



# HOMESPUN



LOVE





# HOMESPUN

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## Contents

FRONTISPIECE.....Alwilda McLean

### ✓ THE WEAVE

✓ Little Brown House (*Verse*).....Charles Sharpe  
Paradise Lost.....Maureen Moore  
A Mother's Prayer' (*Verse*).....Maureen Moore  
The Tired Professor.....Hardy Root

### COLORS IN THE WEAVE

A Dog's Life.....Billie Anderson  
In the Garden of My Heart (*Verse*)..Anne Leigh Chandler  
Freckles and All.....Martha Coons  
My Song of Love (*Verse*).....Jack Turner  
Early Love Affairs.....Goodwin, Hester, Barker  
Leaving Home.....Jean Watt  
Enchantment (*Verse*).....Louie Brown Michaels  
Fifteen.....Willie Hackney  
✓ "The Neighbor as Thyself" (*Verse*).....Charles Sharpe  
Love of Music.....Maureen Moore  
Courtship of the Spider.....Billy Womble  
Prelude, No. 1—Gershwin (*Verse*).....Elston Fife  
Things I Hold Forever High (*Verse*).....Hardy Root  
These Things I Love (*Verse*)  
Barksdale, Davis, Bradley, Reaves, Root  
The Master.....Paul Curtis

WARP AND WOOF.....Sharpe, Wilson

### TANGLED THREADS

✓ Bewilderment (*Verse*).....Phyllis Morrah  
Frogs.....Rachel Albright  
Woodsmoke (*Verse*).....Rebecca Fentress  
The Man Who Was Beethoven.....Edward T. Cone

PATTERNS.....Polk, Fowler

### RAVELINGS

Spring Fashions (*Verse*).....Irma Lee Graves  
✓ The Fourth Chance.....Jessie Douglas  
Moon Magic (*Verse*).....Irma Lee Graves  
Romances I Have Known.....William Buhmann





# THE WEAVE

## LITTLE BROWN HOUSE

CHARLES SHARPE

Little brown house, I love you.

Home!

Your warm cream walls are printed here with dirty fingers—here  
low, here higher—my fingers!

Your little brown stair is worn here by the tread of little feet—a  
rough tread, a soft tread—my tread!

Through your little brown door I ran—to laugh, to play.

Through this little brown window I gazed—to sigh, to weep, to pray.  
By this little gray hearth I sat—to talk, to read, to think at end of  
day.

Here hope was born—in your little brown path, your little stone  
step.

Here God was good, and the sun was bright—I was glad beneath this  
little brown gate.

My power is in your strength.

My faith is in your steadfastness.

My love is in your warmth.

My life is the hope of you.

My soul is a picture of you.

Little brown house,

Home!

I love you.

# PARADISE LOST

MAUREEN MOORE

**H**ORACE was a confirmed woman-hater. He had every reason to be. One thing was sure; if he ever got married—which, of course, he wouldn't do—well, anyhow, it was just plain awful, that's what it was! All his life he and his mother had lived with his father's two old-maid sisters, who had babied and pampered him until his healthy young soul rose up in righteous indignation. Women were all the bunk, anyway. Of course, though, there was his mother. Mom was a pretty good sport, but she turned a little sentimental once in a while. And as for these silly young things flitting around school, why, he could hardly tell one from another.

Not by any stretch of the imagination could Horace be termed a "sissy," in spite of his spinster aunts; and no more did he look like one. He had sandy-colored hair that had been bleached almost white on top by the sun. He was also blessed with several cowlicks—all, of course, in the wrong places. He had rather mild blue eyes and a very fair complexion which was made the more noticeable by the fact that he was possessed of that most unmanly habit—blushing. His were not your nice, refined, rose-pink blushes; he specialized in big, bold, brick-red ones, that were almost as painful to the beholder as to himself.

At this particular time our hero was walking down the hall from his English class, moodily reflecting upon his many wrongs. Suddenly he heard a too familiar feminine voice, "Oh Horace! I've been hoping all day to see you. I want to talk to you about——" But Horace was half way down the hall by now. If he hated all girls, his feeling for Isabel Benner was most difficult to describe. She was short—so was he—she was fat—so were his aunts—and she was utterly loathsome to Horace. The unfortunate fact that she had a "crush" on him only tended to make him more afraid of her.

When he thought that he had had time to get safely away from Miss Benner, Horace turned to see if she was in sight—and then it happened! Two seconds before, he had been walking down the hall

with a perfectly sane mind; now he was sitting on the floor, surrounded by books; and beside him—he blinked rapidly—no, he wasn't dreaming—then—yes, it was an angel! Gosh, what did a fella do? As he had had no previous acquaintance with angels, this was a question of some doubt. "Well, for goodness sake, stop sitting there like a dummy, and help me up!" It had spoken. Oh heavenly bliss—such tones of sweetness, like silvery chimes!

Horace was in an ecstasy of rapture, and nothing would have suited him more perfectly than just to sit there, to look at those beautiful golden tresses, those soul-inspiring violet eyes—that is, he supposed they were violet—most of the angels he'd read about had violet eyes, anyhow. However, he soon perceived that the angel desired to get up; he didn't know why—it probably had some heavenly duties to attend to; so he awkwardly scrambled to his feet and with a gallant gesture (nearly wrenching the angel's arm out of its socket) assisted her to arise. In a daze he gathered up her books and presented them to her with the air of a knight of yore, offering his hand and his heart to his lady love. The angel received them in stony silence, which was quite without effect upon poor Horace. Then she walked away. To Horace it would have seemed unnatural if she had suddenly sprouted wings and flown; but he stood gazing dreamily after her retreating figure—then he had a terrible thought! He ran blindly through the crowd until he was again beside her. "Uh—'scuse me, but you're—you're not hurt, are you?" His face turned about two shades redder than it had previously been, giving it approximately the hue of a ripe tomato.

"Oh no, not at all," she replied; and if her tone was slightly sarcastic, if her smile was slightly acid, Horace was beyond the point where he noticed such things. Then recognition lighted her glance. "You—weren't you on the football team this fall?"

"Oh yes," beamed Horace, not thinking it worth mentioning that he had been a member of the third team and had been consistently classed by the coach and the rest of the team as "that dumbbell."

"I knew I'd seen you somewhere before," and her laugh was like the sound of tiny golden bells.

"Uh—are you—I mean, have you—can I take you to the dance tonight?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry. You know I'd just love to go with you, but someone else has already asked me, and I just can't break the date!"

"Well, I guess I'll see you there, anyhow. G'bye."

"Of course. Goodbye."

So Horace went home, his mind filled with a jumble of angels, of fairy music to which he and she glided rhythmically to and fro, exciting admiring glances where they went.

Now Horace had never been to a dance, but he had attended a few parties where there had been dancing, simply because his mother had literally forced him to go. He had watched the dancers with contempt then; but thinking it over now, it seemed easy enough. He practiced a little by himself in front of the mirror in the living room and decided that he would have no trouble. Of course, he would not be dancing much anyway. They would go out in the garden and talk.

\* \* \*

Where was she, anyhow? He'd been here over an hour, and he hadn't talked to her yet. He had thought he'd better dance with some other girl first, to practice up a little for her; but it hadn't gone so well. It seemed that he and the girl just couldn't find out what each other was doing. He guessed he'd better not try to dance any more. If he could only find her, they could go some place and talk. He hadn't seen her for at least twenty minutes, not since he was dancing with that girl. Whew, it was hot in here; he might as well go out and cool off.

Hm—m, that was better. It was nice out here under the moon. He didn't like dances any way. If it wasn't for Her, he'd never be seen at another one. Gosh, what was that? It sounded like—yes, it was—but what was she saying?

"——All bungled up together in a heap of books on the floor. You really should have seen us. He just sat there and stared at me with that silly expression on his face. Didn't even apologize. I think he was too smitten with my charms to speak." Here the voice broke off into tinkling laughter. There were some murmured,



indistinguishable words, and more laughter, in which a masculine voice joined. Then, “——saw him stepping all over Jane in there. Goodness, if I have to dance with him, I know I shall pass out; so if you see him cut in, you’d better rescue me.”

Horace waited to hear no more. He fled, not back to the dance, but to some place where he could think it all out. He guessed he might as well go home; somehow, he could always see things better when he was in bed. He hoped his mother wouldn’t hear him coming in; he didn’t feel like talking to anyone. Ah, he was safe. Gosh, that had hurt—what she said. So she’d just been kidding him along. That just proved that you couldn’t trust a woman. Wonder what she would do if he should die. Guess she’d be sorry then. He turned over on his side. Wonder how it felt to commit suicide, anyhow. They said taking gas wasn’t so bad. He’d like to make her feel bad. Maybe——.

In a few minutes Horace was sound asleep.



## A MOTHER’S PRAYER

MAUREEN MOORE

O God in heaven, hear the prayer of  
This little boy who kneels here at my knee;  
And, Father, make me worthy of his love,  
Or blind him to my faults, that he may see  
Only the good, his eyes unclouded by  
That troublous shadow, doubt, or piteous fear,  
Or bitter disappointment. Ah, I sigh,  
And now my eyes are wet with unshed tears;  
For, Father, Great Creator, God of Man,  
Although his soul, new-come from Thee, is Thine,  
The wond’ring mind of childhood cannot span  
The infinite; and, God, his heart is mine!  
Since for a brief space I am Deity,  
I humbly pray that he find Thee in me.

# THE TIRED PROFESSOR

*A Play in One Act*

HARDY ROOT

## CHARACTERS:

JIM SMITH, an illiterate countryman.

RODNEY PHILLIPS, a tired psychology professor.

BARBARA OLIVER, a good-looking young society girl

RICHARD SIMPSON, a handsome young man

SCENE: In a two-room cottage somewhere on the coast of New England.

TIME: The summer of 1930.

*When the curtain rises, the stage is in complete darkness. There is thunder and lightning. (The business of thunder and lightning continues at intervals throughout entire play.) After a brief pause voices can be heard off-stage. A key is heard being inserted in a lock. Door opens, and two forms enter. Pause. Voice of man says: "If I kin find a dad blame match, I'll light this lantern." Pause. Then voice says: "I got one." He strikes match and lights lantern. The two men discovered on stage are JIM SMITH and RODNEY PHILLIPS. JIM is an illiterate countryman. He has on loosely fitting clothes and a shapeless felt hat. He is in need of a shave. RODNEY PHILLIPS is tall and handsome. He is immaculately dressed. He is thirty-five or forty years old.*

*The room is dirty and unkept. A small fireplace is at the back of the room. An old table is left center. A straight-backed wooden chair is on either side of table. A small window with dirty curtains is at right of left door.*

*JIM crosses room and sets lantern on the table. RODNEY walks about, making a careful survey of the room.*

JIM: Wal, here you are.

RODNEY: Yes—it's not quite what I expected.

JIM: (*Appears amused.*) Wal, ye cain't expect no city hotel. This house ain't been lived in for three years—not since the Hogan family moved away after the big storm.

RODNEY: Hogan? Oh, yes, that's the man I secured the place from. (*Looks around.*) Little wonder he was so reasonable in the rent.

JIM: Mr. Phillips, I ain't much hand in peerin' in others' business, but it seems kinder peculiar for a man to rent a house all by himself, away up the coast like this, three miles from the nearest settlement. (*Pause*) Ye ain't committed no crime, have ye? (*When he sees the frown appear on RODNEY's face, he turns his serious question into a joke. He laughs loud and slaps his leg.*) Naw, I was kiddin'—but it is peculiar.

RODNEY: Jim, did you ever feel as if you wanted to be alone? Haven't you ever wanted to break away from life?

JIM: Cain't say's I have. I do get sorter tired o' me old lady's mouth sometimes—now, there's a woman——

RODNEY: Oh, bother—you wouldn't understand.

JIM: (*Takes off hat and scratches head.*) Wal, maybe I wouldn't. How long ye figgerin' on stayin' here?

RODNEY: I don't know. Maybe one week. Maybe two. Maybe even six.

*Pause. Suddenly JIM begins laughing. He sits down in chair and laughs long and loud. Finally he ceases long enough to say:*

JIM: Consarned if that ain't the beatenest thing—(*Bursts into another peal of laughter.*)

RODNEY: What is? What are you talking about? Have you gone crazy?

JIM: Wal, maybe it ain't none of my business, but yer left yer victuals settin' on the counter of the general store in Fulton. (*Goes into another peal of laughter.*)

RODNEY: Oh, the deuce! (*Grows irritated at JIM's amusement.*) Shut up! (*JIM does.*) Well, what am I going to do? I must eat.

JIM: So do I.

RODNEY: Can you drive a car?

JIM: Wal, I ain't had much to do with those big contraptions of yourn. I spends most of my time with Fords, but I guess maybe I can.

RODNEY: (*Takes keys out of pocket.*) Here, drive my car to the store and get the food—and be careful.

JIM: I don't mind gettin' the victuals, but maybe my time's worth something. Besides, me wife's a-waitin' supper on me. I didn't mind showin' you the way here fer nothing, but——

RODNEY: (*Catches hint. Places dollar bill in JIM's hand.*) Here. That's what you want. Now hurry. (*JIM chuckles to himself and makes slow, shuffling exit. RODNEY sighs relief, turns, and begins making a more thorough examination of room. Off-stage an automobile engine starts. RODNEY stands erect. He has the expression of a man waiting for a bomb to fall. The engine races. The gears scrape. Finally it can be heard jerking away. When the noise of the car fades, RODNEY relaxes and says: "Idiot." Brief pause. From off-stage comes a call. It is a woman's voice. It says, "Yo ho." RODNEY crosses to window and peers out. The voice draws near. Finally a knock is heard at door. RODNEY leaves window, hesitates, then goes to door and opens it. Pause. Voice of woman says: "I've lost my way. May I come in till the storm blows over?"*)

RODNEY: Why—er—yes, yes, of course . . . (*He stands back and BARBARA OLIVER enters. She is about twenty-three years old. She is very attractive and has on sport dress. RODNEY appears confused.*) Er—won't you sit down—here? (*Offers her chair by table.*)

BARBARA: Thanks (*She sits down. She looks about the room, then at RODNEY.*) You live here?

RODNEY: Why—er—yes—and no. That is, I'm going to.

BARBARA: Oh, I see. (*RODNEY walks back and forth across room behind BARBARA. His lost courage is returning.*)

RODNEY: Now see here, young lady, this won't do at all. Suppose someone found us here together? I don't care if you are lost; it isn't respectable. Besides, a storm and your being lost won't stop a scandal.

BARBARA: (*Looks at him in amazement.*) Well, for the—say, are you human? Imagine a man's talking like that!

RODNEY: Human or not human, man or no man, I meant what I said. You'll have to get out.

BARBARA: (*With affected feeling.*) Would you put a poor,

defenseless girl out in the storm just to insure the safety of your spotless reputation? *(She laughs.)*

RODNEY: Oh, bother! Now see here, really now——

BARBARA: Oh, don't be such an old crab. I promise not to hurt you.

RODNEY: *(Starts to say something but can't find words. Shrugs his shoulders.)* All right, but remember, if your husband or anyone turns up, you do the explaining.

BARBARA: *(Laughing)* My husband! The man good enough for that job doesn't exist. *(Pause)* How about some coffee? *(BARBARA'S good nature has succeeded in overcoming RODNEY.)*

RODNEY: *(Preoccupied)* Coffee? Oh, I'm sorry, I don't believe I have any. In fact, I have nothing—I mean, I haven't any food. I've sent for some.

BARBARA: Oh, I see. *(Pause)* Don't you get tired of standing up? Sit down; I won't bite you. *(RODNEY is embarrassed. He takes seat on opposite side of table.)* Well, what should two strangers do to amuse themselves? *(Thunder crashes.)* Of course the weather will make an interesting conversation.

RODNEY: Yes, it would. But may I ask why you are alone three miles up the beach from nowhere? I think that's rather unusual for a girl. Especially with a storm brewing.

BARBARA: And may I ask why you are all alone, three miles up the beach from nowhere? And with a storm brewing?

RODNEY: I'm on a vacation.

BARBARA: *(Looking around.)* Well, you certainly picked a wonderful place to spend a vacation. And how do you intend to amuse yourself?

RODNEY: Oh, various ways; fishing and *(With emphasis)* being alone!

BARBARA: Oh, then you don't enjoy my company?

RODNEY: I didn't say that. *(Pause)* Aren't you afraid? How do you know who I am or what I am? I might be a killer.

BARBARA: That's one of my failings. I trust everyone. However, you look to be a trustworthy person.

RODNEY: You take a lot for granted.

BARBARA: Maybe. But we're getting nowhere this way. (*Pause*) I have it! Have you ever read Chaucer?

RODNEY: Too much.

BARBARA: What was the name of his tales? You know—the "Conthelpit Tales."

RODNEY: You mean the "Canterbury Tales"—but that's a funny subject to bring up.

BARBARA: Wait, I haven't got to my point yet. Remember how everyone had to tell a story on the trip to Canterbury?

RODNEY: Yes.

BARBARA: Well, let's do that. Only we must make the stories about ourselves, and above all, they must be true. Of course we may leave out the embarrassing details. In that way we can become acquainted; and maybe by that time the storm will have passed, and I can go.

RODNEY: I'm willing. You begin.

BARBARA: No. It was my idea. You go first.

RODNEY: (*Settles himself in chair.*) Well, to begin with, I'm a college professor.

BARBARA: (*Laughing*) That's funny.

RODNEY: What is?

BARBARA: Nothing, go ahead.

RODNEY: I'm professor of psychology. I hate it. Have you ever grown so tired of a thing that you couldn't bear the thought of it?

BARBARA: Yes; men.

RODNEY: I don't mean that. Anyway, I hate my work. I hate to teach it. In fact, if I knew how to do anything else, I'd quit—I'd—I'd rather dig ditches.

BARBARA: No, you wouldn't—but why are you so down on psychology? I thought it was a rather amusing subject.

RODNEY: That's because you didn't study it. I've studied it so much that I spend my whole life analyzing why this happens, or why that happens, or why Mary Smith has a bad disposition; or——

BARBARA: What have you found out about me?

RODNEY: I'll get to that later. Let me ask you a question:

What do you think a butcher eats for dinner when he returns home from work?

BARBARA: I'm sure I don't know.

RODNEY: I know what he doesn't eat. He doesn't eat meat. Why? Because he's sick of it—he knows too much about it—he knows where it comes from and how it's handled.

BARBARA: What's meat have to do with psychology?

RODNEY: Nothing—it's merely an example. I'm just like a butcher, only worse. A butcher can find a lot to eat besides meat; but when I study psychology, I have nothing to fall back on.

BARBARA: I'm getting twisted up; please come to the point.

RODNEY: Do you think I could ever fall in love? No!

BARBARA: Why?

RODNEY: Because, like the butcher, I know too much about it. I've analyzed it time and time again. If I ever had an impulse to kiss a girl, the first thing I'd do would be to begin analyzing the desire. I'd say to myself: "Now, the reason I want to kiss this girl is that the impulse of the cerebellum causes a magnetic drawing power between the two sexes"—and of course that would spoil it all. Are you beginning to catch on?

BARBARA: Yes—I think so. You mean you've studied about different things so much until you know all about them—therefore you hate them.

RODNEY: Yes, that's something like it.

BARBARA: But why are you away off here in the wilderness?

RODNEY: I'm recuperating. I told the truth when I said I was on a vacation. I rented this house because it *was* isolated. I wanted to live alone for a few weeks. I thought in that way I would secure a new lease on life. Above all, I want to forget psychoanalysis and such rot . . . Well, you know my story. My name is Rodney Phillips.

BARBARA: But is that all?

RODNEY: The rest is merely embarrassing details. Now it's your turn. (*He pulls out pipe, fills it with tobacco, and lights it.*)

BARBARA: Well, first of all, my name is Barbara Oliver.

RODNEY: Pleased to meet you.

BARBARA: I'm of a rich family. I'm a headliner in all New England society. I could marry any one of a hundred men.

RODNEY: Interesting.

BARBARA: If you are a psychology teacher, you know the rest.

RODNEY: You're unhappy?

BARBARA: Yes. It's the same old story about the poor little rich girl. Everything money can buy, and yet I'm dissatisfied. Something's missing—that's why I ran away tonight.

RODNEY: Ran away?

BARBARA: Yes, I may as well tell you. I was at a house party a few miles up the beach. After three days it became unbearable. Music—laughing—dancing. Finally, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I got in my car and left—that was tonight. Well, I got lost, and here I am.

RODNEY: We're both in a— (*A knock is heard at door. They both spring to their feet.*) Oh, I guess that's Jim—he's the fellow I sent after the food.

*He crosses room and opens door. A voice of a man says: "I'm looking—(Pause) Well, for the—Professor Phillips, what are you doing here?"*

BARBARA: (*Goes to the door.*) Hello, Dick, come on in.

*Pause. RICHARD SIMPSON enters. He is young and good-looking. He stares at BARBARA, turns and stares at RODNEY.*

DICK: (*To BARBARA*) So this is why you slipped away. Just a private little trysting-place, eh?

RODNEY: (*Advances a step.*) Now see here, young man—

BARBARA: Dick, you should be ashamed of yourself. I'll explain everything. I grew tired of the party, so I left. I got lost, and Mr. Phillips was good enough to let me stay here until the storm blows over. (*Pause*)

DICK: I guess maybe I misjudged. I'm sorry. We'll forget it. But Mr. Phillips, what are you doing away out here?

BARBARA: Do you know Mr. Phillips?

DICK: Know him? He taught me psychology for two years.

RODNEY: Yes, Richard and I are quite well acquainted.

BARBARA: Well, that's a coincidence. (*Pause*)



DICK: The storm is dying out—hadn't we better be going, Barbara?

BARBARA: Why—er—yes. But I'll get wet, and you know how easily I catch cold.

RODNEY: Perhaps there is a blanket or something here you can wrap up in. Wait and I'll see. (*He exits.*)

DICK: Barbara, do you think you were justified in leaving the way you did?

BARBARA: Why not? I was bored.

DICK: But——

BARBARA: Listen, Dick, I'm tired of parties; I'm tired of society; I'm tired of dancing. That's why I left tonight; and listen, Dick, (*Lowering her voice*) I've found my dream.

DICK: What!

BARBARA: Remember how I used to tell you that when I met the one man meant for me, I'd recognize him?

DICK: Yes, but——

BARBARA: It's true, Dick. It may sound funny, but it's true. That's not all; he's taken a great interest in me too.

DICK: Impossible! Not the way he talked about love in my psychology class! He loathes love. He doesn't believe in it—he thinks it's a state of—of—

BARBARA: Cerebellum impulse?

DICK: Yes, something like that.

BARBARA: I know, he's told me all about it—but just the same he's about to fall—all he needs is a push.

DICK: How do you know?

BARBARA: It's my woman's instinct; besides, I can see it in his eyes.

DICK: Well, what am I supposed to do? (*BARBARA takes him by the arm and leads him to left exit.*)

BARBARA: I want you to go. Quick, before he returns.

DICK: But—(*BARBARA opens door, shoves DICK out. She returns to center of room. Pause. RODNEY enters carrying blanket.*)

RODNEY: Here's just the thing—(*Pause*) Where's Richard?

BARBARA: He's gone.

RODNEY: Gone? Gone where?

BARBARA: Home.

RODNEY: But——

BARBARA: Rodney, are you really a psychology teacher?

RODNEY: Certainly, but——

BARBARA: Well.

RODNEY: Well—(*Pause. RODNEY begins to understand.*) Barbara, do you mean you—you——

BARBARA: Yes, you idiot—I love you.

RODNEY: Barbara! (*They start toward each other. JIM enters from left. BARBARA and RODNEY stop. JIM is carrying bundle of groceries. He stares in amazement at BARBARA.*)

RODNEY: Oh—er—Jim, I won't need the food. We're leaving right away . . . You see, Jim, I've found what I came for. (*JIM continues to stare. RODNEY crosses to BARBARA. Pause. Softly, to BARBARA*) "Barbara, I have a cerebellum impulse."

*Pause. They embrace. The groceries fall from JIM's arms. He slowly walks around back of room. He never takes his eyes off RODNEY and BARBARA. When he gets behind them, he stops. A slow grin creeps over his face.*

JIM: Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun!

*Slow Curtain*



# COLORS IN THE WEAVE

## A DOG'S LIFE

BILLIE ANDERSON

IT has been said very truly that puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life. Fitzpatrick Jonathan MacPherson sat on the right row, second desk from the rear on a mild September morning, the first day of school, looking very bored. Why in the world, thought he, should people concoct such things to burden a fellow's mind as a school. He decided in order to have some way to pass the time to see if there were any pupils in the room whom he did not know.

On the first seat was his boon companion, Bill Higgins. Bill grinned at him, showing a row of teeth somewhat lacking in order and presence. In the next seat was a new boy from out of town. He looked stuck up. Well, Fitzpatrick Jonathan MacPherson would show him, and he could lay to that. Behind that person was a girl whom Fitzpatrick supposed must be foreign to the neighborhood. As he looked, she turned toward him and smiled sweetly. Fitzpatrick J. MacPherson looked the other way. He felt a fluttering in his breast, and his face felt very red.

During the next few days there was such a rush and bustle, securing books and paper and straightening schedules, that Fitzpatrick did not see his lady love. Then by the time school life was becoming humdrum, preparations were begun for the first examination, the fatal day for arithmetic. Arithmetic had never been Fitzpatrick's strong point, and during the examination his eyes kept straying from his paper to the blonde head of the person who

sat in No. 3 from the front, left row. The result was a few days later when Bill Higgins said to Fitzpatrick, "What did you get on that arithmetic test?" Fitzpatrick answered with fine indignation, "Aw, that ole teacher gave me a D."

A few days later as Fitzpatrick J. MacPherson plodded his weary way homeward after having stayed half the afternoon, what should he behold on turning the corner but that stuck-up guy from out of town standing in front of her gate and the girl with blonde hair was hanging on the gate; and as Fitzpatrick passed by with his nose in the air, he thought he caught some contemptuous words about people who had to stay in.

Fitzpatrick was, of course, a boy scout; and at the scout meeting Friday night he found to his great satisfaction that he was elected to carry the flag at the parade on Armistice Day. Finally the great day arrived, and by mid morning it was apparent that the day would be clear, and it was also apparent that there would be a record-breaking crowd to witness the parade. After much delay the band struck up a tune, and with a boom of the cannon the parade was in full swing. Fitzpatrick Jonathan MacPherson moved along with majestic stride, holding high the flag of his troop. Past Sycamore, past Church, with the crowd hurrahing and the band playing and the guns booming, they went. Fitzpatrick was certainly in his element. There was but one thing lacking to mar his happiness. Ah, there she was standing on the side waving her handkerchief, but as he passed directly in front of her, she merely looked at him and smiled sweetly, and Fitzpatrick thought he noticed a certain stuck-up guy standing by her side.

November examinations came and went and the shops began to get busier, and people seemed to become happier and talked of Christmas preparations. Christmas came at last, and after careful deliberation Fitzpatrick placed on the desk of No. 3 a large mysterious package. Just as the tardy bell rang, the girl of the blonde hair rushed in and, after gazing at her desk, smiled sweetly at the stuck-up boy who sat in front of her.

Days wore on through the term. The spring term began. Fitzpatrick seemed to notice less and less the girl in No. 3 who smiled so sweetly. In consequence he began to make better grades, so

much so that his teacher commented upon the fact; he also made some advancement in his scout work. Finally the days began to get warm, and at last commencement came. Because he had done so well in his lessons he was chosen by several of his teachers to make an oration at commencement. Although he would not have admitted it to anyone, the girl in No. 3 had been an incentive to his work; and he also relished the idea of proving once for all that he was smarter than that stuck-up guy. As Fitzpatrick took his place on the stage he noticed that the blonde haired girl was sitting on the front row right beside that stuck-up guy. After a few preliminary speeches the principal announced that Fitzpatrick J. MacPherson would now deliver an oration. As he spoke he watched closely one face. As the oration progressed he saw a light begin to shine in her eyes, and he noticed that she moved two or three times getting further from the stuck-up guy. He concluded in a burst of oratory, and as he sat down the blonde girl on the front row was seen to applaud most enthusiastically. Fitzpatrick, realizing his indifference had conquered where his attentions had failed, felt that what the future held would compensate for the dog's life he had lived during the past nine months.



## IN THE GARDEN OF MY HEART

ANNE LEIGH CHANDLER

My heart is a flower garden:  
The ground is my love for you,  
And all the seeds that I planted  
Are the little things you do.  
That rose is a kiss you gave me,  
This violet, a loving glance,  
Those asters, things that you whispered  
Into my ear, by chance.  
So you see, dear, it's you that I've planted.  
And I hope you and I'll never part,  
For the flowers are rooted so deeply  
In the garden of my heart.

# FRECKLES AND ALL

MARTHA COONS

"Grandmother, were you ever in love?" I cautiously asked one afternoon; "I mean, really in love?"

"Why, yes, dear, several times in fact." Her eye twinkled as she sweetly replied.

"Well, did folks ever tell you that it was just puppy love?" I anxiously continued.

"That's just what they did say," she replied; "shall I tell you about it?"

"Yes," I eagerly answered as one culprit to another; and here's what she told me:

"It was exactly my fourth day of school, and my opinion had already been formed on every subject imaginable.

"The building was a rickety affair with hard wooden benches and a big open fireplace on one side of the room. There was only one tiny window in the school.

"The master—I tremble with fear yet as I see him coming toward me with a great cane in one hand and a spelling-book in the other, as I stumbled over my *be, bay, bie, bo,* and *boo's*.

"But the worst thing of all was the terrible creature that sat behind me. A boy! He had freckles, red hair, and more freckles. He always seemed to have about his person a snake, tadpole, lizard, or some other squirming animal. The first day I came home from school with my sashes torn. The accident happened when I had tried to leap from my seat when the lunch bell rang. The second day my two long, black plaits were stuck full of wax. The third day (last but not least) I found a snake in my lunch-box, which was just too much; so I marched up to the desk and told the teacher.

"He gave me a glare and pulled the trembling, freckled-faced boy from the bench and brought him to the platform, where I was standing. Then before me he showed me that he believed in the rule, 'Spare the rod, and spoil the child.'

"The boy was pushed back into his seat, not crying, but terribly red, which made his freckles even more prominent. Since the boy

would not cry and I thought someone should, I started. After a while things subsided a little so that I was able to slip a note on the desk. It read: 'I'm sorry. The snake's still in the box. You can get it.' I half expected an answer, but all I got was a nod.

"Oh, well, from then on things just started. It developed that the shortest way for him to walk home was by my house, so we usually walked together. It also followed that he could do much better if I helped him study his reading every afternoon on the bench in front of my house; also, that the best apples came from one of his apple trees.

"We were both teased about each other and told we would soon get over it, that it was merely puppy love, so—"

Grandmother's story was cut short by a "moo, moo" in front of the house. I dashed, she hobbled, to the window. It was an Apollo with a shining golden chariot. She saw an old Ford and a boy wearing an orange sweater with a purple letter on it. But grandmother's eyes are growing dim.

"Gosh, Grandma!" I yelled, "I gotta go—it's Teddie! That was the end anyway, wasn't it?"

As I dashed down the steps, I nearly collided with Grandfather.

"Why Grandfather, you're staying out in the sun too much; just look at them freckles!"



## MY SONG OF LOVE

JACK TURNER

I love the silent night with silver stars  
Twinkling their song of love.  
I love the sprinkling rain  
That brings the fragrant flowers in spring.  
I love the rippling streams bathed in moonlight,  
And the shimmering seas to which they go.  
I love the woods of green, and gold, and brown,  
And scented breezes that through them sigh.  
But most of all I love a blood-red sunset  
Fading to a purple twilight's peace.

## EARLY LOVE AFFAIRS

### JIMMY'S FIRST LOVE

JANE GOODWIN

Jimmy wasn't a sissy; he was just a smart kid. He washed behind his ears, studied his lessons, and when none of the other students knew the answers in geography, Jimmy always did. Then one day nature took its course, and fate played upon the heartstrings of little Jimmy. He lost interest in his studies, and throughout the day he would only gaze about and look as if he were floating away in the clouds. He was in love. All day he would dream of her and imagine himself as knight who rescued her from some terrible monster. Then he would see her as an angel floating around the classroom. Her beautiful golden hair seemed to hang in ringlets about her silken neck, and her blue eyes were soft as pansies.

Then another change. Dreaming Jimmy plunged into a moody sullenness. One of the teachers overheard him mumbling to himself, "Snubbed me, did she? Says I'm only a kid—uh, a kid."

And Jimmy became the same old Jimmy. His first love was over.

### AT THE TENDER AGE OF NINE

MARY HESTER

At the tender age of nine I fell deeply in love. He was so tall, dark, and handsome—unusual adjectives for a young gentleman of ten or eleven. But to me Bill, as I shall call him, was perfect. Of course he didn't return my affections, but that didn't seem to worry me.

For days I enjoyed going to school just for the pleasure of seeing him. Then suddenly tragedy entered my life. I went to school, and Bill wasn't there. I tried to console myself by thinking that perhaps he had the measles. Alas! It was much worse. He had moved away. I couldn't eat any lunch I was so heartbroken. (Mother usually called me a perfect glutton at the dinner table.)

As time passed I forgot my hero entirely. When I was sixteen, Bill was brought again to my attention. I was visiting my cousin in a nearby city. How excited I was to find that Bill was to be at



the dance that night! I wore my prettiest frock and tried to look as well as possible.

The dance was almost over, yet Bill had not appeared. I had lost all hope when I was told that I was wanted in one of the ante-rooms. I went eagerly. In the middle of the room there stood a short, tubby, rosy-cheeked boy. He grinned up at me foolishly. Oh! how years change people!

## “I LOVE YOU”

JANE BARKER

Miss Dorton, the young, beautiful teacher of the third grade in the small town of Dale Springs, lay in her bed and looked out the window to keep from bursting wildly into tears. It was a spring day; all the world was alive, but she had just learned that those two uncontrollable legs of hers would never stir.

Evidently the news spread rapidly through the little town. In three hours her pupils, one at a time, swinging on the arms of their mothers and dressed in their Sunday clothes, began to come. Each acted very grown-up and talked of the new substitute teacher that now taught them at school; their mothers related stories of kinsfolk and friends who had been crippled until some marvelous remedy such as red flannel stockings or a dead frog under the doorstep led them back to health. By late afternoon Miss Dorton thought if she had another such visitor, she would throw things at him. She longed for the consoling quiet.

The sun was going down behind a mountain which she could see from her bed. It lit the sky with red and gold and threw comforting shadows into the little room which had for so long been blazing with sunshine which the occupant did not feel.

The door cracked quietly, and around it appeared the tear-stained face of a small untidy boy. He advanced timidly into the room. As Miss Dorton became aware of his presence and turned to him, he made a lunge and with his arms about her sobbed out violently, “I love you.” Something inside her welled up at the thought that to this small villain of the class she would always be perfect, for hers was his first love. With his tousled head against her breast, she rejoiced that she lived.

# LEAVING HOME

JEAN WATT

After the evening meal had been finished, all the family gathered in the living-room. Mother's youngest one was going away to school that very night. The father gathered them all together to read a passage from the Bible, and then the older sister played the piano while they all sang "Auld Lang Syne." The mother and daddy went upstairs to see that "the baby's" clothes were packed. As soon as they left the room, the big six-foot-one brother, long since graduated from college and a man of the world in his estimation, turned on the radio, grabbed up his kid sister, and whirled her madly about the room. The sophisticated older sister looked on in idle amusement. After going through all the intricate steps of that time, they flopped exhausted on the couch. In the midst of all this laughter and merriment the father called down that it was time to leave for the station. The three in the living-room were quickly silenced, and with a nervous little laugh the youngest sister left the room to get on her hat and powder her nose.

As they rode out of the driveway, the youngest looked for the last time at the house where she had spent her happy childhood days. There was the tree which still had in its trunk the hole made by her new birthday hatchet. There was the porch railing from which she had fallen and broken her arm. On the sidewalk she could still see the marks that she had made when she had ridden her bicycle over the fresh cement. All the way to the station just little things she saw brought back memories to her and made her feel weepy. They passed a group of girls and boys, laughing and talking, on their way home from a game of tennis. They waved gaily to her, forgetting for the moment that she was going away. In her suit case was a box that a crowd of her best friends had brought when they came to say their last good-byes. She had solemnly promised not to open it until she was on the train.

Her meditations were interrupted as her brother said, "Well, here we are." There weren't many people at the station, and the family was almost alone on the platform. The father hurriedly gave

last-minute instructions about traveling, and the mother at the same time told her to be sure to wear her galoshes and to call the doctor if she got sick. As the conductor yelled, "All aboard," she got on the train and stood, a pitiful figure, in the doorway. Amid "So long, kid; be good"; "Don't forget to write"; "Don't miss the train at Washington," she waved a fond farewell as the train pulled out of the station.

With a sudden let-down feeling she went to her berth, which was all ready for her to go to sleep in. She undressed with misty eyes; and on picking up a magazine with a picture of a sweet lady on it, she broke down and really wept. After her sobs had ceased, she soon fell into a deep sleep and slept as only a sixteen-year-old can.



## ENCHANTMENT

LOUIE BROWN MICHAELS

How strange that I should live and still not guess  
That everything about me was of gold,  
And that my cup was filled with happiness,  
That nothing was molested by the cold.  
I was enveloped in a magic haze.  
My sense was dulled until I could not think;  
I did not see that sunlight made my days  
And that my soul was drunk from joy's sweet drink.  
I dwelt within a palace lacquered o'er  
With silver paint. I did not see beyond  
The twisted ropes of jewels on the door;  
I merely saw the mirror on Life's pond.  
One fatal day I paused upon the stair—  
Looked back, and lo, my castle was not there!

# FIFTEEN

WILLIE HACKNEY

Fifteen-year-old Bud Wilcox, clad in a new suit of brown (not overly stylish, however) and a small hat which he wore invariably to help hide his plentiful crop of fiery red hair, stumped haughtily down Main Street of Pine Hall. His face was flushed to a color that harmonized very nicely with his many freckles. It was a sunny June morning. If anyone had noticed the expression on his face and had been able to interpret it, he would have realized that the morning, being in such a contrast to his apparent humor, was too sunny for Bud. But there was no one on the street to give him more than his usual recognition. Only Reverend Hughes passed; and, with a look that betrayed his feeling that "the young Wilcox boy had something up his sleeve," he spoke a courteous "Good morning, Sonny."

Unmindful of this salutation, Bud strode on down the street he had been accustomed to stride down for the past thirteen years. But never had he expected a stride to turn out as he knew this one would.

He had to admit that he was in love—deeply, passionately—in love as only a sorrell-topped boy of fifteen is capable of being in love. It had been nearly five months since Sandra Trumbull had literally "caught" the unsuspecting Bud. He had been a member of the Pine Hill High School basketball team—and no less than a star. Consequently, he had been rather susceptible to the charms of the female flatterers. He had fallen hard for this attractive fifteen-year-old classmate and since then had been an apt student of many lessons in love-making. It was something entirely different for him, but after several visits to the Trumbull household he found himself blurting out at frequent intervals such expressions as: "always," "could not live without," "made for each other," and other senseless but harmless patter. Sandra, having the faculty of being a good listener, drank it all in in such a manner that made Master Wilcox swell with pride.

At first he had been exceedingly bashful and shamefully back-

ward and awkward; but now he had achieved the art of walking gracefully down the halls of the school with his "girl" on his arm without stumbling even once. Baseball season had come and gone, leaving behind many more honors for the little red-head, and giving the love affair a firmer foundation.

This love affair had been quite unusual from the very first, in that it was Bud's first attempt; he had eyes only for Sandra. At school she was constantly "under his wing." He was ready at any time to give any boy a sock in the nose if he even as much as gave his Sandra a second look. Sandra, on the other hand, had tasted the wine of numerous puppy love affairs, but was not at all at ease in having such absolute possession of anything, much less the freckle-faced Bud. It was true she had had the seeming adoration of many other suitors, hence was not experienced in being true to any one boy. But although her ideas did not exactly tally with her lover's, she had been forced to give a cool refusal to the desires of her other friends for dates. She had not, to his knowledge, had another date with any one else since that memorable night during the basketball season.

All the beauty of this June morning added to his grief. Even the birds seemed to be telling him he was a sucker. The trees nodded their heads as if to say "I told you so." There was no happiness to be found for him. For hadn't he seen his Sandra holding possessively to some young college boy's arm as they walked into the corner drug store? Luck would have him be in the hang-out at that particular time. He had thought that that worshipping glance she had belonged exclusively to him. But didn't he see her look up dreamily into the eyes of the villain and close her eyes in her pretty manner? "I bet she told him she loved him!" Bud exclaimed to himself. He came to the unwelcome conclusion that Sandra had been stringing him.

But he couldn't believe that his Sandra had forsaken him. Hadn't she told him she loved him? Well, that was enough proof. She always meant what she said, in spite of her actions to the contrary sometimes.

He knew she would be anxious to beg his pardon—even cry a little if he wouldn't. He would make her cry for him to place his

faith in her again. She would be glad enough to walk down the halls with him, now. She would fall on his neck and entreat him not to be so cruel, for she loved him so. Nothing she could say would make him weaken one bit. He would just sit there with his arms folded and his chin set; and after she had become exhausted he would say, "There, there, little girl, we all make mistakes. Brace up and give me a great big smile. Everything will be all right."

As he started up the path leading to the Trumbull home, he felt something in his pocket—a class pin, Sandra's. This was a helpful addition. She would think he had come to return it and would be more frantic in her efforts to win him back.

In response to his ringing the door bell, the vivacious Sandra came running to the door, full to the brim with something—and lots of it—to tell somebody. Her brown eyes fairly twinkled as she told him, "Come right in, Bud, I've got so much to tell you."

"Well," thought the Romeo, "she doesn't seem so repentant. That will come later, I suppose." With his arms still folded he walked in the living-room and sat down in a hard, straight chair.

"Oh, Bud, I had such a lovely time last night. Dick just came back from State last evening and did we blow in last night. He always was good-looking, but he's handsome now.

"You look as if you've never heard of Dick before. I know I've told you about him, because I think about him all the time—especially since he made the varsity football team. Isn't that marvelous! Just think, he made the varsity in his first year out. And wait till you hear what he said about you. Last night when he saw you in the drug store he asked me if you weren't Charles Wilcox. I told him you were but that everybody called you 'Bud.' He said that when the coach found out he was coming down here, he told him to look you up and tell you that the State officials had seriously considered giving you a scholarship because of your athletic career. Isn't that grand! Here he comes now; I'll let him tell you about it."

At that moment a tall young man, apparently about twenty-one, and who almost lived up to Sandra's description, walked into the room. Then Bud had to unfold his arms and offer his hand reluctantly to the smiling Dick.

"Dick, I want you to meet Mr. Bud Wilcox, the boy we saw in the drug store last night. Bud, this is my brother, Dick," introduced Sandra.

The two clasped hands, and if Dick had not already heard of Bud's unusual athletic ability, he would probably never have suspected it, for Bud suddenly became weak all over—especially in his knees. The red in his face became crimson. After recognition of the introduction was made, Sandra noticed the little class pin dangling on its chain in Bud's hand.

"Why aren't you wearing my pin?" she demanded.

"Oh, this?" For a moment he fingered the pin nervously, but then his face brightened and once more at ease he said, "The safety clasp is broken, and I was afraid I would lose it."



## "THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF"

CHARLES SHARPE

Am I to love this wretched, fallen soul  
While even now he grovels in the mire  
Of filthy sin—so near eternal fire  
That he can have no hope of heaven's goal?  
Yes, I can love and freely play the role  
Of "Golden Rule"—of love I never tire  
When men are good; but let me raise my ire  
And draw aloof from souls as black as coal.  
"Thou foolish fool," the angry angel said;  
"Be wise if thou wouldst gain the heavenly seat.  
Self-righteousness a corpse in earth is laid,  
But love wings straight its way to Jesus' feet.  
Withhold it not from those who fall and groan—  
Thou too shalt stand in rags before His throne."

# LOVE OF MUSIC

MAUREEN MOORE

Perhaps you are one of those favorite sons of the gods—a lover of music. Perhaps you are not. If you are not so blessed, you cannot appreciate the feeling which I had last night as I listened to a great symphony orchestra play thrillingly beautiful music—masterpieces of the great: Wagner, Beethoven, Schumann, Weber, Strauss. You were there too. You sat idly tearing your program into tiny bits and watching them flutter down to form a white heap of paper at your feet—I saw it; and as soon as the number was ended, you turned laughingly to your companion—you hoped the wind would die down by the time the concert was over; it mussed your hair so! I pity you. You can never appreciate the heights to which I soared in that brief period of time.

With the first strains of the music, I lost a certain feeling of tenseness, of expectancy which had until then possessed me. At first I noted the mechanics of the orchestra—the string choir, its easy, perfectly balanced bowing; its fingering, varying with the instrument and with the individual, but clear, quick, and always supple; the brass, their smooth, mellow tone, never harsh or protruding; and the woodwinds' vibrant quality of sound peculiar only to themselves. Then as the program went on, all material thoughts left me. The music was like a drug, intoxicating to my senses; and I was gradually transported into another world—a world where things are as they should be; where grief is sweet in its beauty, where joy brings tears to the eyes, where there is no artificiality, where air castles never tumble down, where there is no hate, and where love is immortal; and still further into the fantasies of dreams—a land of enchantment, where it is always spring, where the air is sweet with the scent of lilacs, where fairies and nymphs dance by moonlight, where elves and goblins sing weird, fantastic songs.

It was my world! The trumpets were sounding for me; the violins were playing for me; the deep tones of the 'celli were ringing out for me; and all together, in an exquisite harmony of rhythm,



melody, and tone, they carried my soul on wings of beauty to the very heights of my emotion. There were tears in my eyes, and my heart was filled with rapture.

Yes, I pity you. I know what you are thinking. You think me superficial, put on; you cannot understand why I should be affected in this way. And, after all, am I right? I have no wisdom; I do not know. But my heart tells me that I am right; and my grandmother once said to me, "Follow the dictates of your heart, my child, and I'm sure you will never regret it."



## COURTSHIP OF THE SPIDER

BILLY WOMBLE

Perhaps the strangest kind of love that I know of is that of a spider. The manner in which a spider carries on his love affair is indeed interesting.

When the time for mating comes around, the male spider goes a-courting. He will go up as close as he dares to the door of the female's house. As soon as he gets there he begins jumping up and down, trying to attract the attention of the female spider. As soon as the female spider hears this, she raises the trap door of her home and sits there to watch the poor male spider make a fool of himself. The male, seeing that she is watching, continues his dancing until he is almost too tired to walk.

The female spider then makes up her mind as to whether or not he will do as a husband. If he is not good enough for her, she turns upon him and proceeds to make a meal of him; but if he is good enough for her, she motions for him to enter her poor little house. In this house they are married in their own way, without a preacher to pronounce them man and wife. As soon as they reproduce, the female spider turns upon the male and dines in a royal way. So again the poor male gets the worst end of the deal, as usual.

This ends the affair of the spiders until the next mating season, when the female spider with her beauty and charm lures another poor man to his doom.

## PRELUDE, NO. I—GERSHWIN

ELSTON FIFE

I sat beside you in the concert hall  
And felt your nearness in the dusty gloom.  
I watched your profile—saw your eyelids fall  
And knew you sensed my presence in the room.  
The music swelled, the drums crashed out, and I  
Could only sit and feast on you and it.  
I drank you in. I knew you felt the tie  
That molded us as one. Love's lamp was lit.  
I watched your breath fall on your fur and bend  
Each tiny hair before its silent flight.  
The poignant melody came to an end.  
I saw the muscles in your face grow tight.  
With one accord we rose and left the place  
And saw love written in each other's face.,



## THINGS I HOLD FOREVER HIGH

HARDY ROOT

I love a little boat,  
    hand-made long ago,  
    set sail at sea to find a distant shore.  
I love the flat low-country  
    untouched by sloping hills.  
I love to hear a lone owl hoot  
    away in the woods at night.  
I love a cave unfound by man  
    that I may wander through it.  
I love a deep ravine  
    damp with morning dew  
    and a brooklet running through it.

## THESE THINGS I LOVE

I love:

Cats that sleep and dream  
And, purring, think the thoughts of hate;

Whispering pines, swaying—sweeping,  
Murmuring in the breeze of thoughtful coolness;

The cold of bubbling springs  
Whose clear waters spill upon moss-green rocks;

The careless sweep of wind-blown hair,  
Its graceful raggedness forgetting studied care;

A swirling wind that sweeps  
Unfailing down the mountain side at dusk;

The fuzzy yellow down of ducklings  
Paddling in muddy rain-pools;

Old Colonial houses  
With tall white columns and fresh green blinds;

Great wolfish dogs  
That snarl and pull against their chains;

The sun on a black-snake  
Making a wriggling black rainbow;

The quiet of gray mice  
Who creep undisturbing across warm brown floors;

Drizzling rain  
In which I walk unhindered where I will;

Fairy tales  
That breathe enchantment, and other fanciful things;

My imagination,  
Whose vivid dreams I often seek;

Warm dirt roads  
To stroll barefooted along in lazy contentment;  
  
And old Southern songs  
The darkies chant and sing under the round summer moon.

Oh these the things I love,  
And loving wish to keep—  
Each fast-sealed in memory's  
Unforgetting cell.

*Susan Barksdale*

### LOVE OF THINGS

These things I love:  
The icy winds blowing into my face;  
Dainty white handkerchiefs trimmed with lace;  
The gay meadowlark's sweet piping call,  
And a red and yellow fall;  
The sweet smell of the April's rain  
And the sun's bright glare on the window pane;  
The cold and lonely moon in the sky  
And a gay, happy passer-by.

These things I love.

*Marjorie Davis*

### REMEMBRANCE

I love  
A rainbow-colored stone  
On which the tinkling water falls;  
A moonbeam on the magic grass;  
Green moss upon the hill;  
A violet face behind a greying rock,  
And sunlight on new fallen snow.

*Mary Katherine Bradley*

## MY LOVES ARE MANY

I love the golden dawning of a spring day;  
The dim of evening's twilight; sunset in the sky;  
Veiled light and melodies sweet in the inky night;  
The pink of snowy rabbits' eyes;  
Blue-green lakes rippling in the sunlight;  
A tender smile playing around my mother's lips;  
Twinkling brown eyes;  
The rustle of a wedding dress  
As the bride goes down the aisle;  
Shiny black trains, rumbling on their tracks;  
The tinkle of ice in tall frosted glasses;  
The velvet of rose petals—  
These things I love.

*Beverly Reaves*

## ONLY THESE I ASK

These I love:  
A sail against the sky,  
White-capped waves afar,  
A rooster's crow at dawn,  
Beethoven's great symphonic moods.  
Above all else I love  
The night with ink-black sky,  
With fog-banked streets,  
And burdened human forms  
Slipping slowly through the darkness.  
I ask not much of life:  
I only wish to be  
Forever close to these.

*Hardy Root*

# THE MASTER

PAUL CURTIS

The old man walked slowly through the massive archway which was the entrance to the greatest temple in the world. He carried a cane and was assisted by a servant, who walked by his side and firmly grasped his arm as they walked into Saint Peter's Cathedral. Although the old man was dressed rather poorly, his distinguished features made him appear somewhat outstanding. When the strange-looking pair had reached the part of the cathedral where there were a number of wood-carvings, the servant stopped. The old man advanced a few steps until the intricate wood-carvings were within his reach. A wrinkled old hand was lifted and put on a beautiful piece of carving. The now alive and dexterous fingers sought out the details that the eyes could no longer see. The picture of the old man, with the morning sunlight streaming through the great stained-glass windows falling on him, was worthy of the artist's brush.

As the blind man wandered about, feeling the statuary with sensitive fingers, a peculiar smile lighted up his face. It was a smile of complete happiness. The servant finally had to insist that his master go home since he was becoming weaker. The two plodded out of the magnificent portals as slowly as they had entered.

Thus Michaelangelo, then seventy-two years old and blind, daily came back to the work that he loved. He had been commissioned to be the chief architect of Saint Peter's Cathedral and to embellish the greatest temple in the world with his paintings and sculpture. After working for eighteen years on the cathedral, he became blind. But his love for his artistic creations did not weaken at all. The greatest love of his life was never dimmed.

# WARP AND WOOF

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## *Ah, Love!*

AS our readers know, HOMESPUN has recently become rather philosophical. In the first and second issues of this number we treated the subjects of work and worship respectively and attempted to show how man's life is sustained by each. This issue invites you into the domain of love with promises of a portrayal of the different and diversified parts that this factor plays in the lives of men.

Now as we sally forth on this rare and unique journey of the imagination, let us permit our feelings to so follow the sentiment of

the moment that we may see, or rather feel, this potent emotion at work in all its capacities. Let us allow our hearts to be moved by love in its purest and most sacred state—our love for God, for ideals, for family, for friends. Let us taste lightly of love for work and for the living of life and its joys. But, dear reader, let us drink long and deeply of the dazzling cup of Cupid. And, finally, after recovering from so heady a draught, may we be forgiven for drawing ourselves apart from the blindness of our feelings and eyeing at a distance the whole play as it really is.

*Charles Sharpe*



## *The Power of Love*

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” This simple statement gives the full meaning of the greatness of love. That man should be willing, even eager, to make the supreme sacrifice for an intangible thing, an emotion, seems incredible, but it is true. The pages of history are full of examples of such unselfish devotion. Today we read of people who utterly disregard danger when a life is at stake. The annals of the Great War are packed with stories of heroic rescues. Every such episode helps to verify the fact that love is one of the strongest factors in human life.

Another significant fact is this: the kind of love that prompts men to endanger their lives for others is not necessarily the result of long acquaintance. Many people owe their lives to complete strangers. This is the fulfillment of the command “Love thy neighbor as thyself.” Madame Curie, whose research into the mysteries of radium has made her famous, constantly endangered her health for the human race as a whole; and her life is only one of thousands of similar lives.

Love has another peculiar characteristic. It is strongest in the face of opposition. In time of peace, a person’s patriotism often wanes; but at the first sign of national danger, his natural love of country asserts itself.



As long as there are people in the world, there will be love; for without love there is no true happiness, and happiness is the goal which everyone tries to reach.

*Fillmore G. Wilson*



## *“Where There Is No Vision the People Perish”*

When a nation or a state begins to lose its hold on its noblest aspirations, the time has come to be concerned about its future. The fact of our state's apparent lack of interest in the program of education is evidence all too plain that the dreams of Aycock and McIver are slipping from their merited and proper places in the minds of our people. We may well fear that such a willingness to slash school appropriations is no good sign of a wholesome thrift in management.

There may be a need for close saving; there may be a depression; but, if there is, what brought it on, and what will end it? It seems reasonable to believe that it is only the lack of foresight and keen vision that permits flaws and mistakes to exist in a person's or a nation's plans. Then, men and women of influence in the affair, if you with your equipment can't fight the battles of today, how can young America with the same or even less equipment meet what promises to be the more complicated struggle of the morrow?

Fathers, will you give your sons reason to eye your works with doubt by the gross unfairness of plunging them out into the world to grapple for success with tools that are insufficient?

North Carolina, your young people are ambitious—they want preparation for modern competition; your young men are watching you—they know that the victories of 1950 go to the man with the 1950 machine. The dull and untrained mind will find no place in a world whose chief demand is efficiency and whose law is “the survival of the fittest.”

Besides being an unfairness to posterity, the idea of cutting education is wrong in principle. In the first place, it is not justified.

What appears to be a lack of funds for the purpose is largely a lack of enthusiasm. This state can maintain or even improve its standards of education if it feels sufficient urge to do so. In the second place, there are very few, if any, institutions that rank with schools in importance. To become educated is to learn to think; and to learn to think is to learn to live. It then appears that it is an impropriety to lose interest in education at a time when our living is meeting with such baffling problems and complications.

Is it that we despair at the infinity of knowledge? It should be a challenge to us. It may be true that we can only scratch the surface of knowledge, at most; but let us believe that there is within our reach an enlightenment well worth the attainment. The most important truths—those pertaining to life itself are seen in only a dim light. "Now we see through a glass darkly." But let us realize that whatever we shall accomplish or whatever plane of living we shall reach will come through the development of the mind. And though we may never be able to plan and adjust the government of society perfectly, we can improve it; and the truly educated mind is the mind with the philosophy which will bear it through the world successfully, regardless of society and its "depressions."

What North Carolina needs is a revival of that tremendous amount of enthusiasm that it must have taken to start her on the great venture of making this life more abundant for her people.

The program of education must go on. The decline of its standards is the decline of civilization. The loss of this vision is the fall of man.

*Charles Sharpe*



## *Is Love Blind?*

Since love is blind, it is impossible to love and be wise. For to impair any sense of perception is to limit the possibilities of knowledge and thus to hinder prudence in thought and action, which is the soul of wisdom.

This may appear to be sound reasoning, but words may at times

become very deceptive—especially in such figurative use as is the word *blind* in the statement above or such abstract terms as *wise* or *wisdom*. Then we had best examine the suspected words to see that they have been accurately applied and that we interpret them correctly.

First let us look at the word *blind*. Is love really blind? It is true that love fails to see some things, but it is just as true that it magnifies others. To be more concrete, when one person has a great love for another he is indeed blinded to some traits of the other but sees most clearly other characteristics; and the interesting thing to note is that it is the person's faults that love refuses to see and the virtues that it magnifies. Then we cannot say that love is totally blind but that it has in some respects a very keen vision.

Then let us notice the words *wise* and *wisdom*. Is it really wisdom to be able to perceive a person's faults as well as his virtues? Perhaps we would be really wiser if we were all blinded, so to speak, by a profound love for one another.

What a revolution would be effected in our social life if we should suddenly be brought to see our fellows in the magic light of love and understanding—magic because it would transform us in the eyes of one another from the present beggarly wretches that we are to kings and princes and would lift us from this mad, selfish squabble to a serving brotherhood—a brotherhood of kings!

I do not mean to imply that we are entirely destitute of love—that would be absurd; but I think we have just enough of it to make us miserable hypocrites and make-believers.

In one sense, there are three possible states of being: first, an existence entirely without love. In such a society the members are governed entirely by their own interests with no regard whatever for their neighbors. Second, a state in which love is the supreme and ruling motive. This is an ideal brotherhood, in which all consider self last and rejoice in the good of others. And third, the condition of complexities resulting from a fusion of these two. Needless to point out, this is the state in which we live. But since love and selfishness do not exist in the same proportions or are not manifest in the same way in all individuals, no two are alike, which fact only adds more to the complications of our life. We don't understand

each other, nor do we understand our own selves; but we possess just that amount of love for our neighbors which makes us desire merely that we be not offensive to them. It is this desire to make ourselves pleasing to our neighbor and this vague understanding of human nature that leads us to assume our false personalities and mannerisms. We are buried beneath such a depth of "put on" that who can tell what the real man is like or what human nature really is? If we really loved, we would see the absurdity of such hypocrisy. It is my belief that all the artificialities and vanities of life grow either directly or indirectly from this improper degree of love which we possess.

Then all this "correct manners" and "etiquette" about which we hear so much is only a vain weakness; but it is not to be criticized, for it shows a sound philosophy to try to make the best of our present state so long as a better is not attainable—if a man's heart can't be changed, he can at least be civilized!

*Charles Sharpe*



# TANGLED THREADS

## BEWILDERMENT

PHYLLIS MORRAH

There came a time when life was hard for me,  
And doubt fought long with faith within my heart.  
And there was none to answer what I asked,  
For each was interested in his plan.  
I tried to think it out within my mind,  
But thought is long, and youth is light and gay.  
And so I turned and sought for solitude,  
And tried to find the answers of the years.  
Because I trusted those I thought loved me,  
I reasoned they would surely understand,  
And let me work, and then come back, and act  
As if the intervening time were nought.  
I counted on their friendship—and built dreams,  
And thought they saw, and knew, and let it pass.  
The time slipped by, and finally I found  
The answers to my questions in my soul,  
And doubt and faith both found their proper niche.  
And when the turmoil had been stilled with proof,  
I turned again to take my place in life.  
But they had let another take my plot.  
You see, they hadn't really understood.  
They had not known my silence and my fears.  
With saddened heart and bitter smile I faced  
My erstwhile friends and wondered at our kin.

# FROGS

RACHEL ALBRIGHT

Splash! splash! was the first noise I heard as I came to the edge of the brook. I stopped and looked, but the only thing I saw was a circle growing larger and larger every second. I knew then that it must have been a frog.

Since I had nothing else to do, I decided I would stay and watch the creatures. So I sat down on the roots of a big oak tree that stood near the brook.

Just as I sat down, a funny little head popped out of the water. It was the head of a frog. I kept still so as not to make the least bit of noise; for if I did, back into the water he would go.

This little creature rolled his eyes around; then with a quick jump he landed on the top of a water lily leaf, which was just a few feet from me. There I sat, holding my breath for fear he might spring forward and land on me. I started to get up once, but I thought I had better stay there and see what would happen.

Something very funny did happen. Two other frogs leaped upon the same leaf. One was very big; the other one was a baby frog. They looked as if they were getting ready to sing their theme song. Suddenly I heard a funny voice, which seemed to be coming from the biggest frog. It sounded to me as if he were saying this, "Bur-rump, bur-rump."

Then he stopped. I thought to myself this: "He must be getting tuned up."

Then the other fat frog, in a very deep voice said, "Pam pudding, pam pudding."

He ducked his head low; then the other fat frog said, "Who baked it? Who baked it? Who baked it?"

The little baby frog ended it up by saying, "Our Nell! Our Nell! Our Nell." He sang this in a very high voice.

In the meantime I was about to kill myself laughing at them; but I soon stopped when I heard this, which came from all the frogs: "Squeedink, squeedink." And then with a big leap, they all plunged into the water.

After they had gone, I felt homesick for them; so I tried to catch one. After feeling around in that slimy water for quite a while, my fingers grasped something that was breathing. I jerked my hand out of the water very quickly. There in it sat a big fat bull frog. It looked as if it would jump right into my face. As the thing sat there, I was wishing that I had never caught it. So to make both the frog and me happy, I threw him into the brook where he belonged; and I went home where I belonged.

After I reached home, I kept saying to myself, "You do have lots of fun trying to catch those little creeping, leaping, cold-blooded creatures, after all."



## WOODSMOKE

REBECCA FENTRESS

Woodsmoke—

Curling through pine trees  
In delicate, lacy gray, like the gray veins  
Of an hepatica leaf set  
Against a background  
Of woods moss.

Woodsmoke—

Its delightfully  
Woodsy smell  
Fills my being,  
And I thrill  
To its intangible  
Odors.

# THE MAN WHO WAS BEETHOVEN

EDWARD T. CONE

"So you want to know how I became a great pianist?" asked Edwin Brown of the ambitious young musician who was interviewing him. "Well, it's a strange story, and you probably won't believe parts of it. Perhaps you'll think that I made it up, but I don't care.

"I was born under very unfortunate circumstances, in one of the poorest sections of New York. My parents were ignorant and had no conception of music; yet, strange to say, of all the names there are, they had to hit upon Beethoven to christen me, their first and only child. I suppose the name struck them as pretty; nevertheless it made my career, as you shall see.

"There was one thing which saved my life from utter emptiness. It was a dream, a dream which came to me many, many times during my childhood. Indeed, I had it at least twice a week; sometimes more than that. In this strange vision I was not myself; I was a man whom I did not know, and I was playing the piano. How queer it was that I, whose musical experience was limited to the songs I had heard my mother sing, should fancy that I was playing such beautiful music! Sometimes it was sweet and sad; sometimes it was gay and light; sometimes it was vigorous and challenging. You cannot imagine what this dream meant to me; it became my greatest joy. There was one thing which displeased me, however: this music was not at my command; I could not enjoy it when I wished. I resolved, therefore, that someday this dream would become a reality. I felt that I must have control over it before I could be happy.

"Then came the time when I first went to school. I well remember the day my poor mother introduced me to my good old schoolmaster, Mr. Bachman; and how frightened I was when she left me there; and how lonely it seemed in spite of the crowd of children, curious to see the new pupil. Mr. Bachman seemed to me the kindest man I had ever met, and I trusted in him immediately.

"As I was sitting in my desk on that first day, too frightened



to speak, the old man suddenly turned to me and asked, 'Well, now, young Brown, what is your first name?'

"Innocently enough I replied, 'Beethoven, sir.'

" 'Beethoven!' cried one smart pupil, 'are you a musician?'

"A roar of laughter came from every child. I was ready to run out of the door, but Mr. Bachman came to my rescue. 'That's enough!' he said sternly, and immediately the room became quiet. I was foolish enough to think that my persecution was over; I had no idea how cruel boys can be.

"At recess my torment began anew. 'Bay-bay-bay-bay-bay-toven!' was all I heard. From every side came such taunts and jeers that I felt almost criminal. In vain I pleaded that it wasn't my fault that I had received such an unlucky name; it made no impression.

"Finally in tears I sought my teacher. 'Mr. Bachman,' I wept, 'isn't there anything you can do? Couldn't you change my name?'

"The old man looked at me with a queer smile. 'So you want to change your name, do you, little Beethoven?' he asked softly, 'Well, what would you like to be called?'

"I thought for a moment. Then I answered the first name that came into my head. 'Edwin,' I replied.

" 'Edwin,' mused the old man, 'Edwin; it's a good name, but not as good as Beethoven. There's magic in that name. Don't change it. Some day you'll be sorry!'

" 'No,' I persisted, 'I don't want to be called Beethoven.'

" 'All right, little Beethoven,' he answered with a sad smile, 'I'll see your parents about it. I think I can do what you want.'

"I need tell you no more upon that point. My name is Edwin Brown today.

"Then a strange thing happened. My dream—I know it sounds incredible—came no more. An entire week passed by without it. Each night I tried to console myself by saying that I would surely dream this time, but by the end of the week I knew in my heart that the vision was gone forever. One night as I lay in bed, I began to wonder that perhaps there really had been magic in my name. I felt utterly forlorn; for although my life at school was now pleasant enough, I felt as if I had lost my dearest friend. I could not

be happy without my music. Gone now was my hope of commanding it at my will. I actually cried myself to sleep that night.

"I have now lived long enough to know that the unexpected always happens. It so chanced that the next day I came upon a pile of records used for the school phonograph. Merely from curiosity I glanced over them until I spied one which read, 'Sonata Pathétique,' Beethoven'. Interested to know what this man's compositions were like, I placed the disk upon the machine. I never was more surprised and delighted in my life. That music was the music of my dreams! I played the record over and over, unmindful of anything that went on around me.

"Suddenly I looked up and saw dear Mr. Bachman standing over me. 'So little Beethoven likes the music of the man who gave him his name?' he asked.

"'It's wonderful!' I cried ecstatically. Seeing the look of sympathy upon his face, I could not help pouring out to him the tale of my dream.

"At the close of my recital he looked at me thoughtfully. 'Would you like to be able to play those compositions?' he inquired.

"'Oh, yes!' was all I could say.

"'I know a fine teacher,' he continued, 'who would be pleased to give lessons to a namesake of Beethoven's.'

"'Why do I need to proceed further? Of course I consented. That was my start; the rest was easy. I worked and practised, and—here I am.'

A long silence followed the musician's story. Then his listener said thoughtfully, "I understand now why your interpretation of Beethoven is so beautiful. You have heard the master himself play."

"No," answered the other slowly, "I have been Beethoven."





# PATTERNS

## FROM THE BOOK SHELF

DARROW—*The Story of My Life*

Clarence Darrow is today one of the world's best-known lawyers. The cases which he has argued have become known nationally, and they are some of the most important in recent years. In his autobiography Darrow seems to disregard the importance of his own life and discusses the problems which he has met during his career; he writes an interesting account of his life in connection with the questions of the day. The book is most readable since it contains a tinge of the great lawyer's humor, a bit of his logical reasonings, and a flowing style of writing.

The author gives much space to the discussion of great trials. In the chapter on capital punishment he tells exactly his views of this way of punishing murderers. Stating the reasons for and results of capital punishment, he says that it is supposed to be the worst of punishments to be used in the cases of the worst crimes, but that it has lost its purpose and should be changed for even more effective punishment, probably torture.

Besides being an important figure in the legal world, Mr. Darrow has written a number of books; the experience he has had in his other writings makes this book quite an interesting autobiography.

*Maurice Polk*

MORGAN—*The Fountain*

“For contemplation he and valour formed,  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.”

The above lines taken from the works of another author, which serve as the introduction to a chapter in Charles Morgan's recent novel, *The Fountain*, express the complex personalities of his two main characters in as beautiful words as could be chosen.

At the beginning of the story a company of English soldiers are being transported into Holland where they will be held until the end of the World War. Much discontent and none too joyous anticipation is felt on the part of the men. However, there is one exception to the rule, that attitude of one former officer, Lewis Alison, who sits quietly reading a book and looking completely satisfied with his surroundings. This trip is the realization of all Lewis's musings. To separate himself from the mediocre demands and rewards of this world is the key to the character of Alison in all its complexity.

After some time at the place of imprisonment Alison is persuaded to meet some of his old friends, Baron von Leyden and his step-daughter Grafyn von Narwitz, formerly Julie Quillan, a childhood friend. From that time the development of affection between Alison and the English-German girl is evident, even though they try to fight against it.

Even though he does not enter the scene until the latter part of the book, Rupert, the war-torn husband of Julie, presents the most appealing and strongest character in the book, I think. His quick perception of the truth that Julie loves Alison is remarkable, and the supposedly happy ending loses some interest for the reader after the sad death of Rupert.

To say that the plot constitutes the best part of the book, however, would be an unpardonable error, for Alison's philosophies make up really the most interesting part and make it one of the most worthwhile and thought-provoking modern novels.

*Elyn Fowler*

# RAVELINGS

## SPRING FASHIONS

IRMA LEE GRAVES

I believe with firm conviction  
And will swear by stars above  
That in school a young man's fancy  
Often turns to thoughts of love.

Down the halls among the shadows,  
On the walks in endless droves  
With their girls, we see parading  
All our erst-while Romeos.

Ah, the look upon their faces,  
And the gleam within their eye  
Speak devotion, and I fancy  
I can hear them heave a sigh.

Holding hands some busy lover,  
All unmindful of his sphere,  
Bends and whispers little nothings  
In his maiden's willing ear.

Then she smiles at him so sweetly,  
Lifts her face—the darling thing—  
And I fancy what would happen—  
But that bell just had to ring.

# THE FOURTH CHANCE

*A One-Act Play*

JESSIE DOUGLAS

## CHARACTERS:

"MISS AGNES" SPRINGER, a widow  
MR. CHARLES GREGORY, her suitor  
THE MAID

TIME: Evening.

PLACE: Miss Springer's living room.

## SCENE

*A living room is furnished with a sofa, a sewing cabinet placed beside a large cushioned chair on the right side, and a standing lamp next to a rocking chair on the left side of the sofa.*

MISS AGNES SPRINGER is seated in the cushioned chair, knitting. The door bell rings. She sighs and places her work in the sewing cabinet. THE MAID enters.

MAID: Mr. Charles Gregory is calling.

MISS SPRINGER looks at a watch that is hanging from the front of her dress.

MISS SPRINGER: Humm; six minutes early. Show him in, Ruth.

THE MAID goes out. In a few seconds a small bony man, with a nose twice too long and brown hair that makes a fringe around his head, enters, carrying a white paper bag.

MR. GREGORY: Evening, Miss Agnes. A right smart wind is rising from the north. I hope you are not feeling it.

MISS SPRINGER: No, thank goodness. My work has kept me indoors. Do have a seat, Charles.

*He sits in the rocking chair on the opposite side of the room.*

MR. GREGORY: Thank ye, Aggy.

*He drums nervously on the chair and looks about the room, starting from the ceiling, then making a complete circle.*

MISS SPRINGER: I've been thinking, Charles; there hasn't been a single time in the last five years that you haven't come over here on Saturday night. Isn't that so?

MR. GREGORY: Well, pretty nigh right. I missed the Saturday after the revival, summer before last. I was out of town on business, you know.

MISS SPRINGER: Can you hear me well enough? Don't you think you ought to move over a little closer?

MR. GREGORY: No thank you, I hear you pretty well. (*Clears throat.*) A sorta scarce attendance at the meeting last Sunday.

MISS SPRINGER: Yes—every week the attendance is scarce; the weather is either hot or cold. Miss Rood's chickens are ruining the neighbor's flower beds. There were some geraniums in Bern's florist shop you thought I would like. Can't you say something new?

MR. GREGORY: Aggy Springer, are you making fun of me? (*He stands up in front of his chair.*)

MISS SPRINGER: Oh, no, of course not, I'm really sorry. I just flared up. It wasn't intentional, I assure you.

MR. GREGORY: (*Still standing*) Perhaps not maliciously intentional, but it is what you think at any rate. Well, I wish to tell you that the object of my visit this time is entirely' new.

MISS SPRINGER: (*Straightens out her dress and fluffs up her hair.*) Yes?

MR. GREGORY: Yes. In the first place I've brought you a bag of chocolate-covered peanuts instead of geraniums. I thought you'd like them.

MISS SPRINGER: Why, how sweet of you! (*She sinks back into her chair hopelessly.*)

MR. GREGORY: Yes, and I want to ask you something.

MISS SPRINGER: Indeed! (*She rises and walks over to him and sits in a small chair.*) What is it?

MR. GREGORY: Well—how do you propose to a lady? You know, when you want to ask her to marry you.

MISS SPRINGER: My second husband was very knightly. He knelt down in front of me and kissed my hand. (*She closes her eyes.*) Oh, Charles, I can see him now as he knelt at my feet.

MR. GREGORY: Yes, and how did the third one do it?

MISS SPRINGER: Let me think, now. We were sitting right where you and I are sitting now. He was so sweet. He always flattered me.

MR. GREGORY: That's a pretty dress you have.

MISS SPRINGER: Oh, (*Laughs*) thank you.

MR. GREGORY: Now go on.

MISS SPRINGER: Well, it wasn't spectacular. He just hinted at it at first by asking me if I would like to live in the green house on Vine Street, his house, you know. But of all of my three husbands I liked the way the first one proposed the best. He was so shy that it really scared him to get on the subject. Why do you ask such a question?

MR. GREGORY: Well. (*He begins plaiting the lamp shade fringes.*) I——

MISS SPRINGER: Well what? (*Smiling her sweetest smile.*) There must have been a reason.

MR. GREGORY: Yes, er—have some peanuts.

MISS SPRINGER: Well, if you don't want to tell me, I can't force you. (*She walks stiffly to her chair on the other side of the room.*)

MR. GREGORY: Oh, Aggy, please don't get mad. I'll tell you.

MISS SPRINGER: Yes? (*She sits with hands folded in her lap, staring straight in front of her.*) I'm listening.

MR. GREGORY: Yes—er—well—er, I just wanted to know. (*Forced laugh, or perhaps it is better called a cackle.*) I guess it's foolish. But—(*Pause*) my nephew, he's in love; so I thought I owed him some advice, and I wasn't well acquainted with the subject.

*Curtain*



'Tis said  
That love is blind;  
Oh how I wish his eyes  
Unbound and fitted with a strong  
X-ray!

*Carlton Raper*



# MOON MAGIC

IRMA LEE GRAVES

Down a moonlit lane they sauntered  
Underneath a sky of blue  
Toward a bench beside the river  
To a secret rendezvous.

There they sat; he whispered softly  
Love words that were meant to thrill;  
And he swore his true devotion,  
Just as lovers always will.

He had met her just that evening  
And had fallen for her wiles,  
Loved her sweet angelic visage,  
Found enchantment in her smiles.

Thus he gazed at her enraptured;  
In his heart there was no pain,  
Thrilled to think that on the morrow  
He would see her once again.

Next day came; he rushed to meet her  
With emotions at their height,  
And he thrilled just at the thought of  
Seeing her in broad daylight.

But the lad was disappointed  
Seeing nature in the raw,  
For in the object of his visit  
He saw many a serious flaw.

Bowlegs, freckles, yes, and pimples,  
These at once his mind engrossed;  
And on second glance he noticed  
That her pale blue eyes were crossed.

Turned-up nose and stringy tresses,  
And the poor boy thought he'd swoon,  
For he knew last evening's romance  
Was the magic of the moon.



## ROMANCES I HAVE KNOWN

WILLIAM BUHMANN

Cupid was seated at his desk, writing busily when I went in. "Oh, yes," said Cupid, laying down his pen, "you're the man from the *Daily Blab*, aren't you? Well, is there anything special you'd like to know? Oh, some romances I have known, eh? M-m-m, let's see; I could tell you about Romeo and Juliet. But no, that fellow Shakespeare would be ruined if I gave the true story; so that's out. And the story about Anthony and Cleopatra is too well known . . . I've got it! Here's a romance that will put Romeo and Anthony to shame."

Just at this moment a messenger ran in and said, "Quick, boss, you know that young guy you shot yesterday? Well, he's trying to fall in love with the Queen of Bungavia."

"Oh, me, oh, my!" yelped Cupid. "Quick, take this golden arrow an' shoot the Queen's first chamber-maid; hurry."

And the messenger ran out.

Turning back to me, Cupid said, "You'll have to excuse me. This is the only business that hasn't been affected by the depression. Tch! Tch!

"Now, let's see; you wanted a romance; didn't you? Well, did you ever hear about the canary that fell in love with a cat? No? Heh! Heh! She was eaten up by her love. And then, there was the acrobat who fell for his partner. He died of a broken neck."

Suddenly Cupid got up and, taking up his bow and arrows, said, "Sorry, but I have to go over to England. The Prince of Wales is going to visit the Princess of Sweden, and I think that would be a good match."

And he was gone.



