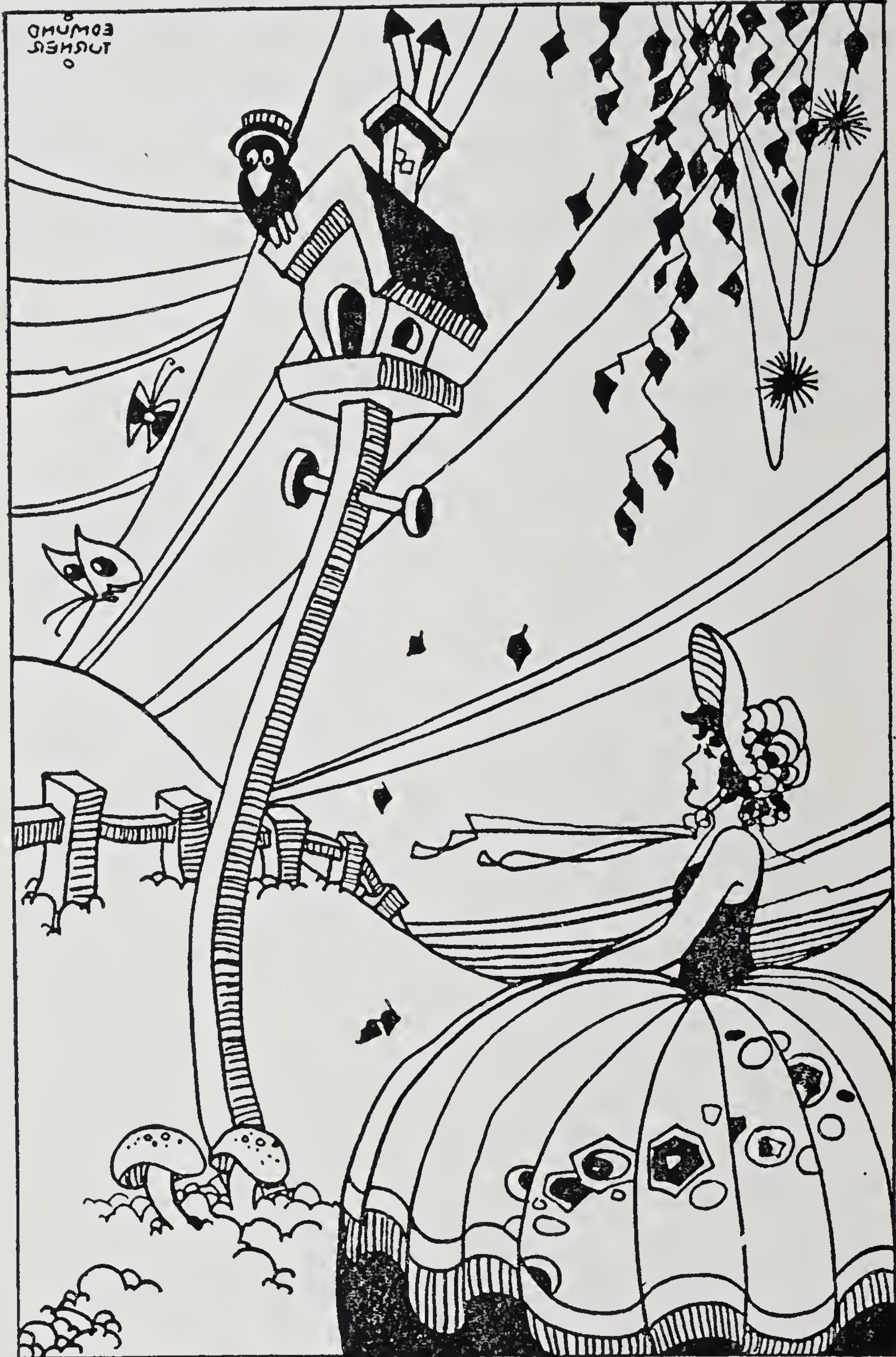

Dixie

Sarah Ferguson

Negroes singing,
Soft winds bringing
Fragrance of the lilac bloom,
Shadows drifting,
Moonlight sifting
Down on weeping willow trees.
Banjos strumming,
Soft low humming,
Starlight in the midnight sky.
Lovers strolling,
Moonbeams holding
Hearts in mellow golden glow.
Blue eyes dreaming,
Gold hair streaming,
Stirring on the gentle winds.
Sweethearts thrilling,
Romance filling
Southern lands with warm young love.

Early Writers of the South

Doris Hogan

"The South is a land that has known sorrows; it is a land that has broken the ashen crust and moistened it with its tears; a land scarred and riven by the plowshare of war and billowed with the graves of her dead; but a land of legend, a land of song, a land of hallowed and heroic memories."

In 1861 the fiery serpent of war glided over the South. Every able-bodied man was called to arms, and a great shadow fell over the land. Customary occupations were interrupted. Homes were broken up. The time-worn institution of slavery was soon to pass. The South was undergoing terrible experiences of the mighty conflict; the souls of her people were aroused by the struggles: passions, partings, heroism, love and death were ever present. These were effective in the expression of genuine feeling and real character. While the battle raged Southern writers sent forth their tales and poems of emotion, pathos, trials and hardships, recounting the camp and hospital and prison life. They were genuine and sincere; they were instinct with life. In this respect the war writers, especially the poets, laid the foundation for the post-bellum literature.

Among the greatest of the Southern writers of this early period are Francis Orrery Ticknor, Henry Timrod, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Margaret Junkin Preston, and Sidney Lanier. These poets all reflect an ardent loyalty to the Southern cause. Their lives and works, both, express the spirit of the Old South.

Francis Orrery Ticknor had no idea of becoming a poet; he was wedded to his profession as a doctor. He wrote verses quite often for the pleasure of his friends. After his poems had served the purpose of pleasing his associates, he usually destroyed the manuscripts. During the Civil War, in the midst of smoke and carnage, there was born in him a deeper poetic sense. His close contact with suffering and privation, in the capacity of physician, gave rise to a finer perception of life's realities. He wrote during this

period some of his best poems. Back of them was actual experience. He had seen life at its face value. His masterpiece is "Little Giffen." This interprets more vividly the stirring heroism of Southern youth than, perhaps, any other poem of the war. "The Virginians of the Valley" is another of his best and most widely known works.

Henry Timrod is another one of this group of poets who celebrated the Confederate cause. During his life this young South Carolinian suffered perhaps more than any other of his fellow poets from the war and the reconstruction period. Gradually his fame has spread until now he is universally recognized as one of the four or five major poets of the South. Timrod was too frail to bear arms or undergo the hardships of military life, but he went to the front as a war correspondent. Continually was he helping the Southern cause by composing fiery war songs, which fed the flame in the souls of war-worn veterans and urged them on to greater deeds. Through these battle hymns was created a spirit of nationalism never felt before.

By far the best-known and most highly praised of Timrod's poems is "The Cotton Boll." It is largely a nature poem but concludes with a strong patriotic appeal. His "Carolina" and "A Cry to Arms" are stirring war poems.

Although never attaining the level reached by Timrod's best works, the poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne rank among the best produced during the period. Hayne, like many other young Southerners, of good family, prepared himself for the bar. But the call of poetry was strong within him and gradually drew him away from the tedious atmosphere of the law courts. During the Civil War he threw himself whole-heartedly into the struggle, writing numerous poems centered about the titanic conflict. Among the best of these are "Lyric of Action" and "The Heart of a Patriot."

The chief woman poet of the early South, in fact of America, was Margaret Junkin Preston, of Virginia. Although born in the North, she belonged to the South because of her long residence there, because of her marriage to a noted Southerner, but chiefly because she espoused the cause of the South, and wrote her best poems and stories on Southern themes and in Southern tones. Mrs. Preston's journals pertaining to conditions and trials in that section

show her love for the South. She is the author of "Beechenbrook: a Rhyme of the War," written while the conflict was raging most furiously. She wrote poetry, stories, reviews, essays, and reminiscences of the Civil War. Hers was some of the purest poetry that ever came from the brain and heart of a woman, so critics say.

Among the best-known and loved of American poets is Sidney Lanier, the last of this group under discussion. He stands out among the greatest Southern writers of all time. Like many other talented Southerners, he threw himself with great enthusiasm into the Southern cause. As a soldier, he spent much of his time inspiring and cheering his comrades with his gay verses and his flute-playing. In the darkness of an army prison his cheerfulness lightened the burden of those about him. Much of Lanier's poetry pertains not to the Civil War but to nature. He expresses vividly the charm of Southern woodland and stream, especially in his native Georgia. This is the dominant note of his best poems, among which are "Marshes of Glynn," "Sunrise," "The Symphony," and "The Song of the Chattahoochee."

Southern Romance

Alethea Sykes

A stately mansion, white and cool,
A summer's night, a shimmering pool,
Magnolia blooms of creamy white,
The moon and stars shedding their light.
A handsome man, a maiden fair,
Two bright blue eyes and golden hair.
Voices crooning, breezes sighing,
The lonely note of the whippoorwill's crying,
An old garden, a marble bench,
The scent of roses—Southern romance.

In Dixieland

Marion Geoghegan

Spontaneous hospitality is one of the most distinguishing features of the people in the old South. It was a universal feeling, based on a sentiment as pure as can animate the human mind—easy, generous, and refined. The people were gentle, cordial, and simple; to strangers perhaps there was a slight trace of stateliness.

The old Southern gentleman and his wife were ever ready to open their home to their friends and relatives, who often came and stayed for a month or two, or as long a time as they pleased. One was never invited to dinner, but "to spend the day." On Sundays every one invited every one else, and long lines of carriages passed in at the open gate.

Dances, candy pullings, parties, and teas filled the life of the younger generation, but conversation was one of the most delightful and remarkable pastimes of the older folk. Every one was expected to know about the crops, roads, politics, mutual friends, and the neighborhood news, related not as petty gossip, but as affairs of common interest which every one was entitled to know.

The courtly gentleman's conversation was as brilliant and refined as his social graces. Questions of a political nature took a place of honor in his speeches. State and national politics, and British as well, were interesting discussions. "My father's" opinion was quoted as conclusive authority on all points, and in matters of still greater importance, "my grandfather, sir," was cited.

Of all the holidays and entertainments loved by the Southerners, nothing was better celebrated than Christmas. It was distinctly "The Holidays," and time was measured by it. It was either so long "since Christmas" or so long "before Christmas." Plantation affairs were arranged by it. Months before, the harvest was laid in, meat cured, and servants' new clothes were stored away for distribution.

Children and friends came from schools, relatives returned home for the festivities, and the house was again full to overflowing.

The gathering of hickory firewood, evergreens, and mistletoe was the sign that Christmas had come. Then came the snow, and the ice pond was frozen again. Excitement increased, and the neighborhood grew merry. The boxes were unpacked with mysterious secrecy, a process which stimulated the curiosity to the highest point, and added to the charm of the occasion.

Dark, bustling figures filled the kitchen with their merry laugh, while preparations in the culinary art were in full swing.

Christmas day was one great event. Long before day every one was up, and soon the servants were at the house shouting their "Christmas gif', master!" Prayers were held before breakfast, and a large part of the day was spent in the church where the service was read, and hymns were sung by everybody.

After dinner there were games and dances, the lancers and quadrilles. Infectious dancing tunes filled the old home, both young and old joining in the merriment.

There were only profusion and gayety, fun and merriment, sincerity and cordiality, and, above all, there were genuineness and refinement. Truly the Southerners lived a charming life!

Pages From an Old Diary

Frances Cartland

June 24: I have not had time to write in you lately, diary, but I must take time to write every day about my visit while I'm here in Virginia.

Mother had told me so much about the South, that when Molly asked me to come I could hardly wait to go. Of course, I had never seen Molly, but I was sure that she would be as nice as Mother said her mother was. I had a lovely trip down, and arrived in the town at 6:30 this morning. I had hardly been there a minute before a lovely black-haired girl rushed up to me and said,

"I just know you are Betsy Randolph, for I've seen your tintype."

It was Molly. Then her father and Bill, her brother, came up to greet me. Her father is tall and stately looking, but Bill is not so tall and has black hair, also. We rode to what they call the plantation, in a pretty red wagon. We got there about eight o'clock and ate breakfast. Then Molly showed me the plantation. Oh, it is a place with houses for slaves and all kinds of buildings! I can hardly get used to it, after the crowded North. I was somewhat scandalized when Molly picked up a black baby, but I did enjoy Mammy Cotton's stories.

Tonight Mrs. Richmond, Molly, and I went to a Mrs. Chaney's to a quilting bee. I did not know what one was, but soon found out. There were several older women and about six girls besides us. I do not need to sew at home because we have a sewing woman, but I learned to do the running stitch. It may be called the running stitch, but I could not do it that fast, as I was very awkward in handling a needle. About nine o'clock Mrs. Chaney served delicious molasses cookies and chilled buttermilk. This combination was very good. Joe, the coachman, drove us home.

June 25, 18—: I am having such a good time. If only I might stay a month instead of a week, but I can't leave Mother for so long.

This morning Bill drove me into town to see Misses Jenny and Mary Lee, friends of Mother's. I enjoyed visiting them so much. They urged Bill and me to stay and eat dinner with them. How good it tasted!

We stayed a while with them, and then went home because Molly was to have a dinner party tonight. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond did not eat with us. They were just young folks. All the girls were here that had been at the quilting bee and a boy for each girl. Bill sat beside me and Jim Andrews sat next to Molly. I think probably *they* like each other very much. We had what I know is called a true Southern dinner. There was crisp brown fried chicken, new green peas, fresh sweet potatoes, turnip greens, tender cabbage, fried corn bread, flaky white biscuit, buttermilk, sweet milk, stewed corn, rice, brown gravy, apple and mince pie, and chocolate layer cake. Oh, what a dinner! I'm sure I'll have bad dreams tonight. After supper we sat on the porch and listened to the darkies singing. It was rather late when all the company departed in their various coaches.

I must stop now, as Molly wants to sleep, but I will write again tomorrow night.

June 26, 18—: Such a time as I had at that candy pull! But here, I must not jump into the middle of my story. This morning and afternoon, Molly and I did not go off or have any company. We went down to the negro quarters in the morning. Mammy Cotton told some more of her stories. Before we realized it dinner was ready and after it Molly read, and I wrote another letter to Mother. Tonight Molly, Bill, and I went to Jane Norwood's candy pull. What fun it was! We went right back to the kitchen, and were given large white aprons that enveloped us from head to toe. As I didn't know anything about making candy, I buttered the pans with Bill's help. Molly and Jim with two other boys and girls pulled taffy. Jane and three girls beat another kind of candy. The rest of the people were engaged in various other occupations. In New York we always buy our candy, but this was much better.

When it was all done we went in the front room and ate it. Oh, what a jolly crowd all those boys and girls are. I did not feel a bit out, although they did tease me about my talk. However, I answered right back and said,

"Just you wait until you come up North. There you will get laughed at for your funny speech, too."

On the way home I had a little scare. Something very like a scarecrow jumped from the bushes in front of our horse. But it was only a poor runaway slave.

JUNE 29, 1800: I have been too tired, my diary, to write in you for the last three days. Every minute has been occupied by visiting, spending nights out and the like. Really, I'm too tired to write now, but had to put in a few lines. Let me confess here that I am afraid I am in love with Bill Richmond. But I wouldn't let him know it for anything—not by a word or look. I——

JUNE 30, 18—: I ought not to be writing this tonight, as it is late, but I must tell of my last night here. We went to Josephine Dunley's ball. I wore my green flowered dress and Molly wore a dimity dress. Every one for miles around was there. The ballroom was beautiful and the negro quartet was lovely. I enjoyed dancing so much.

Now comes the exciting part of my story—Bill loves me, diary! This is how it happened. It was an extremely warm evening, so Bill and I strolled on the lawn during one dance. We came to a dear little summer house with roses climbing over it and went in and sat down. Immediately, without any warning, Bill told me he loved me and asked me to marry him. I can really say I was surprised, because he had never acted as if he liked me any more than any other girl. Just as I said "Yes" to his proposal, my partner for the next dance claimed me. Oh, what a happy girl I am. Tomorrow I must leave here, but I'm coming back soon, as Bill and I are to be married in September.

SOUTHERN CHARM AND THE YANKEE

ELVIE L. HOPE

CHARACTERS

OLD MAN DOANE
VILLAGERS
CAPTAIN BROWN, *a Confederate Officer*
MRS. BROWN, *his wife*
LORRAINE BROWN
MARTHA BROWN
LIEUTENANT RICHARD WARING, *a Yankee Officer*

LIEUTENANT ROGERS
CAPTAIN JAMES GRAINGER
LIEUTENANT HEATH
MAJOR CRANFORD
} *of the Northern Army*

PROLOGUE

PLACE:

A street in Lincolnton, North Carolina.

TIME:

Spring of 1864.

SCENE:

It is late afternoon of a warm spring day. The exterior of Burton's store is seen at the left; it is an old wooden building with two windows on either side of a central door. Canned goods, etc., may be seen through the windows. A dusty road passes in front of the store, with low bushes bordering it in the background.

When the curtain rises, four men are seen on the porch, in various attitudes of contemplation. All are old and gray-haired, but one seems older than the rest. During the scene, he is listened to with respectful attention. All the men are smoking pipes, and one gathers the impression that this meeting is a daily occurrence. The four are silent for a moment, then one speaks.

FIRST VILLAGER

Say, Tom, what do you think of the new-comers at the old Buchanan place? Is Missus Brown the Cap'n's wife?

OLD MAN DOANE

(The oldest of the group)

Yes, she's the Cap'n's wife—and a mighty fine woman, too. I knew her in Richmond when I was there years ago.

SECOND VILLAGER

(He is younger than the rest, and speaks more eagerly)

That's a right pert gal she has there; a real Southern gal. What's her name, Tom?

OLD MAN DOANE

(Reprovingly)

Man, Dick, will you never grow up? Allus wanting to know about the gals. *(All chuckle.)* Lorraine is the gal's name—Lorraine Brown. It's a beautiful name, and she's a beautiful child.

THIRD VILLAGER

Well, what did they come for—down here where the fighting's pretty close? Seems like it'd be too dangerous.

OLD MAN DOANE

What did they come for? Why any fool knows they came to be near the Cap'n. And besides *(He leans forward and speaks more earnestly.)* the durned Yanks burned their home in Hampton, where they were living, and they couldn't stay there. Everything they had is gone. *(He pauses for a moment, then continues.)* Sure, the Cap'n will be some anxious till he finds they are safe.

FOURTH VILLAGER

Doesn't he know they are here? That's right, though; I suppose he can't leave the camp for a while yet.

DOANE

He sent for 'em to come, but Lorraine told me this morning that they haven't gotten word to him yet.

SECOND VILLAGER

(After a slight pause)

Who else is here besides Missus Brown and the gal?

There's Julian and Martha, the two younger children, and the black gal, Lucy. She is the only servant they could smuggle through. The whole business is a durn shame, if you ask me. *(Reflectively)* What a home they had in Richmond, boys—and the food! *(He pauses, and gazes down the street. Gradually his face hardens, and his eyes begin to glitter.)* Now—they eat corn meal and sweet potato coffee with the rest of us, and think themselves lucky to get molasses to sweeten it with. *(Bitterly)* And those damn Yanks up there eat *our* chicken and *our* vegetables, that we raised ourselves. *(Suddenly forceful)* Oh, God, if I could get a whack at 'em! They wouldn't starve us long!

His listeners are fired with enthusiasm; they nod vigorously and into the eyes of each creeps the same light. But as they are silently busied with their thoughts, each eye grows softer, and the light is replaced by a pathetic look of helplessness. All gaze wistfully down the road as the curtain falls.

ACT I

PLACE:

In front of the Brown home.

TIME:

Three weeks later.

SCENE:

The house, a Southern mansion, is seen in the left background. A path lined with boxwood hedges leads to it from the right. In foreground is a formal garden. A trellis at left is covered with roses. A marble bench is in front of it.

Curtain reveals LORRAINE *and* RICHARD WARING *seated on the bench.* LORRAINE *is a lovely girl, about eighteen years old, tall and well-formed. Her black hair falls in curls about her shoulders, and her eyes are brown and very expressive. She is pale and seems much disturbed.* RICHARD *is six feet tall, with a splendid physique. His hair is light and wavy; his eyes are ordinarily merry and laughing. Just now, however, he is serious and speaks with some hesitancy.*

RICHARD

Lorraine, I—I—am going away tomorrow.

LORRAINE

Yes, I know.

RICHARD

(Reaches into his pocket and draws out a tiny miniature. He holds it out to her.)

Will you keep this in memory of me?

LORRAINE

(She gazes at the thing in silence. It is RICHARD'S *own portrait. Her face shows her conflicting emotions; doubt, hope, and a love that she struggles to hide give way to bitterness. She looks scornfully at* RICHARD. *Suddenly she snatches the picture from his hand and throws it on the grass, grinding her heel into it. There is a tinkle of broken glass.)*

That's what I think of the Yanks! And that's what I'd do to you all if I were a man. Burning our homes and stealing our property! And you call yourselves men!

RICHARD

(Angrily)

You hot-headed Southerners started it all! You've got to be made to realize that you had no right to secede!

LORRAINE

(Furiously)

Who says we had no right to secede? The constitution doesn't. No one says it but those who think it not in accordance with *their* ideas of right and wrong. The United States had no right to secede from England, but she did it just the same! If we succeed, there will be no question in years to come of right and wrong. If we don't——

RICHARD

We'll make you come back, and some day you'll thank us for it!

LORRAINE

(Shakes her head and looks at him proudly)

No! You can't whip the South and strip her of her pride and take from her all she holds dear, and expect to have her thank you

in return. Just as surely as you drive the South to the wall, and as surely as she returns to the Union you'll find a Something gone ——that Something that made her first always in the cause of Liberty—that Something that produced more Presidents than any other section of the country—and the greatest men this country has ever seen or ever will see. Your Mr. Lincoln is a Southerner and I think he realizes that it is a mistake to drive us. He knows, I think, that the South will be ever like a sensitive child, whose beloved father has whipped her for the first time. She may realize that it was for the best, but she will never forget; she will obey perfectly, but there will never be the same feeling of love, of trust, and of confidence. I tell you that is what will happen, and that is why Mr. Lincoln's face is so sad. *He knows!*

During this speech, RICHARD *watches her angrily, but his anger gives way to admiration as he sees her face become more and more beautiful in her enthusiasm, and her eyes glow with a splendid light.*

RICHARD

You plucky little rebel! You *do* love your South, don't you?

He stoops to pick up the pieces of the miniature, and his face shows his hurt. Lorraine notices this, and instantly her face softens.

LORRAINE

(Impulsively)

Dick, I am sorry. But why did you give it to me?

RICHARD

(Eagerly)

Don't you—Lorraine, surely you must know that I love you! I——

LORRAINE

(Springing to her feet in agitation)

Don't! Please don't!

RICHARD

(Goes to her)

But why? Surely——

LORRAINE

Because you see, Dick, I—I love you, too, and I—mustn't!

RICHARD

(Tries to take her in his arms)

Thank God. Then everything is going to be all right!

LORRAINE

(Gently but with a break in her voice)

No, Richard. Everything is all wrong. Don't you see that it is impossible? I couldn't marry a Yankee. *(She begins to sob.* RICHARD *starts toward her, but she waves him away.)* Please go, Dick.

RICHARD *looks at her for a moment with all his heart in his eyes, then turns slowly and goes out left.* LORRAINE, *wiping her eyes, goes to the bench and sits down. As she does so, a figure comes slowly toward her from the path at right. It is that of an old man, bent and broken, with snow-white hair and mustache. He is dressed in the tattered remnants of a Confederate uniform. When* LORRAINE *sees him, she gives a startled gasp.*

LORRAINE

Who—who are you? And what are you doing *here?*

THE MAN

(Pathetically)

Lorraine, don't you know your own father?

At the first sound of his voice the girl starts, and as the man finishes speaking, she goes to him in wonder and looks at him intently. As she recognizes her father in this wreck of a man, she gives a cry and clasps him in her arms. Footsteps are heard, together with a scolding voice. LORRAINE *is more frightened than ever.*

LORRAINE

(Hurriedly)

Father, for heaven's sake, hide quickly! Mother can't see you like this until I have prepared her for the shock. Hurry!

CAPTAIN BROWN *goes behind the hedge at right, and* LORRAINE *goes quickly to left and seats herself just as* MRS. BROWN *enters with* MARTHA. MRS. BROWN *is a handsome woman, very proud and slightly pompous.* MARTHA *is a tiny girl, dark and extremely dainty.*

MRS. BROWN

It's outrageous! Positively outrageous! It's bad enough having those Yankees in the house, without having to feed them when we haven't got enough for—— *(She sees* LORRAINE'S *disturbed countenance.)* Why, child, what's the matter?

LORRAINE

(Trying in vain to keep her voice calm)

Mother, prepare yourself for a shock.

MRS. BROWN

(Going to her hurriedly and shaking her)

What is it? What is it? Not your——

LORRAINE

(Soothingly)

He's not dead, Mother. Please——

MRS. BROWN

Then what is it? Oh, I am all right; I can stand anything else. *(To* MARTHA, *who has begun to cry)* It's nothing, honey. Don't cry.

MARTHA

(Sobbing)

I want my daddy! I want him now.

MRS. BROWN *tries to quiet* MARTHA, *and* LORRAINE *goes to right behind hedge. She returns with her father. They stand a minute until* MRS. BROWN *looks up and sees them. She stares at her husband in surprise, not recognizing him. She looks inquiringly at* LORRAINE, *and seeing the anguish in her face, looks again at the man. She recognizes him now and, uttering a cry of joy and anguish, staggers to him. They cling to each other, while* LORRAINE *gathers the frightened* MARTHA *in her arms.*

MARTHA

Lorry, who's that old man hugging my Muvver? Tell him to go 'way!

LORRAINE

Sh! That's Daddy!

MARTHA

(Shaking her head vigorously)

No, it's not, either. *My* Daddy was straight and had black

hair like mine. *(Then as she sees* LORRAINE'S *eyes fill with tears)* Is 'at my daddy? Wha—what's happened to him, Lorry?

CAPTAIN BROWN, *his face lined with agony, comes over to* MARTHA, *picks her up and kisses her.*

BROWN

Yes, honey, this is your Daddy, but his hair will never be "black like yours" again. Three months at a prison camp and three weeks trying to escape those fiends is enough to make the devil's hair white! Thank God that's over, and you all are safe. Now I can get a little rest. *(*LORRAINE *and her mother look at each other in terror. In the joy of reunion they have forgotten the soldiers quartered at their home.* CAPTAIN BROWN *sees their fear, and the former look of a hunted man takes the place of the new look of joy and relief.)* What is it? Aren't we safe here?

MRS. BROWN

No! You must go at once! There are five Union officers quartered here! Oh, my God, what——

Without any warning, RICHARD, LIEUTENANT HEATH *and* MAJOR CRANFORD *appear at right.*

CRANFORD

I thought I—— Hello! what have we here? A Confederate officer! *(Waves* MRS. BROWN *away as she starts forward)* Just a moment. *(To* BROWN*)* You, I presume, are Captain Brown. *(*BROWN *sees it is useless to resist, and nods.* CRANFORD *gazes at him in silence.* BROWN, *with* MARTHA *in his arms, is at left center with* LORRAINE. MRS. BROWN *is center, and the three Yankees are at right.)*

CRANFORD

Well, sir, you are under arrest. Heath, take him to the stable. We'll carry him with us when we leave tonight.

MRS. BROWN *gives a cry; the* CAPTAIN *groans.* HEATH *exits with the* CAPTAIN.

CRANFORD

(To MRS. BROWN*)*

May I have a word with you, Madam?

MRS. BROWN, *too stricken to speak, nods. They go out right.* LORRAINE *stretches her arms toward where her Mother has dis-*

appeared, then sees RICHARD *and drops them.* RICHARD'S *face is troubled, and* LORRAINE *suddenly forms a plan. She goes to where* RICHARD *is standing at right.*

LORRAINE

(Shyly, with averted face)

Richard?

RICHARD

(Turning toward her eagerly)

Yes, Lorraine?

LORRAINE

Dick, I—I—I will marry you any time you say, if you will help Father to escape. *(Pleadingly)* You *must* do something! I can't bear any more! *(Her voice breaks.)*

RICHARD

(With great tenderness)

Don't, dear, please. Lorraine, you know that I would do anything else in this world for you, but, don't ask me to do this. Dear, don't you see that I can't?

LORRAINE

(Her voice very cold)

And yet you say you love me?

RICHARD

(Groaning)

I do! More than anything else in the world.

LORRAINE

But you refuse the first request I ask of you!

RICHARD

But it is a question of my honor and duty——

LORRAINE

Honor and duty—and I plead for my side only a man's life! Oh, don't preach to me of duty when you are killing my father! It will be killing him, too, because I know he can't stand any more of it! Did you think that wreck of a man is what he has always been? No, I tell you. No! That's what three months of a Yankee prison have done—changed him to that broken skeleton of a man! I might even forgive that, but they have broken his spirit! Defeated the finest man that ever lived, *(She is sobbing*

wildly, and her voice is terrible in her efforts to control it.) broken him in their hell of war——and they are killing the rest as surely as though by slow torture! And you preach to me of honor and duty! *(She laughs hysterically.)* I tell you—I can't—stand—it!! *(She rushes out.* DICK *makes an attempt to stop her but she brushes him aside.)*

Enter ROGERS, GRAINGER, *and* CRANFORD *from left.*

CRANFORD

Grainger, are you ready to move?

GRAINGER

Yes, we have finished cleaning up the village. There's barely enough food for those people down there, but your orders were to take everything we could use. I don't like this business at all, taking even food away from helpless women and children. It's not right—it can't be right, and orders or no orders, I don't think we ought to do it!

CRANFORD

(Sharply)

That's enough, Grainger. We're not interested in what you think. Now listen, you three. Mrs. Brown has absolutely refused to let us have any horses or supplies. Waring, I want you to tell her that unless she gives in and tells us where they are hidden, we will give her exactly twelve hours to clear out, and that we will burn this house to the ground. Go now!

RICHARD

But surely, Major Cranford——

CRANFORD

Do are you are told, Lieutenant Waring! And if she refuses, tonight you shall have the pleasure of setting off the bonfire!

WARING *goes out left, returning almost immediately.*

RICHARD

She refuses, sir. But I beg you, think of——

CRANFORD

Rogers, help Waring throw them out, now. And don't show them any extra kindness.

RICHARD

(Firmly)

I refuse to throw them out, sir, and I shall not permit you to do so!

GRAINGER

Be careful, Dick. You'll get in trouble.

RICHARD

I don't care! Those people have suffered enough at our hands. I'm——

CRANFORD

Lieutenant Waring, you are under arrest for defying a superior officer. I shall not confine you, because you are needed, but I put you on your oath as an officer and a gentleman, not to leave these grounds. You understand?

RICHARD

(Bitterly)

Yes, sir. *(He salutes.)*

Exeunt ROGERS, CRANFORD, *and* GRAINGER *at right.* MRS. BROWN *and* LORRAINE, *now desperate with despair, enter at left.*

MRS. BROWN

(With a sob)

Lieutenant Waring, can't you do something? My husband under arrest and that horrid Major preparing to burn our home and throw us out with no one to turn to! God help us!

RICHARD

Whatever I might have done, I am powerless now. I, too, am under arrest for refusing to obey orders. The great Major goes his way undisturbed! *(Angrily)* I wouldn't care for myself, but I can't bear the thought of Lorraine's being——

LORRAINE

(Eagerly)

Oh, Dick, take us away. Please, won't you?

MRS. BROWN

Do you think it can be done?

RICHARD

I don't know. I——

LORRAINE

Dick, please, listen. You can volunteer to go with Lieutenant Heath to take Father back to prison. We can let them burn the house and then come back for the supplies that are hidden near here. You can get rid of Heath easily, and we will meet you down the river about a mile. I know a good place. Oh, Dick, won't you? We can stay at Old Man Doane's cabin for a while. They'll never find us there.

RICHARD

(Hesitantly)

I don't believe—— *(As he sees* LORRAINE'S *eyes fill with tears, and* MRS. BROWN *turn away to hide her sorrow)* All right, dear, we'll do it. But God help us!

LORRAINE

(Softly)

He will, I know. And, Dick, we—we will be very happy. I can make it worth while, I think.

RICHARD

(Taking her into his arms)

I know that *(with a sigh)* but— Oh, well, to hell with duty! *(He kisses her.)*

Curtain

ACT II

PLACE:

The home of RICHARD *and* LORRAINE WARING *in Virginia.*

TIME:

Three years later.

SCENE:

The living room of the Waring home. Through French doors partially opened, one sees a glimpse of a wide veranda. The room is simply but nicely furnished. There is a settee in front of fireplace at left, with a table at the side of it. At right is a door leading to the house. Several armchairs and stiff wooden chairs are in different parts of the room.

The curtain rises to reveal RICHARD *and* LORRAINE *seated in front of the fireplace. Both look older.* LORRAINE *has lost her*

look of fresh beauty, but in its stead is a sweet, calm look of peace and happiness. She is holding a tiny baby in her arms. RICHARD'S *face is lined with care and he seems to have some trouble that is always on his mind.*

RICHARD

Well, dear, it is 'most time for Grainger to arrive.

LORRAINE

Yes, Dick. Do you know, he is the first one of your friends to speak to you. Even your parents——Dick?

RICHARD

What is it, Lorry?

LORRAINE

(Thoughtfully)

Dick, are you ever—sorry?

RICHARD

(Quickly)

Why no, dear. Of course not. What ever put that idea into your head?

LORRAINE

Nothing, except that I feel it is all my fault that your people and your friends won't speak to you. Dick, are you really and truly happy?

RICHARD

Of course, Lorry. Haven't I got you and the baby? *(A noise of carriage-wheels is heard outside.)* Come, there's Jim now!

They rise and go to center as JIM GRAINGER *enters through French doors. He is the same tall, distinguished soldier. His dark hair is tinged with gray. He and* WARING *greet each other with enthusiasm, then* GRAINGER *turns to* LORRAINE *and greets her.*

GRAINGER

How are you, Mrs. Waring? It is very good to see you again.

LORRAINE

We are so glad to have you with us, Captain Grainger, and I hope so much that you will enjoy your visit. And now I know you men have lots to talk over, so you'll excuse me, I am sure. *(Exits)*

RICHARD

Well, Jim, I can't tell you how good it is to see you again. It's been a long time.

GRAINGER

Yes, it has been a long time. How are things with you, Richard?

RICHARD

We are getting along very well. Lorraine is very happy.

GRAINGER

And you, are you also happy?

RICHARD

You are the second person who has asked me that today. Don't I look happy?

GRAINGER

Frankly, you don't. You look as if you have something depressing on your mind. What is it, Richard—anything you can tell me?

RICHARD

(Hesitating)

It's nothing—except—hang it, people think I am an outcast down here, and you know yourself that you are the first of the old gang to have anything at all to do with me.

GRAINGER

Well, Dick, you must realize the position that you placed yourself in by deserting as you did.

RICHARD

But, damn it, man, there wasn't any time to think of consequences then. Lorraine's words about honor and duty kept ringing through my head. And what *were* honor and duty when three people's lives were at stake? It seemed the only thing to do then. But now, I am not so sure. Lorraine is perfectly happy, and I would be too, except for that damning idea that I turned traitor, and the fact that no one thinks of the truth, that I saved their lives, and only considers the unnecessary facts. Lorraine's friends will barely speak, because I am by birth a Northerner, and therefore, in their minds, responsible for all the calamities that have come to pass. My family and Northern friends will have nothing

to do with me because they feel I am a Rebel. It wasn't so bad at first, for Lorry was the only one that mattered, but since the baby came, she hasn't had much time for me. And I—well I feel like the Man Without a Country. Sh! Here's Lorry!

LORRAINE *enters at right. She lays the baby in his cradle at right, and goes to* JIM.

LORRAINE

If you can spare him, dear, I will show Captain Grainger to his room.

They go out right, laughing and talking. RICHARD *is left alone. He stands a moment, then walks slowly to the cradle and picks up his son. He walks toward the center of the room, gazing at the sleeping baby.*

RICHARD

(Slowly and with much feeling)

Happy? I think I am, after all! *(A pause.)* Was it right? I—don't—know— *(With determination, in a ringing voice)* but so help me God, I'm going to see that *you* don't have to go through anything like it.

Curtain

Colors in the Weave

Sketches

Leta Stafford

The South

Then

Hurrying from room to room—excitement everywhere—children playing before a huge, open fire, popping corn—negro slaves with beaming countenances—a banjo quartet—the stately minuet and Virginia reel—charming ladies in hoop-skirts—graceful men bowing greetings—old negro mammies crooning the babies to sleep—drinking—cheerful farewells—silence, except from the negro quarters come the weird strains of a banjo and the clumping of wooden-soled shoes on the floor. Such was the old South of our grandparents.

Now

Hurry—ever hurry—cars swishing by—laughter—a negro minstrel in the corner of the brilliantly-lighted ballroom—painted women—men in full evening dress—the very undignified "Black Bottom"—the dashing Spanish "Tango"—the clock strikes four—couples desert the lounging rooms, taking leave only to go to some night club—silence, except from the street come a policeman's whistle and the din made by streams of cars. Such is the South of today.

The Quarters

Dick Douglas

Down through the oaks shines a pale, summer moon. It turns the streamers of moss, hanging from the boughs and swayed slowly by the breeze, into rippling waters of silver.

A little cluster of cabins, the quarters, stands at the edge of the clearing. Before one of them is seated a group of darkies. On the earthern door-step sits an old, white-haired negro, feebly keeping time with his foot to the plaintive, yet sweet, music of a banjo, softly strummed by a younger man, leaning against the mud-chinked wall of the cabin. Around him are several others who listen with delight to the player. Now and then, joining in, they add their voices to the music of the banjo in the medley of spirituals and folk-songs. Over to one side is a dog, sitting on his haunches. He gazes at the sky, ignoring everything except the moon. The lonesome hoot of an owl drifts from out the woods, sometimes accompanied by the call of a whip-poor-will. These sounds, however, only add a feeling of peace to the restfulness already brought by the scene.

The Big House

Sarah Ferguson

The slave quarters huddled behind the big house like children hiding behind a mother's skirts. They were low, white buildings with old boxes and broken chairs before the open doors. Marse Tom Chadwick was good to his negroes and they spent happy hours grouped around their doors, telling tales and singing.

The big house was white and had green shutters and a wide porch. Wisteria hung over the broad front steps and twisted and

twined about the stately white columns. The door always stood open; at night warm lights beckoned weary travellers to rest. The lawns were wide and smooth; they sloped gracefully down to the lazily flowing river. From the water oak trees, silvery mosses hung almost to the water's surface. At night the moon and river mists changed this place to a fairyland. Farther down the river was Marse Tom's wharf where his ships came in with supplies from England; chief among the cargo of his vessels were silks and shining satins and jewels and tiny shoes for his women-folk.

Inside, the big house was all cool and spacious with large, low windows and high ceilings. Most of the furniture was colonial, but there were some pieces brought over from England, the heirlooms of Chadwicks for many years. The hangings were of gay flowered chintz, and the flowers of spring climbed in delightful style over the walls. Everywhere there was light and gayety. The broad stair curved gracefully to the hall above. Here, on Marse Tom Chadwick's plantation, every one was free and happy and prosperous, from the blackest little pickaninny to Patricia, Chadwick's oldest daughter.

Mammy

Dorothy Donnell

As I wandered aimlessly through the grave yard of an old Southern church, one tombstone especially attracted my attention. "Mandy—always faithful and true"—this mainstay of plantation life had been laid to rest beside the masters of the home. As I gazed at it, my thoughts returned to scenes of long ago.

Reared from childhood in this one place, Mandy, no doubt, had learned to love and reverence the "white folks." She had made mud pies on the broad piazza steps and played around the large white pillars.

Her play days were short, however, for she soon was nurse to quite a young and mischievous mistress. As the little girl became a young lady, Mandy became the much loved and highly esteemed "mammy," and donned her red bandanna and stiffly starched, white apron—so characteristic of the Southern negro.

The negroes of those days who had kind masters and mistresses never tired of their labors, so long as they could help the ones they loved, for their love was unceasing, and their faith everlasting. In the heart of the South and of every Southerner there will always live the memory of the negro "mammy" and her "honey chile."

"Sleep, Little One"

Grace Hobbs

After the sun has gone to rest
Beyond the gateway in the west,
And the last glimmer of twilight dies,
And far above a whip-poor-will cries,
Across the air drifts a lullaby—
Its sweet tones rise to the starry sky:

"Sleep, little one, angels are near,
'Member, sweet chile, dat mammy's here.
She'll cuddle you clos'—now go to sleep—
While your mammy her vigil will keep—
Shet yer little eyes and drift away
Into the dreamland of fairies and play,
An' when de shiny dew drops fall
An' kiver flowers, and grass, an' all
Wake, dear chile, to see again
The beauty o' dis sunny lan'."

An Old-Fashioned Garden

Margaret Sockwell

In a hidden corner of South Carolina there is a lovely old garden. No one has visited it for a number of years. The time was when there was many a courtship in this garden, but the last fair girl has passed away and so the place is desolate. Did I say desolate? No, it is not that, for the birds do their wooing there, still.

The garden is now covered with briars and weeds, but in the old days there were hundreds of fairy flowers blooming there. The fountain has long since ceased to play; but the winged cupid, chipped and dirty, still holds his bow in the center.

The walkways are barely visible now. Once the daintiest of tiny feet trod them.

The sun-dial, alone, remains unchanged, except for a certain dinginess that attends it from the long passing years. Its message, "I only mark the hours that shine," still holds forth.

The enclosing hedges, now truly enclosing on account of their overgrown state, in the past were the neatest that the old gardener could make them.

A relic of the old South, this garden. When its master and mistress lived, they loved it and cared for it; and it shared some of their deepest secrets. Now, it lives only in its memories.

'Possum Hunts

Clarence Cone

The method of hunting 'possums is one thing that has come down through the years with practically no changes. A 'possum hunt is a grand adventure, and every one concerned has a good time except the 'possum.

'Possums must be hunted at night on account of their nocturnal habits, so the hunting party gathers shortly before dark, and proceeds to the scene of the hunt. When it is dark enough the long-eared hounds are released, and with eager cries they leap in search of a scent. Their baying may be heard growing fainter and fainter as they wander farther away.

Suddenly the voices of the dogs take on a new note as the scent of the quarry is struck. The hounds are encouraged from time to time by high-pitched calls or by the clear tones of the hunting horn. As the hounds gain on the 'possum, their baying increases, and takes on a more eager tone. Finally the hounds get too close for the comfort of the 'possum, and he takes to a tree. The interrupted baying of the running hounds then settles down into a continuous din as they stand guard at the foot of the tree.

The party, having hurried to the spot, sees the hounds grouped around the foot of a big tree, and a small furry object crouched up in the topmost branches of the tree. The hounds are then leashed, and one member of the party starts to climb the tree to get the 'possum. When he climbs as high as he can, he shakes the tree, and the 'possum tumbles down. Before the luckless animal can recover from his fall, he is seized by the tail and placed in a bag.

When the hunters grow tired of pursuing 'possums, they stop and build a fire. Then comes the most wonderful feeling of all. How delightful it is to sit around the crackling fire, and toast marshmallows. Finally the 'possum chasers grow tired, and go home to bed.

Thus it was that our ancestors hunted 'possums, and thus it is that we follow in their footsteps.

"Oh Deat' He Is a Little Man"

Marion Geoghegan

"Is he daid?" a frightened little negro boy whispered, as he stood cowering by the door, watching every movement of his mammy who sat by the side of the bed, her body swaying back and forth in her grief, moaning to herself.

"John Henry, you done gone an' lef' me—I may be nex'—. Po' John——. All dat I got done gone," she wailed over and over to herself.

A big negro man lay motionless on the bed. The pillow had been taken from under his head, and the bed placed east and west, with the man's head toward the west to make his suffering easier. His mouth and eyes had been bandaged to keep him from going to the "bad place."

George turned swiftly and darted out of the cabin. He ran up to the door of another hut a few yards away.

"He done gone, Aunt Becky. He done gone!" he cried excitedly.

Aunt Becky gave a startled cry, and then hurried over to Mammy Vic's. Some darkies who had been playing about the door became quiet, and soon began to sing lazily:

"Oh Deat', he is a little Man,
And he goes from do' to do'——"

The cabin soon filled with bustling negroes, each ready to help in the ceremonious preparation for burial. Mirrors and pictures in the room were carefully covered up, lest the dead man's reflection reach them. The old tin clock was stopped for fear it would run down and could never be fixed again.

Aunt Becky gravely procured a dish of salt and laid it on old John Henry's breast to prevent his body from swelling. She placed a silver piece over each eye so it would not come open. His shoes were taken off and his hair unplaited. Burial clothes

were draped around him, and the body was placed in a coffin which had previously been washed.

Mammy Vic sat silently by, watching all the preparations made over her John Henry's body, but she was afraid to help "lest John Henry think I wanta hustle him off." Aunt Becky took charge of everything, keeping all the darkies busy watching for any "signs" that might appear.

She took great pains to see that the house was not swept with a broom, because the dust might injure the "delicate substans in de ghos'." The bed clothes could not be removed for a week, nor the water with which the coffin had been washed thrown out until the corpse was moved.

Several negroes "set up" with John Henry during the night, lest he "git up an' walk all night an' lose his spirit." The body was "not railly daid until he's buried," and it was dangerous to leave it.

The next day Mammy Vic got out all her black clothes that she had been saving for years and years for all such stately occasions as deaths. The little darkies were dressed in black, and a black string was tied around the leg of all the chickens to keep John Henry's ghost away.

Three days later negroes from all around had gathered to mourn over old John Henry's corpse. At the funeral, the coffin was carried out of the house feet first. It was placed in a borrowed vehicle and carried to the resting-place.

At the grave the coffin was placed on a "coolin'-board" and lowered into the earth. A plateful of salt and ashes were placed on the coffin with the words "Ashes, take up from dis body all disease." Again ashes were thrown over the coffin while the funeral group said, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The last rites were said, and woeful songs were chanted as the body was covered with earth, each asking that poor John Henry be sent to "Hebbin."

John Henry was at last "railly daid," and poor Mammy Vic went home to mourn.

Mt. Vernon

Alma Wells

As the boat neared Mt. Vernon and I gazed upon the big white colonial house on top of the high bluff, my mind went back to thoughts of the old South and its fascinating life. Mt. Vernon is truly a typical old Southern home, and as I visited it I had a strange desire to be able to revert time and be a part of the life it so charmingly called up.

The home is surrounded by the beautiful Potomac River. The grounds around the house are neatly laid out with shrubbery and fir trees. The flower garden held my attention—my undivided attention for a long time. It was a flower garden such as one rarely sees these days. In between the winding rows of shrubbery are old-fashioned roses and little odd flowers. By the garden there is a glass-covered flower-house filled with little potted flowers. Martha Washington, I thought, must have been a very industrious wife to have had such beautiful flowers and such a well-planned garden.

Outside the big home there are several little houses: the office, the ice-house, weaving-house, carriage barn, and smoke-house. The office and kitchen are connected with the main house by vine-covered colonnades. This is a feature of the old Southern home also.

The big house, however, is the real attraction. The wide front porch, which extends all the way across the front of the house, overlooks the beautiful waters of the Potomac. As you enter the front door, you see the stair-case and two large rooms on each side. These rooms now contain cases with the personal possessions of George and Martha Washington. The dining-room, too, is very attractive with its quaint china and old furniture.

Upstairs there are many guest rooms. These are furnished almost alike. I was most attracted by the little beds with the four tall posts and the delicately colored draperies around the top. As all Southerners were—so were the Washingtons—ready for company always.

The kitchen was of interest, too. Cooking, I saw, was done by an open fire in the huge fireplace. The old utensils displayed were big—extremely so—but with Southern hospitality prevailing in the homes they were needed.

Mt. Vernon is a beautiful place today—a place which we like to associate with the romance of the old South.

Mammy's Lullaby

Winona Horry

Go to sleep fer mammy,
Shut yo' sleepy eyes,
The little stars are peeping out
Like fairy fireflies.

Now cuddle up to mammy
An' she'll croon to you awhile,
An' not let dem buggo's get yo',
Mammy's darlin' honey chile!

WARP AND WOOF

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The Romantic Charm of the Old South

The South of yesterday, bound to an ancient economic system, is no longer existent; but the charm of her colorful past, her traditions, is destined to live forever in song and literature. With a wealth of romantic background, it is no wonder that dreamers and poets are inspired to interpret again with the pen the romantic period that was once the South's. Hers is the sparkling life, gay, joyous, youthful, heroic, in a land of simple beauty where the full Southern moon casts silhouettes of gnarled cypresses along the river's side. There is French New Orleans, bubbling with revelry and merriment, in the midst of the *Mardi Gras*. Go to Charleston, Richmond, Savannah; each possesses a background unusual in itself; the very shades of old-time pirates and muffled sounds of war-

drums and the cannonade will thrust themselves upon you. It is one great picture: the moss-hung trees, the snow-white cotton fields, the great house and the slaves, the vast plantations of Georgia and Virginia. It is a picture, however, that can only be recaptured by the imagination and transmitted to others with pen and brush, for the Old South has gone forever.

The South has undergone a remarkable transition, a transition that is destined to result in a state of materialism and realism devoid of the romantic spirit of the past. It is a picture of this fast-fading past that this issue of HOMESPUN attempts to capture.

Henry Biggs

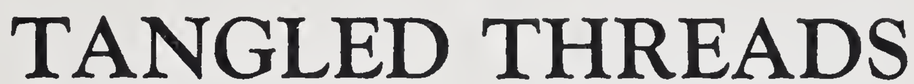
Thomas Hardy

With the death of Thomas Hardy, England's greatest novelist has joined the company of the immortals. While a great nation paid him homage at Westminster Abbey, ceremonies were conducted in his native town on Egdon heath with as picturesque a gathering as ever passed through the pages of his stories. There his own people whom he had given to the world through his novels honored him.

As long as the English language endures the work of Hardy will be remembered. He was one of the great Victorians; yet he did some of his important work in the transitional period and carried over into the modern era. Though slow in gaining recognition, he has come to be appreciated and his true position ascertained. It has been said, truthfully perhaps, that Hardy was to the English novel what Shakespeare was to the play.

Yet it was not alone as a novelist that Hardy displayed his artistic genius. Shortly after abandoning fiction in 1893 he wrote his long drama, *The Dyanasts,* which equals the work done by any writer of ancient or modern times. Then he devoted his time to verse and produced lyrics and other forms of poetry which rank him as one of the major poets of his time. Some even think that he will be remembered more for his poetry than for his novels.

J. D. McNairy



TANGLED THREADS

Remorse

Henry Biggs

Had I been dumb,
Blind, and deaf, and dead,
Her soft, sweet tones;
Deep blue inviting eyes;
And silent lips,
Flushed, throbbing lips,
Would ne'er have spoken.

Now that I know
(And, oh, too well I know!)
That I am lost,
I cast a white-hot flame
Of frenzied passion,
Growing, biting flames
Into a dungeon—
A dungeon cold,
Of dark despair,
To burn dead, gray ashes.

My Stamp Collection

Graham Cochrane

The cause of my starting to collect stamps was a very common one—a desire to be like other people. My best friend had taken up the hobby, and I was determined not to let him do anything that I didn't.

Although father objected to my wasting money on worthless bits of paper, he consented to let me buy a packet of five hundred different stamps and an album. The packet of stamps cost fifty cents and the album, sixty. I assorted these stamps by countries and arranged them in my album as neatly and correctly as I was able to do with my meager knowledge of stamps. With this packet of stamps as a nucleus I started to secure more. I ordered selections of stamps on approval from several different stamp dealers. With the small amount I was able to save from my allowance of thirty-five cents a day, I bought the stamps which I wanted and returned the rest, together with the remittance for those which I kept. This is the most popular way of buying stamps.

The only desire of beginners when they first start collecting is to see how many stamps they can accumulate from as many different countries as possible. They pay no attention to issues, sets, perforations, watermarks, and the numerous other things which make the collecting of stamps exceedingly interesting. Finally, the beginners tire of this form of collecting and begin to collect in a more methodical way. They try to complete sets and issues of stamps. Usually, a collector decides to collect the stamps of some one country. I decided to collect the stamps of my own country, the United States. My collection of foreign stamps, by this time, had outgrown the little sixty-cent album, and I decided to buy a new one, which cost me five dollars. The number of stamps in my collection had increased from five hundred to five thousand. Three thousand of these stamps are separate kinds. The other two thousand are duplicates. The little space in my new album reserved for United States stamps was soon crowded, and

it was necessary for me to buy an album for only United States stamps. The album I bought provides a place for every stamp that has been issued by the United States government. At present, I have about five hundred different kinds of United States stamps.

Very often I stop and wonder if all the time and money I have spent collecting stamps has been of any value to me. I think I have been benefited by my hobby in three ways—financially, intellectually, and practically. The value of stamps depends, like other commodities, on their demand and scarcity. Each year thousands of stamps are destroyed and thousands of persons become new stamp collectors. The stamps which I buy today and save carefully until I am a good deal older, consequently, become scarcer and more in demand. I believe stamps will be a safe investment as long as they are collected. I might mention here that the highest-valued stamp cost its last buyer about forty thousand dollars. This stamp is the only copy known to exist, which fact accounts for its value. It is not a pretty stamp; I have hundreds in my collection which are much prettier.

Now let us consider the intellectual value of stamps. I do not hesitate to say that I have learned more history and geography from my stamp collection than from all the courses on those two subjects I took in school. Although stamps are issued primarily as a matter of convenience in the payment of postage, the different governments vie with each other in seeing which one can issue the most beautiful as well as the most informing stamps. It is customary for stamp-issuing countries to honor their national heroes and commemorate the important historical events of that particular country by issuing stamps in their honor. Collectors of stamps naturally want to know why certain men were honored by having their pictures engraved on stamps. (By the way, this is a very high honor, and Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh is the first man to be honored by a stamp issued while the person thus honored was still living). In order to learn about these men or events, they read about them. This is a very interesting way to learn history, and it is a vivid way. Stamp-issuing countries engrave on the designs of their stamps their products and very often a map of their country. Most collectors read something about the countries whose

stamps are in their collection. This is a very good way to learn geography.

When I called the third value a practical one, it was for the lack of a better name. The two values which I have already mentioned are certainly practical ones. However, I am going to call this third value, practical. A study of stamps enables one to become very observant. Stamps are classified by their watermarks, perforations, shades of color, and the paper on which they are printed. To be able to classify stamps one has to be observant. In arranging stamps in my album I try to be as neat as possible, as other collectors do. These two habits are ones that everyone should acquire.

Although my expenditures in time and money have been somewhat heavy, I feel that I have been doubly repaid in both pleasure and information.

Back of Every Man Is the Jungle

Jean Barto

Down the long aisle of time,
From out the dim corridors of the primitive,
Out of the age of saber-tooth
And hirsute cave-dweller;
Dawn Man, Meoderthol Cro-magnon,
Babylonia, Egypt, Ur of the Chaldeas,
Greek, Gaul, Briton,
On into infinity of years,
Each and every bears the stamp of the jungle,
His law is the law of the pack,
His soul is the soul of the wild.
He is wolf, and orang, and fierce man-beast,
For his soul is the soul of the wild,
—Back of every man is the jungle.

The Incident at the Arsenal

Joseph Hendricks

The Confederates were hard pressed for ammunition that month. The supplies from abroad had been intercepted by the Northern blockade. Accordingly, a very busy scene was taking place at the arsenal in Richmond that night in September. A temporary foundry had been fixed up at the foot of the hill and the fire cast a brilliant glow as it shot up about the huge kettles placed over it.

Every man had been taken from his own work about the arsenal to help dip the molten iron from the kettles into the bullet molds. The bullets were needed at the front and every man was working as if his very life depended upon the number of bullets he cast. Even the pickets had been ordered in to take part in the job of molding the hot metal.

Perhaps that was why a shadowy figure skulked unchallenged nearer and nearer the dark arsenal up on the hill. It was a man who seemed to be well acquainted with the building in which the gunpowder and bullets were stored. He very quietly gathered a large pile of twigs and tree limbs and placed it under the wooden steps leading to the door of the arsenal. He lit the twigs which flared up immediately. As he got up from his knees, a woman's shrill voice right behind him almost made him fall into the fire he had just made. Screaming for help, she jumped upon him and sought to pinion his arms behind him. Shouts and the sound of running feet made the man jump up quickly. In the light of the fire he saw that his adversary was a young girl, dressed in fine clothes. She renewed her attempts to restrain him until help should come, but he was able to jerk out his pistol. In the struggle, he shot her through the body. As she fell without a murmur, he leaped up and ran.

The approaching soldiers saw him, however, and ordered him to halt. He kept on running. The soldiers' rifles went to their shoulders and a volley thundered after the running figure. While

putting out the fire, the soldiers stumbled over the body of the girl. She was one of the belles of the town and there was much grief over her death, especially at the arsenal, where she was well loved by the soldiers. The man was a Union spy who had somehow gotten through the lines and planned to destroy the arsenal. Maps and other papers which would have been of much use to the Northern army were found upon him when his body was brought back to the arsenal.

Night

Dorothy Donnell

When tired hands seek rest from work and toil
And twilight's rosy rays so soon are o'er,
Upon the earth the ever-soothing oil
The queen of night from her great store doth pour.
She steals so softly 'cross the heavens blue
That scarce the birds on lofty wing do see
That soft, white clouds, and their ethereal hue
Are wrapt in darkness; sink o'er meadow and lea.
A twinkling light from myriads of stars above;
A milky way across the heavens high;
The night-birds with their crooning songs of love
Make glad the reign of night in darkened sky.
Too soon, by far, she speeds upon her way,
For clear and bright there dawns another day.

And So the World Goes On

Irene McFadyen

"Dreams, books are each a world; and books we know
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
'Round these with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

Mary read these lines twice, then closed the book. Dreams and books had been her world for years. Ever since her sixteenth birthday she had wanted adventure and romance. And she had found them only in books and dreams.

Mary was poor. Her parents were dead, so she lived with her maiden aunt in an old drab house on the outskirts of a small, drab town. Aunt Susan was an invalid who had to be constantly waited upon. She did nothing but knit. Mary knitted too when she was not busy about the house. Whenever she found time she read her few shabby books. While she worked, she dreamed.

But today Mary was restless. Dreams and books had been her world long enough. She wanted——substantial, pure, good, or not.

She stood up in front of her mirror. She was not at all bad-looking. There was an arresting quality about her dreaming young eyes, if one stopped long enough to notice. Her wavy brown hair would be lovely if arranged by someone who knew how.

If she only had money—money would solve everything. There would be plenty of adventure then. She could go to the city where there were no chickens to feed and no milk to churn. She could meet interesting people, have beautiful clothes—how she wanted soft furs, gorgeous gowns, smart hats————

"Why was I born poor?" she asked her reflection. "Why do I have to feed chickens, churn, wait upon Aunt Susan, but do nothing else? If I could have one adventure, I would ask for nothing more. I would go on cooking, churning, and knitting for the rest of my days."

That same day Mary walked down to the postoffice to see if there was any mail. She found only a newspaper. On the way home she opened it absent-mindedly and began to read. It was not an ordinary paper, as could be seen by its name—*The Marriage Courier.*

"A paper in which one advertises if considering marriage!" Mary muttered.

She became interested. She looked at the pictures of the men. There was one which attracted her. Under his picture she read these lines:

> I am a young man twenty-seven years of age and successful in business. If anyone should care to correspond, my address is as follows:
>
> Richard Atkens,
> Box 236,
> L————, Mo.

As she finished reading, Mary had a sudden thought. Here was her chance for adventure!

That night after her aunt had retired, Mary went to her cold, bare room and, by the light of a dim lamp, wrote a pathetically formal note to Richard Atkens, telling him that she would like to correspond. She mailed it the next morning at the postoffice.

After it had gone, she began to worry. Should she have written it? Would he answer? Would he think her brazen for writing it? She almost wished she had not.

Three days later an answer came, in a racy, boyish hand. He tactfully ignored the paper, and acted as if they were only new acquaintances.

The correspondence began then and there. Soon Mary had told him of her drab, uninteresting life, and how she had written him for adventure. He, in turn, told her that he had run an "advertisement" in the paper just as a whim. They agreed in saying that they had not expected such results.

And then came *the* letter—the one in which he asked her to marry him.

Mary was scared. To think that someone loved her. She had loved him from the very first. But she could hardly believe that he wanted to marry her.

She did not know that Randolph Gray had begun this whim under the name of Richard Atkens because he wanted something new, or that he found what he wanted in her quaint simplicity. She did not know that he found in her his ideal, unspoiled and untouched. She did not even know his real name. She only knew that he wanted to marry her, and that her real life was beginning.

It was all decided by letters. He was to come the following Thursday. On Thursday, Mary dressed in her Sunday best. Her eyes shone with a happiness that was pathetic.

"Mary, you must be expectin' company," her aunt observed dryly.

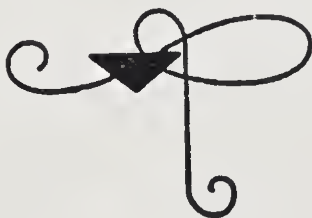
Mary did not even hear her. She was waiting. She waited a long time———. There was a suggestion of dawn in the eastern sky when she finally went to sleep on her wet pillow.

* * * *

A few days later Aunt Susan was reading a newspaper from a neighboring town.

"I see where some young feller had a wreck with his car and was killed last Thursday," she said. "His papers said he was a Randolph Gray. Serves him right for speedin'. Don't know what this world's comin' to. What are you readin', Mary?"

"Oh, just a few lines from Wordsworth's *Personal Talk.* I'd better go feed the chickens now."



Night

Alethea Sykes

A lovely lady in a gown of black
With trailing robes all twinkling with bright stars
Comes slowly stepping in the well-worn track
Of day; and so the brazen beauty mars.
O'er sinking sun her banner does unfurl
And sprinkles dew along the starlit way
That brings sweet peace to all the weary world.
Her soft breathing gently the trees do sway.
And too her crooning voice all beings lure
To sweetly dream of happiness and love.
Yet, her greatest gift to every creature
Comes straight to us from Him who reigns above;
Sweet sleep, the boon of every lonely heart,
May come to each and every one apart.

PATTERNS

From the Book Shelf

Eugene O'Neill, *Lazarus Laughed*

In this tensely dramatic and beautifully written play, O'Neill reaches the height of a brilliant record already established by *Marco Millions, The Great God Brown,* and other dramas.

The play opens, after the departure of Christ, where the family and friends of the man who has been so miraculously snatched from death await the first word from Lazarus as to what he has seen and heard in the Beyond. And the man speaks, "There is no death; there is only God's eternal laughter." Such laughter falls from his lips, and he is able to hold any one to his will; but the tragedy of the story and the theme of the play is that he can only convince his listeners of the fact that there is no death while in their presence; when he is gone, the old fear returns, and the crowd goes back to its old beliefs.

Through a series of tremendous events, Lazarus meets Caligula, who can survive only while death is believed in; and the Emperor Tiberius and his wife, Pompeia.

Miriam, the wife of Lazarus, is exquisitely conceived as love, misunderstanding, but worshipful; and the choruses typify the seven stages of life.

Tiberius, fearing to believe in Lazarus and knowing the danger of inciting the human race to laughter, condemns the man to be burned to death. Lazarus himself knows that men are not prepared to receive his Revelation and some of his speeches are terrible castigations. The following speech is the keynote of the play:

"That is your tragedy! You forget! You forget the God in you. You wish to forget! Remembrance would imply the high duty to live as a Son of God—generously!—with love!—with pride! —with laughter! This is too glorious a victory for you, too terrible a loneliness! Easier to forget—to become only a man—to live by denying life!"

The intense emotion displayed at the crisis of the play is splendidly written. Miriam, weary of trying to understand her husband's views, kills herself at the feet of Tiberius. Lazarus, worn out with the struggle that he knows can have but one ending, and saddened at the loss of Miriam, almost loses faith in his belief and there is a terrible moment of suspense until Miriam calls back from the Beyond, "Yes, there is only life!"

Elvie Hope

MARGRET KENNEDY, *Red Sky at Morning*

After *The Constant Nymph, Red Sky at Morning* is most disappointing. It may be difficult to write as good a book as *The Constant Nymph,* and perhaps if it had not been for this success, Miss Kennedy's last book would have seemed much better.

It seems as if the author has tried to carry through something that she is unable to. The story begins in a highly entertaining manner, and then the enthusiasm fails. There are too many lines of interest that are not brought together properly in the end. There is too much about Charlotte when nothing happens to her; Trevor and Charlotte both figure so much as to eclipse the principal characters. William's wife seems too important. A novel is a crisis in which every interest is supposed to reach a climax in the end. This is, I think, an uninteresting book, deftly written.

The characters are very vivid, and although they are extreme types, they are well-developed. The twins, William and Emily, live with their aunt and her two children, Charlotte and Trevor. They are the children of Norman Crowne, a famous murderer. The attributes that they inherit from him bring about their ruin. They start out on a beautiful career with high hopes of success, but the curse of the Crownes culminates when William shoots

his wife's lover, and Emily settles down into the sordid rut of a country housewife.

Miss Kennedy sums up the career of the twins in a beautiful passage: Trevor says, "No, it won't last. It can't last. Because they can't last. That's their charm. That's why everybody adores them; because they are made of something that doesn't last. Their career is as romantic as a soap-bubble, and that's the most romantic thing I can think of. You know how you have to watch it while it lasts. And you see all the things of your world reflected in it, only made lovely and strange and quite perfect, in a little, fragile, unreal sphere. And you see it drifting into all sorts of dangers, and just missing them, till it seems an absolute marvel that it can last so long. The whole romance of it is that you know it must come to grief. The solid, ugly things round it, the inevitable chairs and tables and fenders, are bound to collide with it sooner or later. It can reflect them beautifully, but if it touches them it vanishes. The twins are like that. They sail past dangers. They skim over them. They keep making incredible, miraculous escapes. But they can't always do it. Sooner or later they'll come into direct contact with the vulgarity and snobbery and cold-heartedness that's all around them, and they'll just—disappear."

Margaret Sockwell

Thornton Wilder, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*

The Bridge of San Luis Rey is a type of book that will appeal to the most refined of literary tastes. Its beauty is of that quality we associate with the products of medieval craftsmanship, with ancient tapestries and ancient cathedrals and with wine of ancient vintage. It is at the same time colorful, varied, a little grotesque, delicately fragrant, and lingeringly pungent. It is not a book that will be popular in the market-places; its humanity, by which I mean its sympathy with life, is of too subtle a quality for the universal appeal. To the initiated, however, I would recommend it without qualification.

This book is not a novel. It would be rather hard to classify as belonging to any standard literary form. Briefly explained, it is

a series of character sketches delicately blended together to form one whole picture of the time and country which it portrays—Peru in the early eighteenth century. The principal characters share a common fate which links them inseparably, though all are more or less bound together in an interweaving of many events and persons. The four with which the book chiefly deals, the author tells us in his introductory paragraphs, were destroyed in the collapse of the Bridge of San Luis Rey. This catastrophe, occurring so suddenly when the bridge had stood for many years, appeared to many persons as an act of Providence, directed against the travellers who perished in the collapse. One priest, who witnessed the accident, felt so strongly its divine nature that he made an exhaustive study of the lives of the victims, and compiled all his findings, down to the most trivial details, in one weighty volume. The author apparently wishes us to assume that from this record he drew his material for the book. At any rate the result is a work of craftsmanship.

The characters are sharply-drawn. The author has caught the one thing striking about each one of them, the central purpose in the life of each, and emphasized it in just the right degree. These are real people, enshrouded as they are in the medieval strangeness of that past they lived in. There is passionate life in them, as in people we know; and as in people we know, there are great and beautiful qualities stirring in the darkness of all their fear and ignorance. The treatment is very objective; the author never takes sides with his characters. Nevertheless, he enters deeply into their innermost feelings and carries there a broad and tolerant sympathy. After finishing the book one knows these people; he cannot fail to have suffered with them. Doña Maria, Esteban, Manuel, Uncle Pio, Camilla Perrichole—all are unforgettable.

Mr. Wilder's style has been compared to that of Anatole France, and this comparison, to me, does not seem overdrawn. His style is so clear, so unostentatious that one is hardly conscious of it at all. It is a fitting medium to convey the elusive atmosphere of eighteenth century Peru.

Hugh McCroy

Richard Halliburton, *The Glorious Adventure*

Although it is not as spectacular as *The Royal Road to Romance* in the adventures which Mr. Halliburton relates, there is a certain charm about this book which is not found in the other. The same throbbing, youthful life filled with romance and adventure, with daring and risk, still dominates the author as he tells about his experiences, yet he seems to have acquired an appreciation of the classical, a better understanding of the beautiful, and a more skilled and matured style since writing his first book, which so thrilled the world with its true expression of youth.

After having had the experiences related in his *Royal Road*, Halliburton could not settle down and be caught in "the throes of a prosaic and contented existence," for he had tasted of romance and travel. He conceived the idea of traveling the course which Homer had Ulysses travel in his homeward journey from the Trojan War. It is this journey which the author calls the "glorious adventure."

There were three ideals which Halliburton wished to accomplish on his trip. One was to climb the highest peak of Mount Olympus; another to swim the Hellespont; and the third to swim from Scylla to Charybdis. He was the fourth to scale the peak where the gods are said to have dwelled; he swam the Hellespont, which Leander swam so many times and Lord Byron once; he failed in his attempt to swim from Scylla to Charybdis, but consoled himself with the thought that no man had ever accomplished the feat.

After seeing the ruins of Troy, Halliburton set out upon his Odyssean voyage. He spent many happy weeks in roaming about the Mediterranean and visiting the ruins of the places that Ulysses visited. In his imagination he lives over the story as Homer told it. Where it is possible he has some of his friends help him act the story; for example, he has the oracle of Delphi fixed up with his friend Roderic as the sibyl and an English poet friend as the priest to interpret the sayings of the sibyl. Halliburton asks questions such as Ulysses asked, about the future of his own life and about the success of his voyage.

With great skill the author tells the story of Ulysses without seeming merely to re-tell an old story. He brings it in in such a natural and clever way that it seems a part of his voyage.

There were three distinct scenes which Halliburton described that impressed me with their beauty and which will remain with me for a long time. One was the Parthenon on the Acropolis at Athens. The author stole up there at night and stayed there in the shadows of the statues and buildings. He describes them all with vivid and impressive language. Another was the cave of the Cyclops, where he met up with a shepherd boy, and his companion told the boy the story of Ulysses' visit to the cave and his encounter with Polyphemus. The last scene at Ithaca, where the moonlight reflects on the lake, is one that will be remembered by me for a long time as the close of a beautiful and charming book.

One of the finest touches in the whole story is the description of Rupert Brooke's grave. Halliburton went there as to a shrine; he has idolized Brooke all his life, so he tells us. Halliburton relates it all with a superb diction and touching appreciation of the poet's life.

There is a mystic, wistful, romantic charm about Halliburton that impresses us tremendously. One associates moonlight, beauty, love, youth, and such things with him. His personality is reflected in his work. Of course we doubt the literal veracity of all of his adventures; yet their only value to us lies in the telling. This he has done well.

Such a book as this comes as a relief to a reader who is tired of all the sordid realism of modern literature. It is like an oasis in the Sahara Desert. One realizes again that romance is all in the point of view; here is a young man who has that point of view. He is charming.

J. D. McNairy

RAVELINGS

True to Type

Margaret Kernodle

"Mandy, Mandy! Dat sho' am a purty dress you'se wearin'. Hmm—it's sartinly swell! Must of cost nigh three dollahs!"

"Aw, go long wid you, Matilda. Dis ain't no time fer talkin' 'bout dis here dress, 'tis purty nice. To be 'zact 'bout it, it cost me a dollah and ninety-eight cents, 'cludin' de buttons—"

"Whoo-o, ain't dey beautiful! Dat yallah one is de one I likes best, now."

"Naw-sah, I ain't agreein' wid you 'bout dat. Dis heah red one what Miss Simmons had on her cocoon dress—dat one she wo' last winta, is most purtiest to me."

"Dat's some swell braidin', too—all scalloped round yo' waist. Where did yo' ever git it?"

"Dat! Why, Mars' John's big lap robe was once trimmed wid hit—yas, indeed. I'se some proud of it."

"Sh-sh—law, chile, I hears dem niggers a-singin'. Hurry—fust thing I know Liza Jane Sarah Coons Hill will hev my seat—and law goodness knows I'd ruther anybody unda de sun would sit dare—co'se I hain't holdin' no grudge against her 'cause she asked Pawson to supper when she knowed I'd started to. I'll get eben wid her yit—you just wait!"

"Hm-mm, hain't Mandy struttin' dis mawnin'! Mos' too proud to speak, hain't you, Mandy?" inquired Grandma Sallie Perriwinkle Hobgood. "Ladies un' gentlemen, I has de pleasure of presentin' Pawson Jo John Ma Flausey from Johnson Grove."

"A-hem! Brothers, sisters, I suppose you all am ready to heah dis sermont after de protracted meetin' dat has been goin' on fo' two weeks—did yo' say, Brother Hawkins?"

"Yas—Pawson—dat's right. Two weeks we's been shin'n' de world's work and workin' for de Lawd."

"Reckon Sam Hawkins thinks he's sump'in'! Hm-m, but ain't dat preacher grand lookin'!"

"Our text is goin' to be takin' from Genesis dis mawnin'. We is to learn some mo' 'bout de children of Israel. Brother James Lee Sutton will lead us in pray'r."

"And now may we rise and sing numba hundard and sebunty—all join in de song now!"

"I dismisses you-all—an' may Gaud bless de sinners and right'us alike.

"Now hain't there anuther one who wants to confess at de altar—yas—yas! Aunt Sallie—we know yo' is happy—yas—yas—dat's right—tell dem all about it. Make dem happy wid yo'."

"Dat was a powerful good sarmont, Mandy."

"Yas—deed hit was, Matilda—but—but—I jus' couldn't ha'f listen, 'cause Mar' June Ree-bin thrust dat chile of hers onto my lap and hit tor' de lace collah whut Missus Green git me—yas indeed!"

"Wal'—now Mandy—I sho' am sorry 'bout dat. Heah comes Pawson. I'se goin' to ax him over to supper tonight."

"Yas—yas—I sartinly am delighted to hab de inbitation—I'll be right dare—yas—yas!"

"Come 'long, Mandy, an' I'll walk part way home wid you."

"Go long—I'se goin' to ride."

"Come on, mammy."

"Wal'—I'll see yo' tonight, Tilda—an' tell Sarah Gibbins to bring that gourd she borrowed yistidy.——Law, Matilda, I forgot to tell you——"

"Mammy—are yo' goin'——?"

"So long, Matilda. Yas, dat jelly did fine—um-huh!"

"Mammy—mammy—come on and go—mammy————"

THE SHUTTLE

Edited by EUGENIA ISLER

The following excerpts were taken from our exchanges; you will find in them the type and merit of the contributions they receive. We hope that they will serve as a challenge and an inspiration to future contributors of HOMESPUN.

The Red and Gray, Fitchburg High School, Fitchburg, Mass.

FALLING PETALS

The sun smiled down upon the sleepy little Chinese village, basking in its languorous warmth as Nantiping hopped along nimbly on her tiny, stilted shoes. The delicate, perfumed petals of the cherry trees floated down upon her head like a blessing of Buddha. She sang as she hurried, a jerky, quaint melody of old China, with a lilting, joyous, sing-song voice. The festive lanterns winked at her coyly, and the ancients in the doors of their shops grinned at her toothlessly. She was the daughter of Fai Win, the great leader of the Tong wars. . . . .

Was she not to meet her lover, Lee Wong, leader of her father's enemies? . . . .

Night fell swiftly, and the dreamy little village seemed asleep. Suddenly a great noise sounded in the street. Nantiping ran to the window with a cry of terror! She saw a fighting, seething mass of Orientals. Another war! She slipped downstairs to the street. . . . .

Suddenly, from nowhere, appeared Lee Wong. Swiftly, silently, stealthily, he approached the unsuspecting Fai Win. Nantiping's mind was a chaos of horror and fear. Predominating was the thought, "He must not kill my father." Lee Wong raised his murderous knife, but Nantiping, with a deft movement, pushed

Fai Win aside and took his place. Too late, now, to withhold the knife; down it descended swiftly until it met the white throat of Nantiping. She fell like a tiny petal into the gutter, a broken blossom indeed, a crooked little smile adorning her lips as she murmured, amid a death-like silence, "I love you, Lee Wong," and died.

Kay Wilson

The Red and White, Lake View High School, Chicago, Ill.

RELATIONSHIP

White caps are the children of the waves
Who rock them high,
Then carry them below
To the Ocean
Who is their Grandmother.

Louise Lalka Seman

The Missile, Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Va.

GREED

I stood between the white Grecian columns
In sackcloth, with a crust of bread in hand;
Stood before a thousand faces solemn,
Fat, and accusing as a single man;
I shrank—and held the crust tight to my breast
But no one moved, so I in a voice thin,
"Surely no one will deny me this, lest
I should die." Slowly over the silent din
Haggard I gazed until one dullard cried,
"Yea, that dirty crust, 'tis mine, 'tis mine!"
Startled, I staggered back and then espied
Him, the one who yelled above his kind,
Crying, "Yea, 'tis mine, 'tis mine, I know—
I threw it in the gutter a year ago."

Powell Lum

The Dragon, St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

TO DORIAN

A light shone suddenly over the rock
And from its radiance there sprang a form—
A form more radiant far than light
Of sun or moon or star—the figure of a god
Standing, laughing at the tiny
Crystal waves as they splintered
In sparkling adoration at his feet.

Suddenly across the light there came a cloud—
A cloud of dead reality and dead futility.

J. S. Denison

The Quest, Central High School, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dawn, the diligent housekeeper,
Whisks away the silver moonmist,
And sweeps the golden stardust
Into the dustpan of Day.

Kenneth McWilliams

DREAMS IN SANDALWOOD AND IVORY

We drove into a yard cluttered with chickens, lumber, wagon spokes, and a myriad of flowers. From this we entered a small, dim, chaotic workshop. It was as if in the midst of a storm we had found shelter. . . . .

My greatest delight was to hear his clear voice meander through a maze of thoughts, which, oddly enough, brought home meanings even to my young mind. "Dreams, child, are like ships, manned by fairy crews. Some are ruled by happiness, and others meet disaster on the rocks. It depends on who is master, you know." The carving would lie forgotten, and the hands would rub slowly back and forth over the purring, tawny-colored cat. Even the fire he gazed into was subdued. . . . . The voice would continue,

"The misery here isn't God's fault; it's ours. We let the bad thoughts, elves of the mind, steer our craft." . . . .

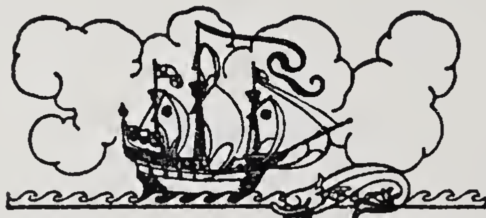
The fire crackles no more, the cat has taken to the open road, and the little shop of memories is empty.

The Acorn, Jefferson High School, Roanoke, Va.

POPPING THE QUESTION

"I've come to ax yez, Mary—"
Then he stopped and hung his head,
"I've come to ax—" and o'er his face
A lovely blush outspread.
"Well, what I want to say, me sweet,
It's all just come to this,
An' oh, I hope, my Darlint,
That you'll answer me by 'yis'!
For, Mary, dear—" he halted.
"Oh, can't ye understand?"
Then, frightened at his roughness,
He seized her trembling hand,
And glancing down shamefacedly
At his torn old pants and coat,
"I'm after axin, sweetheart,
Won't ye plaze tie up that goat?"

L. T.



THE WEAVERS' GUILD

Edited by MARGARET SOCKWELL

"CRAZY KING"

MARGARET BAIN

THE neighbors had always thought him crazy. They referred to him as "Crazy King." He had a habit of shutting himself in his one-roomed cabin away from everybody. And when he was shut in, they could hear him pacing the narrow limits of his room, talking, mumbling to himself. They smiled condemningly, shook their heads as if to say, "No use for all that now—being sorry. He should have thought of that when he stayed away on those long sea voyages, leaving his wife and child to struggle alone." They recalled how longingly Marie (that was his wife's name) had watched the ships as they came in, how happy she was during his stays at home. And they even shed a tear sometimes (not for King, but for Marie) when they remembered his last voyage, his return, and his grief on finding both Marie and the baby gone——dead——"died during the winter," they told him. From that time he had never left on a voyage. From that time he had started shutting himself in.

It was these pacings that had kept King alive, for they had brought him dreams. His weight, as he paced thus, caused a slight rocking motion in the old, shackly cabin, like that he had experienced in the old days when they were in passage across a lazily heaving deep, secure and lonely. But on these trips she was always with him. Now it was night. A fragmentary moon rode two hours high. Now it was dawn, pink, rosy dawn. Now they were in the tropics. The sun blazed on the water. It was she

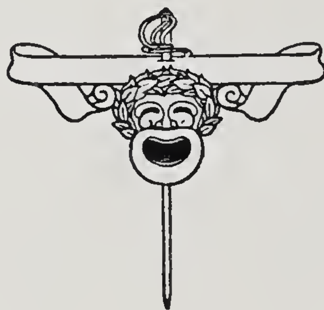
who in Cathay had helped to pick out trinkets for the baby. Hand in hand they had watched their home-port coming into sight. It was here his fanciful dreams stopped——somehow here was loneliness, depression, for he could picture Marie waiting for him. She was not with him now——she was not at home.

And it was then that the neighbors could see him rushing from his cabin, slamming the door.

Face

John Harrison

Your face is a window
Stained with blushes
Streaked with sombre dawn
And beset with nocturnal dark.
Others may stare into it
And see small bits
Of themselves reflected
Like the rays of the sun
In a clouded pool.



SLEEP

HELEN FELDER

SLEEP is a drug. What is more, it is a potent habit, which is inculcated in every one early in existence. I am quite sure that the first act of my life, after the utterance of a prolonged wail, must have been a dropping off to sleep. Ever since I can remember, I have been a willing subject to the drug; and, furthermore, I have not even attempted to resist the craving.

Falling asleep is usually such a delicious relaxation—a curtain being lowered to shut off consciousness. Oh, why try to describe it! It is an impossible thing to do. *Falling asleep* can be described, but not *sleeping* itself; for who knows what sleep is? An aimless drifting—that is the sole picture which it impresses on the mind.

It seems to wrap me about in some sort of dark, soft blanket, and draw me into myself. I have no intercourse with the finite, but with the infinite—? Perhaps. Who knows?

Approaching slumber gives me an indescribable feeling of depth —depth of forests, depth of still woodland pools. It reminds me of the graceful coasting of a bird in flight—a gradual and noiseless descent to earth and rest. Virgil embodied my idea of the stupefying calm of rest in his mighty *Aeneid*. May I presume to translate?

> It is night; and weary bodies
> Throughout all the land are wrapped in
> Peaceful slumber. And the forests
> And the boisterous seas are quiet,
> While the stars pass in their courses
> High o'er meadows deep in silence.
> Beasts and birds of bright-hued plumage,
> Tenants of the rippling waters
> And of thickets rough with brambles,
> Have forgotten all their troubles.
> Darkest night has loosed her mantle;
> Care is lost in sweet oblivion.

How shall I say it? I do not know what sleep is; yet I do know. I know that it is oblivion, and, for that reason, I have no idea what it really is.

Key Sounds

John Harrison

Strains,
Symphonizing, mellow strains,
Hover above the keyboard,
Bounce against the dull ceiling,
Rhythmical, like slow summer
Rains.

Tones,
Assonant, harmonical,
Soft like star-dust on velvet
Unloosed, emancipated
Drones.

Melodies,
Mellifluous, silvery
Like flowing honey, full-toned
Drift upward from the urgent keys,
Transposed to oblivioned
Memories.