

Home Spun

The Land Of The Long-Leaf Pine

AH



HOMESPUN

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CAROLINA

Andante

EDWARD CONE

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The first staff contains a series of chords and melodic lines, while the second staff provides a bass line with some double bass notes indicated by 'x' marks below the staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves with treble and bass clefs. The music includes various melodic and harmonic developments. Above the first staff, there are several dynamic markings, including accents (>) and hairpins (> and <), indicating changes in volume and emphasis.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs. The music features a crescendo leading to a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The notation includes accents, hairpins, and a 'cres.' marking. The final measure shows a strong, sustained chord.



THE WEAVE

CAROLINA

MARY LEET UNDERWOOD

The fragrance of a pine tree—
Mountains and a rolling sea,
Tangled woods where beauty lies,
Summer days and warm blue skies—
You bring to me—you mean to me—
Carolina!

Land with richness fed,
Homes by happiness bred,
Men reaching for the goal
Of hopes and dreams of old,
You bring to me—you mean to me—
Carolina!

GAMES OF SOUTHERN CHILDREN

FOREWORD

The following folk-lore articles are based on material recently collected by the pupils of four sophomore English classes in Greensboro High School. Although they started out to find some of the singing games of the children of North Carolina, they also discovered and brought counting-out rhymes, folk-songs, folk-sayings, folk-tales, riddles, superstitions, and ballads.

The words for the singing games they drew from their own experience, from the observation of children at play, and from the recollections of older people. Workingmen on the job, negroes anywhere, and uneducated white people proved valuable sources of this kind of information.

One boy submitted for one day's lesson a collection of twenty folk-songs. One girl brought seventeen negro spirituals told her by a colored woman. In one day eighteen different versions of that simplest of singing games, "Ring Around the Roses," were reported. The ease with which such a collection is made is evidence of the unexploited richness of the folk-literature of North Carolina.

OLD GAMES IN A NEW LAND

MARY SCOTT JONES

Much of the folk-lore that the American children sing as their games has come across the waters from the mother countries of Europe. Many of the songs are sung in different versions, owing to the fact that these rhymes were not written, but handed down orally from generation to generation. Some are so vivid that the gates, bridges, and characters are easily pictured in the mind.

To England we owe most of our folk-lore. In "London Bridge" the majestic bridge may be seen crumbling and falling away. But "build it up with iron and steel," "gold and silver," "wood and clay," then finally "stone so strong," and "it will last for ages long," the singers suggest.

Still another asks if the gates will not be raised "as high as the sky" to "let King George's army pass by?" Into the mind flashes a picture of a stately array of soldiers, tramping through the streets, and everything is ready to obey their slightest command.

Another interesting singing game played by children is about the race that King William, King George's son, takes part in. He chooses "his east," "his west," and he chooses the one that he loves best. Therefore, "down on this carpet" he must kneel, "as sure as

the grass grows in the field." Then, as he rises upon his feet, he must salute his partner "and kiss her sweet."

From "gay Paree" many children have a song which delights and amuses them. The Priest o' Paris went a-hunting and lost his hunting cap. Then many different caps are accused of finding the Priest's cap. Another French folk game begins this way:

"On the Bridge of Avignon everybody dances."

To Ireland we owe that quaint, humorous song, "Pig in the Parlor." A circle of boys and girls are again in old Ireland singing:

"My father and mother were Irish,
And I am Irish, too.
We kept the pig in the parlor;
We'll all change partners now."

How old, amusing, humorous, and quaint is the folk-lore of children! It is legendary, but should we not love and cherish it as some of the rarest and most genuine literature of mankind?



IN MEMORY OF WITCHES

ANNA WILLS

It is said that in times of long ago there were certain human beings, dark and mysterious, who practised all kinds of sorcery. It is also said that on a certain night of every year, known as the Hallowed Evening, they come out in all their hideous forms and practise their charms and witchcraft upon the strollers-out or, as a matter of fact, upon any human they meet. As for the consequences, I do not know, but almost every boy and girl of today knows of these so-called witches and their evil-doings.

These witches will never be forgotten, for there remain today, in the simple and dramatic amusements of children, singing games about witches. One which is generally known is "Chickamy,

Chickamy, Craney Crow.” This name suggests sorcery, and is, in this game, possibly the name of an old witch.

“Chickamy, Chickamy, Craney Crow
Went to the well to wash her toe.
When she got back, her chick was gone.
What time is it, old witch?”

This song is sung in many places, and we have found many different versions of it. The idea remains the same, but there is a difference in the wording of the rhyme. Some put the pronoun in the first person, changing the first line to a mere chant:

“Chickamy, Chickamy, Crane de Crow,
Went to the well to wash my toe.
When I got back, my chick was gone.
What time, old witch?”

Some substitute *chicken* for *chick*, or modify *toe* by *big*, or even go so far as to call chickamy *old crow* instead of *old witch*. This is not surprising, though, because with so many children singing these songs, and with no written record of them, there is nothing to prevent variation.

There is another singing game which in the last line mentions a witch. This has no suggestion of witches at all, other than the last line, and many children have been found to wander so far as even to omit any hint of witches at all.

“How many miles to Babylon?”
“Threescore miles and ten.”
“Can I get there by candle-light?”
“Yes, if your legs are long and light.”
“Look out, the witches’ll get you!”

So you see the witches are not by any means forgotten, and these songs about them will probably cling to our folk-life, and continue to be sung as a part of folk-lore, in memory of witches.

THE GESTURE GAMES

KATHLEEN WRENN

“Bum, bum, bum,
Where you from?”

“Pretty Girl’s Station.”

“What’s your occupation?”

“’Most any old thing.”

“Get to work.”

The gesture games are the simplest games, yet they are played and sung by a great many children over the world. Some children use different words to the songs and rhymes, but they are still played and sung in the same manner. I know that most of these quaint little rhymes must have originated away back before the little fairies were frightened away from the business sections of towns. I know that the one which I have just quoted did.

Long, long ago there was a land to which all the pretty girls went when they had grown to the age of twenty. Here they learned how to win themselves a sweetheart and learned how to become more beautiful. There was one particular girl who had longed to go to this happy land. She had longed to wear flowers as a dress and to use the sunset as the color in her cheeks. One day she slipped away from her little hut, and to the “Pretty Girl’s Station” she went. She tip-toed up to the door very slowly. She couldn’t make up her mind just what she was going to say.

Wait, just wait—that isn’t all. We have quite a few more gestures. Here is one that, I suppose, must have come from a poor, sick child:

“Mamma, Mamma,
I’m so sick,
Send for the doctor
Quick, quick, quick.

“Doctor, doctor,
Shall I die?”

“Yes, my child,
But don’t you cry.”

“How many carriages
Will it take
To carry me to the
Graveyard gate?”
(“One, two, three, etc.”)

That one is used constantly by small children in games for bouncing balls.

Then there is one that is very interesting for the reason that we are all familiar with the little story about Cinderella:

“Cinderella, dressed in yellow,
Went up town to see her fellow.
How many times did he kiss her?
(One, two, three, etc.”)

Here is one that is sung and danced by:

“When I was a lady, a lady was I,
And when I was a lady, a lady was I,
And this way and that way, and this way and that way
And when I was a lady, a lady was I.”

Then I suppose that some little boy didn't like the way in which a little lassie was acting, so he sang this to her:

“Did you ever see a lassie,
A lassie, a lassie?
Did you ever see a lassie
Do this way and that?
Do this way and that way?
Do this way and that way?
Did you ever see a lassie
Do this way and that?”

Some little children like their peas cold and some like them hot, and still some like them in a pot, nine days old.

“Peas porridge hot,
Peas porridge cold,

Peas porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.

“Some like them hot,
Some like them cold,
Some like them in the pot,
Nine days old.”

Now, we come to a little rhyme that I suppose must have originated back in England, for it is a little dance song:

“Now we dance Looby-loo,
Now we dance Looby-loo
Now de dance Looby-loo
On a summer night.

“Put your right hand in,
And put your right hand out;
Now give your right hand a
Shake, shake, shake,
And turn yourself about.”

Oh, but I must not keep you waiting for the poor little girl to get into “Pretty Girl’s Station!”

She: “Bum, bum, bum!”

They: “Where you from?”

She: “Ugly girl’s station.”

They: “What’s your occupation?”

She: “Most any old thing.”

They: “Then get to work!”

And they guessed what the poor girl wanted and granted her the wish that she had so longed for, and this, I guess, is the way in which the little rhyme originated. Perhaps you happen to know a source from which some of the others came.

“CHOOSE THE ONE THAT YOU LOVE BEST”

SUSANNE KETCHUM

Like the rest of the singing games, the true-love songs have been handed down to us through the ages by the children. To an older person they seem quite foolish, but by the children they have always been loved.

Until recently these songs have never been written, but have been handed down from child to child. This fact accounts for the variations so often found in them. The children of different parts of the country have changed the lines, though ever so little. A collection of these singing games has proved intensely interesting.

There are many of these songs, some of which are: “Go In and Out the Windows,” “Green Gravel,” “Little Sally Walker,” and “King William Was King George’s Son.” As an example of the variations that may be found in one of these songs, “Go In and Out the Windows” might be quoted.

“Go in and out the windows,
Go in and out the windows,
Go in and out the windows,
For we have gained the day.”

In the second stanza the line,

“Go forth and face your lover,”

is recited three times and the last line is the same as in the first stanza. In the third and fourth stanzas the lines,

“I measure my love to show you,”

and

“I kneel because I love you,”

are repeated, and they, too, are ended like the first stanza. Then you often hear,

“As we have done before”

and

“Since we have gained the day”

substituted as the last line.

Perhaps the most familiar example of this type of song is "King William Was King George's Son."

"King William was King George's son,
Round the royal race he run.
Upon his breast he wore a star
To show the way to the pickle jar.

"Go choose your east, go choose your west,
Choose the one that you love best.
If she's not here to take her part,
Choose another with all your heart.

"Down on this carpet you must kneel,
Sure as the grass grows in the field.
Salute your bride and kiss her sweet.
Then you rise upon your feet."

The children in some parts of the country change the last two lines to this:

"He wore a star upon his breast,
And this was called the star of west."

In another version the last line runs like this:

"First to the east and then to the west."

Thus we see that these songs that rarely find their way to print have gradually been changed, though ever so little, and have made very many ways of singing one song.



Shadows—creeping ghosts—
Sliding, slipping over the sleepy earth—
Covering the world with a lovely dream.

Ardis Campbell

NORTH CAROLINA WRITERS

LOUISE CHEEK

ONLY those who have lived in and breathed the beauty of a land have been able to interpret it with understanding. The state of North Carolina has many interpreters of her life. Such names as John Henry Boner, John Charles McNeill, Isaac Ervin Avery, Paul Green, and Gerald Johnson stand out in the roll of the state's writers. They are the singers of her songs, the recorders of her life, and her apostles of beauty.

The first three of these writers belong to the old school. John Henry Boner is often called the first North Carolina man of letters. In his youth his soul was so filled with the life around him that his nature absorbed the beauty of the land. From this deep love and understanding of nature he has given us lines of unparalleled beauty. It was through the medium of poetry that he expressed his true feeling for his native land, as is seen in these lines:

“Where'er it be my fate to die,
Beneath those trees in whose dark shade
The first loved of my life are laid
I want to die.”

The sonnet was his favorite type of expression, but his versatility ranged from superb lyrics to negro camp-meeting songs. “Remembrance” and “How Oft I Trod the Shadowy Way” are splendid examples of his art.

In spite of such art, however, there was something lacking in Mr. Boner's work that one finds and enjoys in John Charles McNeill's two slender volumes, *Lyrics from Cottonland* and *Songs Sweet and Sad*. The spirit of the flowers and the trees, the whimsical ways of the negro, and the heart of the people belonged to him. He felt that nature was animated and peopled by intelligent individuals. For him there was beauty everywhere and his listening ear caught the music of life as he found it in his native state. His finest lines are those that deal with the simple, rural life. Whatever he saw

lived for him, and he expressed the vision in such a way as to make it live for others as in his verse called "Dawn"—

"The hills again reach skyward with a smile.
Again, with waking life along its way,
The landscape marches westward mile on mile
And time throbs white into another day."

Certainly it was the memories of those idle, youthful spring days that he had spent in the country that he recalled when he wrote—

"In leaf and blade life throbs and thrills
Through the wild, warm heart of May."

And, too, he loved the spring more than the other seasons, for it was then that life was so vibrant and pulsating.

Because of his early death, many refer to him as a "lamented Shelley"; yet to me he seemed more of a Keats. In all of his writings he tried to express that beautiful creed that "beauty is truth, truth beauty."

What Boner and McNeill expressed in poetry, Isaac Ervin Avery developed in prose. He was a journalist, and his column in the *Charlotte Observer*, known as "Idle Comments," was filled with observations of a discerning yet sympathetic mind. If he had never written anything other than the short lines of poetic prose, "Violets," his name would belong to the roll of writers. From his pen came delightful sketches of people who are really the heart of the country. A collection of these sketches make up the volume, *Idle Comments*, which represents his contribution to literature.

Of the present-day writers of North Carolina who are natives of the state, the names of Paul Green and Gerald Johnson are the most outstanding. Paul Green is somewhat like McNeill in his acute and sensitive knowledge of the people; on the other hand he is lacking in that sprite-like and soaring nature of the latter. In truth, what he attempts to do is to set down the suffering of those people who are at the same time endowed with a spark of the divine. He has found in the poverty-stricken and tragic people a beauty which he molds into a beautiful form.

Perhaps one reason for his success is that he writes of those things that he understands. He has taken the old legends, customs, and superstitions of the white people, as well as of the negro, and has made them all live in literature. It has been partly through his efforts in regard to a better understanding and knowledge of the negro that new interest has been stimulated in the new movement in Southern literature which deals with the negro. His short stories and plays based on superstitions are well known. His most outstanding piece of work so far has been "In Abraham's Bosom," which won for him a Pulitzer prize.

From the newspaper world there comes another gifted writer, Gerald Johnson. A short time ago Mr. Johnson published a book, *An Epic in Homespun*, which raised him to a position of a man of letters. He is familiar with the state's history, with the history of its people, and with the land. There appear in various newspapers articles by him which deal with the state. They possess a quality of beauty along with an insight into human nature that make them delightful.

These men have caught a vision of North Carolina as she waits filled with unspoiled loveliness, pregnant with the intangible spirit of elemental life, and dripping with the dew of untouched flowers. There are many writers who have found inspirations from the state, but were not part of it as these have been. But these men have the laudits of their soul buried in the warm soil of North Carolina. With such a list of names as these, certainly North Carolina's rank in the literary world is secure.



What is fairer than a rosy sunset
Or the grayness of the dawn?
Or the vast unknown Eternity
At last, when life is gone?

Kendall May

A BIT OF RED CLAY

REBECCA HEATH

I'd almost forgotten my childhood in Carolina
Until today;
For the years have raced by swiftly since
I went away.
And the smoke and the dust and the rush of wheels
And the greed and noise
Have obscured the memories of cool, green dawns
And youthful joys.
But today in the midst of an uptown street
Where the trains rush by
I saw a shabby old car like all the rest,
But I
Saw something that no one else did
On its battered side—
A bit of red mud that had clung all the way;
And it tried
To tell me about the folks at home.
And its song still rings
In my ears. "Come back," it said, "where
The pine tree sings,
For it's here you'll find such beautiful things—
Beautiful things—!"

But the smoke and the greed and the dust and noise
Have almost obscured my childhood joys.
And the great steel claws have caught me tight
So I can't go back at all—tonight.
Oh, I'd almost forgotten until today
When I saw that clinging bit of red clay.

A TRAGEDY OF THE HILLS

MELISSA MULLEN

THERE was a light tap at the door. Jeremiah Flint got up from his comfortable morris chair and walked slowly and deliberately to open it.

There on the porch was a slim figure. As his eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, he recognized it as—his daughter.

She stood there spellbound. She was trembling, partly from fear, partly from cold. There were tears streaming down her cheeks from dazed-looking eyes.

“Father—please, I have come to ask help of you.”

“What! You *dare* to come to my house to ask anything of me after the disgrace you brought on *my* good name? You’re not worthy to stand on my doorsteps after marrying that good-for-nothing Steve Barker. The rotter!”

“Oh—don’t—don’t, father. How could you? You don’t understand. I know your heart and mind are poisoned against Steve, and against me for marrying him, but, father, listen. I’m your flesh and blood, and I *need* you!” She trembled again and a sob escaped her.

“St-Steve is lost! Yesterday morning early he went on a hunting trip up in the mountains. He had to be back by last night, and—oh—he—di-didn’t come back. I waited up for him the whole night through and have lived through this day only on the hope of his return. I have tried to get up a hunting party from the village, but you, by your eccentric, cruel ideas, have turned every one against me, and I can get no one to go. You are my last resort. I wouldn’t have come, knowing how you feel, but I *had* to. Can’t you forgive and forget after three years? Oh, father, please—if you only knew how much Steve means to me. He’s all I’ve got.”

“I can never forget—and will not forgive! You know that you were my life, and the plans that I had made for you, and you—you married the scum of the earth against my most violent protests.

You loved him more than you loved me—so you'll have to carry your own burdens. I will not help you!"

Suddenly a little grey-haired woman rushed up behind Jeremiah. It was his wife. She had overheard, but had not dared to interfere until now.

"Oh, Jeremiah, you can't! She's our baby. Please help her."

"Jennie, go back upstairs to bed. I don't need you to help me attend to my affairs. Go at once!"

And with this command he did not turn to look at his daughter again, but closed the door in her face and went back to his Morris chair, presumably to read, but too many thoughts filled his mind for any reading to be done.

Maybe he shouldn't have been so abrupt. Probably he should have helped her. She was his only child, but no—Steve deserved—deserved even to die! Why, he wasn't fit for Adelaide to wipe her feet on, and here she'd married him. He hated him!

Adelaide stood there motionless, staring at the closed door. No, oh no, he hadn't refused her, had he? The last resort to save dear Steve, the Steve she loved so, and the Steve who had been so misunderstood—oh no! It was all too true, though; so blindly and wearily she made her way back to the little cottage.

She sank down into the first chair she came to and sobbed like a baby. What could she do? It was all so utterly hopeless. As she thought again of Steve's being lost alone in those vast mountains, a flood of memories swept over her.

It seemed as though it were only yesterday when Steve came to the little village of Montreat. She remembered the first time she saw him she had a queer little feeling around the heart, and soon found out that that feeling was love. Her father had so opposed Steve that she'd had to meet him on the sly. Finally, they had put an end to this by marrying, and her father had—disowned her. Steve had been such a true husband, so kind, and good, and thoughtful always, and oh—now—he might be suffering—or in great trouble. She couldn't bear to think about it at all. She wracked her tired, worn-out brain. She could see nothing but to go alone and search for him. Yes! That's what she'd do!

She jumped up quickly to get things ready so she could leave at daybreak. There was something almost akin to happiness in her heart now. She worked quickly, and soon had everything ready for her search.

Then she stretched out across the bed and waited for the dawn. Sleep was impossible. Her mind couldn't relax with the heavy burden it was carrying.

After an eternity, it seemed, daylight came. She strapped her knapsack over her shoulders and set bravely out to climb the mountain.

* * * * *

"Adelaide, Adelaide, where are you?"

No response. Steve ran upstairs. Adelaide must be taking a nap. He ran into their room, but Adelaide was not there. Where could she be? Maybe she was in the village. He would freshen up and be waiting to surprise her when she came home.

Whew, what a narrow escape he'd had! He and Ralph, his only friend in the village, had lost their way and had had to spend the night in the most God-forsaken place he had ever seen. Finally, after a day and another night of wandering, they had hit the trail again, and here he was now at home, safe and sound. He hoped Adelaide hadn't worried too much. He wished she'd come home. He wanted to see and talk to her. It had seemed as though he'd been away from Adelaide for weeks, instead of a few days. He was dead tired, but couldn't sleep until he saw her.

He waited until seven-thirty; then he could stand the suspense no longer. He went down into the village to look for Adelaide. He went into the few open stores, asking every one he saw if he had seen anything of his wife. No one had seen or heard anything of her, though.

Where could she be? He was startled and worried. He was standing on the main square corner thinking, when a little, ragged urchin came up to him.

"Mr. Barker, I saw your wife going up the mountain trail yesterday morning when I was out delivering milk."

"What!" He grabbed hold of the child and held him tightly. "Did you speak to her?"

“Yes, sir. I said, ‘Mrs. Barker, where are you going so early?’”

“‘To search for Steve, dear; he’s lost, and I must find him.’”

Steve was completely taken aback. Adelaide searching for him? He must get to her before she got lost on that awful trail. To whom would he turn? By George, her father hated him, but he couldn’t refuse this request. He ran up the street to the Flint house.

He knocked quickly on the door and was soon confronted by Mr. Flint.

“Mr. Flint, wait—don’t close the door! Adelaide has gone up the trail alone looking for me. It might mean death. Help me, Mr. Flint. She’s your daughter; you *can’t* refuse.”

“What? Oh, God! Why did I refuse her? Yes, yes, I’ll help you. We’ll get a posse from the village, and go right now. Jennie, Jennie, get my gun and lamp. I can’t explain now, but don’t worry!”

Soon the posse was assembled, and they started up the trail. They got the dogs on what they hoped was the right track. All through the night the lanterns flickered and flashed on the trail, and the silence was broken only by the barking of the dogs and the eternal calls of “Adelaide.”

The sun was just coming up over the hills when suddenly the dogs broke loose and ran to a great tree to the left of the trail.

Steve broke away from the posse first, and ran madly after the dogs. There under the big tree was a huddled form which he could hardly recognize as Adelaide.

She was mumbling, “Steve, Steve, where are you? Steve, why don’t you come back to me?”

He bent over her, and picked her up in his arms. “Adelaide, here I am. Here’s your Steve.”

Adelaide looked at him, but there was no trace of recognition in her blank, tearful eyes.

Jeremiah Flint had been an onlooker at this scene, not daring to speak, but suffering the keenest remorse that is possible for a human to suffer.

SPRING IN CAROLINA

CLYDE NORCOM

Oh, to be in Carolina
Now that spring is there,
Breathing pink azalea in the flower-scented air.
My heart's in Carolina
When the lilacs are in bloom,
And I know there's not a sea drop that holds a bit of gloom.
And the sweet refreshing showers
Breathe new life within my heart,
For 'tis spring—in Carolina!

In the mountains there's
A fragrance that saturates the air,
For laurel and yellow jessamine are blooming everywhere.
And breezes from the ocean
Caress me in delight.
There's a splendor in the sunset that soothes my weary sight.
And the birds just
Have to sing when they know
That it is spring—in Carolina!



COLORS IN THE WEAVE

RAMBLES IN THE OLD NORTH STATE

TURNAGAIN BAY

RIGDON DEES, JR.

IT was a beautiful, sunshiny morning, that day in 1850. It was early spring, and all nature was beginning to awake after its long winter vigil. God seemed to be trying to bestow the greater part of His bounteous gifts on this particular spot of Eastern North Carolina. In the distance the bay could be seen, shimmering and sparkling in the early rays of the morning sun. In the freshly turned fields and lower spots the light fog was being speedily dispersed by a fresh little breeze that had just sprung up.

The earth was in splendid condition for the spring planting. The hardy Swiss and Huguenot settlers of this little community were thoroughly aware of this fact, and even now were making ready for the day's work in the fields. Their wholesome, if scanty, breakfast being finished, they hitched up their oxen, gathered up their tools, and started for the fields. Singing and laughing, the women began their daily work about the house.

Six miles distant, on an adjoining bay, lived a tribe of Indians. For a living, they did a little light farming, caught fish in the bays and creeks with bone hooks, hunted deer and other wild game, which was very abundant, and tonged some oysters in the winter. As a rule, they were a very peaceable tribe, but once in a while some of the more adventurous young braves would go on a rampage and raid a neighboring settler.

This morning, just as the dawn was beginning to break, a group of these braves suddenly descended upon the home of a settler who lived about three miles from the main settlement. The sleeping inhabitants were taken unawares, and before they could lift a hand in defense, the now half-crazed savages had entered the house. The husband, being rudely awakened by a rough hand upon his shoulder, seized his ever ready shotgun and killed one of the savages. With enraged yells they fell upon the settler and killed him, his wife, and two of his children. Only one escaped. This was a brave little lad of eight years, who, when he saw that his mother and father were being slaughtered and that he could do nothing, ran and hid in the sugar barrel in the pantry.

When the savages had left with their plunder, he crept from his hiding place and ran as fast as his fat little legs would carry him to the settlement. Between frightened sobs he told his story, and in twenty minutes a serious little group of those brave people were leaving the settlement on the trail of the savages. It was their intention to wipe out the tribe and rid themselves of the Indians forever.

Arriving at the Indian village, they found it deserted, the inhabitants having taken warning and fled. Four hours later they came up with the Indians and drove them out upon a narrow point of land. The Indians attempted to embark in their canoes and cross the bay to the other side. If they could do this they would be free.

The settlers, however, were upon them too soon and in a brief battle killed all but one of the Indians. This one was the old chief of the tribe. Diving into a canoe, he furiously struck out for the other side of the bay. The settlers, having accomplished their purpose, were willing to let the old chief escape, but when he got about two hundred yards out from shore, he rose up in his canoe, turned to the settlers, and slapped his hip at the little group on the shore, in this way showing his contempt for them. He continued to do this until one of the settlers suddenly exclaimed, "If he slaps his hip at me, and turns again, I'm goin' to shoot him." Slowly the old chief rose in his canoe, and, ignorant of what he was doing, turned again to the settlers and slapped his hip. Crack! A rifle

shot split the evening stillness. The old chief winced and slowly toppled forward into his canoe, the last of his tribe, dead!

The settlers called that bay Turnagain Bay, and for lack of a better name, and because that one is so appropriate, we have kept the name till this day. Today, in Eastern North Carolina, that bay lies in memory of a chief who was brave but foolhardy.



HILLSBORO

GLADYS HOLDER

One of the oldest and most fascinating towns of North Carolina is Hillsboro. Perhaps the fertile soil, the beautiful scenery, and the magnificent forests were the main attractions which prompted William Churton, Earl Granville's surveyor, to locate and lay off this quaint place in 1754.

The Oconeechie Mountains occupy a part of the town, and the Eno River makes its muddy way at the foot of these hills. It is said that Eno Will, an Indian guide who showed John Lawson the way through North Carolina to the coast, fished many times in the stream. His tribe lived in Hillsboro after the whites had settled.

Some people may say that I am not justified in calling Hillsboro a town, since it has a population of only 1,180 people, but surely it has exercised enough statewide and national influence for any town. Two United States senators from the place have served at the same time, and it claims some of the most outstanding men in our history.

The name of the town was gained from a member of King George's court, the Earl of Hillsborough. So great did England's king influence the new settlement that even now there is a certain prevailing atmosphere which suggests royalty. The stately cedars are undoubtedly one of the most suggestive features. They line Tryon Street to the old Nash mansion, forming a place of unusual

serenity and peacefulness, known as "Cedar Lane." These old landmarks were planted by Mrs. Nash, wife of a prominent lawyer in the community, in 1817. Since that time only five trees have been removed, and now the remaining ones are in their five hundredth year and have reached a height of sixty feet. The handsome creatures form a veritable umbrella overhead this lovely place and are a delightful setting for the smart little club house which has recently been built in their shade.

The old court house fairly reeks with a royal atmosphere, although it is very small. The smallness does not dull the beautiful simplicity of the structure. Its graceful lines tower into an equally graceful belfry where there is located a clock and a bell given by His Majesty, King George the Second, of England.

Another suggestive feature is the old Nash residence. Indeed, this quaint mansion of Francis Nash, lawyer and soldier for whom Nash County was named, is royalty within itself. Protecting it as the guards protected nobility's possessions, there stands the biggest mock orange tree in the state.

Leading up to this home there is a walkway that was laid in the Revolutionary days. It is constructed of slabs of slate-like rock of various shapes and sizes. The arrangement provides a fantastic appearance and produces a speckled effect. This walk has not been repaired since made, and no changes whatsoever have been made about the old homestead.

Another feature of Hillsboro which no one could overlook is the little Presbyterian Church at the intersection of Churton and Tryon Streets. This meeting-house is the oldest in the town, having been built during the second war with England, around 1812. It is very picturesque as it stands surrounded by a stone wall, and stretches its ivy-clad spires forever upward. The structure can accommodate only one hundred and fifty people.

The burial grounds of this church are also very interesting. The graveyard is not for Presbyterians alone, since it is the town burying-ground. In it are buried some of North Carolina's noblest sons. There is a monument to Archibald De Bow Murphey, who is known as "the father of public education" in the state. The grave of William A. Graham, an honored statesman who was given

a national and state burial, is also here, as is the grave of William Hopper, one of the state's three signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The inhabitants of Hillsboro are very proud of their aristocratic and historic old town and take great pleasure in showing their sights to visitors.



HARKER'S ISLAND

ANNIE LOUISE ROGERS

About six miles from Beaufort is a most picturesque island set apart from the rest of civilization. Harker's Island it is called. How or why this name was given to so lovely a spot has never been known.

The inhabitants of Harker's Island are a quaint and somewhat weird people. They dress in the most primitive sort of way and never care to visit "up-state" (as they call North Carolina).

These people, however, have not always lived on this island. Many years ago they lived across the channel in a place—a very small island-like area—called Diamond City. Year after year the sand, left by the ocean's tide, covered up the trees and plants. The sand would dry and blow in every direction. These ignorant people had no way of preventing this, and finally the sand began covering their crude homes.

They then moved to Harker's Island where they lived in the same primitive way as when they were "citizens" of Diamond City.

After many years the sand began to blow away from Diamond City, uncovering the once beautiful area. However, there were no remains of a city. The only thing that was left to show that the small desert had ever been inhabited was a graveyard. The bones of the dead could be seen lying along the beach.

The Harker's Island dwellers have many uncanny stories to tell of this old burial ground. It is a novel show-place for visitors, but the "folks from up-state" are never allowed to visit the city alone.

LEGENDS OF NORTH CAROLINA

A STORY OF BLOWING ROCK

KENDALL MAY

LONG, long ago there lived in the mountains of North Carolina, on the French Broad River, a tribe of Indians. The chief of this tribe had a very beautiful daughter named Nawetcha. Many of the young warriors had sought her in marriage, but she loved one, a young brave of a neighboring tribe. Meonia, the young brave, had offered the old chief a large sum of money for the princess, but he refused, saying that his daughter could marry only a man of fame. Meonia determined to win the admiration of the old chief, and in this manner gain Nawetcha in marriage. Baethon, a jealous rival of Meonia, learned of this plan, and began scheming ways in which he could outdo Meonia.

Several months passed, and the day for Meonia's return grew near. Nawetcha had heard how famous Meonia had become and awaited eagerly his return. Baethon also had heard the praises of the young warrior, and he worked out a plot by which Meonia should never return.

On the appointed day Baethon went early to a narrow ledge between the mountains, through which Meonia would have to pass, and loosened a slide of rock, which, at the slightest jar, would begin its fatal descent. Thinking that Meonia would surely be killed by his trap, Baethon hurried back and told the old chief that Meonia had been killed in a fight with an enemy tribe. He then offered the chief a fabulous sum for Nawetcha and displayed all of his marks of bravery. The old chief was well pleased with Baethon and began preparations at once for the marriage ceremony.

Nawetcha was heart-broken when she heard Baethon's tale, and swore to herself that she would never marry Baethon. She went to her dearest friend for aid, but they could think of no way out of the marriage. Nawetcha told her friend that she could not marry Baethon, that she would kill herself first. The friend was

thoroughly frightened by this and told the old chief what Nawetcha said. He sent for Nawetcha immediately, but she could not be found. He called a band of warriors together, and they started in search of the missing maiden.

They finally spied the princess high upon a mountain side. When Nawetcha saw that she was being pursued, she ran to the edge of a high cliff, and flung herself from it.

Meonia, who had escaped the slide, came up just in time to see Nawetcha jump from the precipice. Thinking that they might die together, he ran to the edge to fling himself off when a mighty gust of wind swept up from below the rock and brought in its grasp the princess, placing her safe and sound in Meonia's arms. When the old chief saw this miracle, he knew that Nawetcha was intended to marry Meonia, so he welcomed them into his tribe and continued the marriage ceremony; but the groom, instead of Baethon, was none other than Meonia.



NAG'S HEAD

HARVEY ANDERSON

Long ago pirates inhabited the eastern coast of North America. They had their dens in the wildest places imaginable. They plundered and sank innumerable vessels.

It happened that once in the long ago a ship was wrecked on the rocky coast of North Carolina. The only person saved was a pirate who was being carried to England. Into his head came the idea that other ships could be wrecked here. But how was he to attract them?

At length he conceived a plan. He saw an old horse stray down to the coast. The pirate captured the horse and rejoiced. The next stormy night he tied an old lantern to the nag's head and drove her out onto the rocks. A ship in distress thought the light was a good, safe harbor and immediately made for the port. But it did not go far. It was battered to pieces on the rocks.

The act was repeated many times, and people who first heard of the trick named the place "Nag's Head" on their maps. Today there is a popular resort at this place, the spot where so many ships have been wrecked and plundered.



THE MYSTERY OF CHIMNEY ROCK

ISAAC GREGORY

Of the many romantic and mythical legends of North Carolina, one of the most interesting is that of the treasure which is believed to have been buried in the western part of the state, in the Chimney Rock vicinity.

The myth goes back to the days of settlement of these American colonies. As we all know, the country at that time was one huge, unmapped wilderness, inhabited only by wild beasts and roaming bands of Indians.

A large, fair Englishman, accompanied by a negro servant who carried a medium-sized sea chest, is reported to have pushed bravely through the dense forests, and to have reached the neighborhood of Chimney Rock. Recognizing the unusual formation of stone as an invaluable landmark, he cleared a site and began preparations for permanent lodgings.

The colonists lived there peaceably for some time, doing but one thing the least bit unusual. Every evening the white man would climb to the top of the peculiar pike and spend several hours with something that he had secreted there in the small iron chest. He never let his slave accompany him on these strange expeditions.

The fascination of these mysterious trips so aroused the negro's curiosity that one afternoon he slipped behind his master to the spot where the treasure was laid. There, hidden behind a bush, he took his stand. When the box was opened, the negro saw something that so wrought upon his nervous system that he went crazy. Leaping and yelling, he beat his master to death with a stick he

happened to be carrying, grabbed up the cash, and went dancing and singing insanely into the woods, never to be seen again.

The contents of the treasure chest have never been revealed, but the natives have many weird and supernatural solutions to the odd incident.



PILOT MOUNTAIN

GRACE BUNTING

I had often wondered how Pilot Mountain got its name, and in my eagerness to satisfy my curiosity this is the story I heard:

An old Indian sat at the spring below Pilot Mountain and on the sand at his feet continually traced the words "My Pilot." I asked him why he was doing this, and if he could tell me how the mountain got its name. This is the story he told:

"In years long past a tribe of Indians lived here, in the very shadow of this mountain. They were good, kind, and generous, and lived up to the rules and tradition of their tribe faithfully; they loved their homes and fields. At length another tribe came in. They were just the opposite from our tribe—rough, rude, and cruel. They killed men, women, and children, hunting them out like wolves.

"Several months passed by, and it became useless to try to resist their attacks. Then one night a bright light was seen at the foot of the mountain, and a voice said to my people, 'Follow me.'

"They stood in amazement, and while they looked the light moved up, up, and up to the top of the pinnacle, and then disappeared over the mountain top.

"A council was held, and led by dismay, they decided that if on the next night the light appeared they would follow it.

"The next day dawned and faded. Again the light appeared, and a voice said, 'Follow me.'

"One by one the Indians followed with faltering steps after it. Again the day dawned and faded. Still the light led on. At the

top of the pinnacle the light disappeared; however, they followed still. At the end of the night they stopped on the edge of the pinnacle to rest.

“When night fell, they again followed the light, and this time they reached the spot where the light had disappeared. Then out of the silence a voice said, ‘You have followed, faithful and true, and you shall soon receive your reward.’”

“As day came on, the sky darkened, and a storm came up. The water surged down the valley in billows thirty feet high. All night it continued and all the next day and night. When dawn again came, the sky was clear, the sun was shining, and the valley was changed. It was flooded with water, and here and there were rude log cabins floating by.

“On the second day the voice again spoke, saying, ‘Your avenger is complete. When the water goes down, return to the valley, rebuild your homes, and cultivate your fields.’”

And so the old Indian concluded by saying, “And from that day on the Indians of our tribe called this mountain, because it guided us to safety and security in time of danger, ‘Nego Pileto,’ or, as the white man would say, ‘Our Pilot,’ or ‘Pilot Mountain.’”



THE LEGEND OF BIG ROCK

BERNICE LOVE

Big Rock is a high hill in the western part of North Carolina. The hill, tradition says, was not always there, but grew like magic, all of a sudden. This is the story of Big Rock as the Indians have passed it down from age to age.

In the days when all animals lived on friendly terms, when the wolf was not a bad fellow, and even the lion was friendly, there lived in a beautiful valley a little boy and girl. The valley was a very pleasant place to live. All the animals came from miles around to drink from the cool waters of the river which flowed through it. One shallow pool seemed made especially for the little boy and girl.

One day in midsummer they remained in the water longer than usual, so at last when they came out they were quite tired. As they were a little chilled besides, they looked around for a place where they could get dry and warm.

"Let's climb onto that big, flat rock with the moss on it," said the little boy.

So he climbed up the side of the rock, which was only a few feet high, and drew his sister up after him. They lay down to rest, and pretty soon, without intending it at all, they were fast asleep.

Nobody knows how it happened that at this time the rock began to rise and grow; but it did happen, because there it is today, taller than the other hills in the valley.

Meanwhile the father and mother were searching for the children everywhere, but all in vain. No one had seen them climb upon the rock, and every one was too excited to notice what had happened to it. The parents wandered far and wide, asking each animal if he had seen their children.

Led by the wolf, who had caught the scent of the children when he came to drink at the pool, they reached the foot of the rock. The wolf ran around and around with his nose to the ground; then he ran up to the rock and put his forepaws up as high as he could reach.

"H-m-m!" he grunted. "I cannot fly or swim, but neither am I stupid or ignorant. My nose has never deceived me yet; your little boy and girl are there on that rock."

The question was how to get them down. All the animals were called together to see what could be done. As talking did not take them very far, they decided to try jumping. The smallest one was permitted to make the first attempt. The mouse made a tiny little hop, about as high as a hand. The squirrel went a little higher. The lion ran toward the rock with great leaps, sprang straight up—and fell and rolled over on his back. He had made a higher jump than the animals, but it was not nearly high enough. No one knew what to do next. Suddenly a tiny voice was heard.

"Perhaps if you let me try, I might climb the rock."

They all looked around in surprise, but they could see no one. Then a measuring worm crawled out of the grass—a funny little

worm that made its way by hunching up its back and drawing itself ahead an inch at a time.

However, after much talk, they decided it could do no harm to let him try. So the measuring worm made his way slowly to the rock and began to climb. In a few minutes he was higher than the rabbit had jumped. Soon he was farther up than the lion had been able to leap; before long he had climbed out of sight.

It took him a whole month, climbing day and night, to reach the top of the magic rock. When he got there he awakened the little boy and girl, who were surprised to see where they were, and guided them safely down a path unknown to all the animals. Thus, by patience and toil, the weak little creature was able to do something that the larger animals, with all their strength, could never have done.



“TAR HEELS”

(How the Nickname Originated)

The name “Tar Heels” was not applied to North Carolinians until the Civil War, according to tradition. Behind the so-called nickname the patriotism and bravery which is always evident among the Carolinians is represented, and also the crude humor that was frequently expressed by the typical Southern “darkies.”

One legend says that the “darkies” used the resinous fluid which exudes from the pine tree to heal the wounds on their heels caused by dancing and labor. This story, however, is not very authentic and is very rarely accepted as the true origin.

Probably the most credible version is the one concerning a group of North Carolina infantrymen during the war between the states. In one battle, this brigade remained in their assigned position after their commander had given an order to retreat. A soldier from Mississippi, who hastily passed by the Carolinians and observed their continued stand, remarked to his comrades, “Those men must have tar heels to remain in that position.”

This remark was soon spread, and so the name "Tar Heels" became a popular nickname for the fellow statesmen of the brave brigade, who fought so fearlessly for the Confederacy.

Mack Heath

Eight o'clock found Sambo in his favorite spot—the station door. For the past two years, ever since the first train passed that way, he had met the two daily trains. All the trainmen knew the little negro boy, and occasionally they would hand him a sandwich or an apple.

In a few minutes Sambo saw the train coming around the curve, then up to the front of the station, where it stopped. Perhaps you would not be able to call the structure a station, for it was merely a shack, large enough to house a few passengers who were compelled to wait there in order to make train connections. An adequate place had not as yet been provided for packages coming in to store dealers. Therefore, the business men stood close to Sambo, in a small Eastern Carolina town, as the train pulled in, eagerly awaiting the arrival of their goods.

"Did you say that we must stay here until twelve o'clock before we make connection to Washington?" asked a middle-aged man, one among six, of an insignificant-looking conductor.

"Yes, sir, you surely do. Congressmen are included in the bunch." He chewed his tobacco harder; then spoke again, "There's a mighty nice horseshoe ring on t'other side of the depot. I used to play while I waited here, and you might could get amusement from it." With these last few words the conductor stepped back on the platform and gave the signal to start.

As the train left, the six Congressmen walked over to the horseshoe ring, picked up some horseshoes, and began to play. The game wasn't very exciting, so they began to throw quarters on the ground for the winner.

The little negro had gone back home now, since the train had passed. He was playing around his old mammy's washtub in the hot sun, while she sang in her broken voice. There wasn't a sound to be heard on that still summer morning, except her voice and the soft splashing of water in her tub. Suddenly Sambo pricked up his

ears at the clang of horseshoes. Quickly he ran around to the other side of the shack. Before his mammy knew it, he was watching the men as they pitched the horseshoes. His quick eyes took in the quarters lying on the sand. This was exactly what he had expected. Others had played for money on that same spot. But why should he worry?

Soon the game was discontinued for a while so that the men could search for their quarters. For the last ten minutes they had been missing their money. Now the men were kicking their heels around in the sand, searching in vain for their quarters. It was then that one of the men looked up, and there stood Sambo with a frightened-looking grin spread over his face. When the man's eyes met his, Sambo turned and started down the train tracks. As he lifted his feet, the men could see where their money had gone. The boy's heels were covered with tar, and, sticking to them, were a number of quarters.

Finally, when the men reached Washington, something was said to the other Congressmen about the negro's prank. They seemed to enjoy the episode very much. One man exclaimed, "I'll say that you folks surely have a Tar Heel state."

Marguerite Wells



ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

MARGARET MURCHISON

Nearly every one claims, of course, not to be superstitious; but I think that most of us are really very much like the old woman who said that she was not superstitious, but she did like to be on the safe side. So when a black cat crosses her path on the way to a neighbor's house, she simply turns around, goes back home and waits until another day to pay her visit.

I remember when I was a very small child I used to see quite often little "fever worms," as we called them. Every time I saw one of those fuzzy little creatures I would spit three times before

I played a bit longer or did another thing. If I had not spit, I would have taken the fever, you see. From whatever origin it came, spitting must have been the source of much good luck; for in the same manner did we, when we were children, spit upon a horseshoe and hang it up somewhere in order to insure for ourselves good luck. I remember, too, how as a child I searched many hours in the clover patches for a four-leaf clover, but I never found one for myself. Other children could, but I could not. Then, too, I used always to be losing teeth; and every time I pulled one out myself I put it under my pillow at night. The next morning I always found something good to eat under there, and the tooth was gone! They used to tell me that if I did not put my tongue a single time in the hollow place where the tooth had been, it would come back a nice new gold one. I still believe that superstition, for I have never yet seen any one whose tongue does not automatically thrust itself into that little hollow place as soon as the tooth has been pulled out.

Now, do not gather from this that children are the only superstitious human beings. Older people are just as superstitious and perhaps more so. My own mother used never to cut out a dress for me on Friday or on the thirteenth of the month either. If she did, she was afraid that it would never be finished, or that something would go wrong before it was completed. She is not superstitious any longer, however. Not long ago she paid the dentist a visit. He took out thirteen teeth for thirteen dollars on the thirteenth day of the month, and she is better now than she has been in years. Neither does my father believe in the superstition about the "seven years' bad luck" if one breaks a mirror. Only the day after my father broke his best shaving mirror into about forty pieces was it that his manager decided to give him a raise.

I shall never forget the teachings I received from an old negro mammy we used to have a long time ago. She was indeed the most superstitious person I ever knew. She would always make me move my chair, when I was too lazy to do it on my own accord, and say to me, "Why, chile, don't you know dat you won't never git married if'n you set dare iak dat an' just let me sweep under yo' feet ev'y time?" Old mammy seemed much more interested in

whether I would ever get married than I was myself. I never raise an umbrella in the house even now, when I think how mammy used to tell me there would be a death in the house if I did that. I don't like to hear dogs howling at night either; for that, too, according to mammy, is a sure sign of death.

My next-door neighbor will never let me count the cars at a passing funeral if she sees me; for that, she says, will surely bring on a death. There is another sign of impending death, the one about the ringing in one's ears. I do not remember whether that is one of mammy's or some one else's.

And you know there are more people who have superstitions about infants! Some folks will not cut a baby's finger nails before he is a year old for fear he will grow up to be a thief. Where that came from I do not know. Other folks believe that if a child cries on its first birthday, it will be unhappy all its life. I imagine those folks must keep mighty busy letting the child have its own way so that it will not have time to cry.

Then there are those who have their superstitions about dreams. They are about the most interesting of all to me. You know the one about dreaming of a death, of course. If you dream of a death, there is sure to be a wedding. On the other hand, if you dream of a marriage, you will surely attend a funeral. They believe that if one dreams of men, he will be lucky; but if he dreams of women, he will be unlucky. If you dream a thing three times in succession, it is bound to come true. But don't you ever tell a bad dream before breakfast if you don't want it to come true, because it surely will—they say.



NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS

DIXON THACKER

It was with some trepidations that I promised to visit Al during my vacation that summer. I hardly relished the idea of spending two whole weeks on a North Carolina rice plantation where negroes

were so numerous. But I had promised, and I must keep my promise. So visit Al I did.

At the station Al met me with a shining buggy and Dan, his best horse—as he informed me; I'm no judge of horses. We traveled the rough road from Wilmington to the plantation with considerable ease; true, the buggy was new and the springs rather stiff, but altogether the trip was a pleasant one. The road was lined with old oaks whose limbs met high over our heads, forming a green, green arch. In places nearest the river heavy grey moss clung to the branches and hung, a ragged curtain just above us. As we neared the plantation, the fields of rice grew broader and broader. They stretched far into the woods on either side of the road and almost to the very door of Al's old colonial home.

We left the buggy and horse in charge of a negro worker a short distance from the house and proceeded to walk the rest of the way. We had not gone far, however, when a little negro boy of not more than eight years of age darted across our path. Close on his heels came a fat negro mammy. It was surprising to me that so buxom a woman could run so fast, but Al seemed to take it as a matter of fact. (I learned later that it was not a new and unpracticed thing for Rose, the negress, to be chasing some little colored boy about the farm.) But it was Al who caught the boy and thrust his squirming body into the arms of his panting parent.

"He was a'ter runnin' from his pallet-wrappin' agin, Mas'," she explained to Al. "Lawd, 'deed Ah doesn't know what am gwine to become ob dat nigger. If he had'n his own way, his pallet would be down to de very bottom ob his heels dis minute."

And with that she grabbed a handful of short, kinky hair in the very center of the boy's head and dragged him to her cabin steps. Deeply interested, I followed to watch the "wrapping." Seated on the steps with the negro boy held tightly between her knees she began to wrap the handful of hair with gay, red ribbon.

"You see, Mas'," she told me, "dis hol's de pallet up an' keep yo' in tol'able health."

I left her sitting there wrapping, wrapping; and when I left, the poor boy's eyebrows were drawn and pulled into such an aristocratic

arch that he seemed quite out of place and really ridiculous wriggling between his mammy's knees.

I did not see Rose again until supper-time. Then she entered with such an aroma of bacon grease that I was almost sick to think of eating such food. But to my surprise there was no bacon placed upon the table. For half the meal I worried my head wondering why I smelled the bacon only when Rose was in the room. And then—she leaned over me to remove my plate. Her face was absolutely swathed in bacon grease! In the dull light I had not noticed the sheen on her face, but now it stood out like a great beacon.

“Rose,” I asked, “for heaven's sake, why all that grease on your face?”

She was duly amazed at my ignorance and answered with condescension. “De Lawd knows Ah ain't onhealthy, Mas', but widout dis grease de whole worl' would think Ah's de mos' onhealthiest nigger hyar.”

Al explained to me. It seemed that all the negroes on the plantation “wore bacon grease.” Without it they were considered “onhealthy” and very poorly fed. And to be fed poorly was a disgrace never to be lived down.

Al and I went walking through the fields late one afternoon when only a few negro men were lingering over last tasks. But seeing these few I immediately looked toward their “pallets” and found each one to be carefully wrapped in some gaily-colored ribbon. Only one wore a dark ribbon—one old darkie's pallet was held in place by a black string. I was about to question the old negro about his choice of color when Al, divining my intention, adroitly led me away.

“Don't,” he cautioned; “his wife died recently, and, poor fellow, he's quite upset. That's the reason for the black 'hair-ribbon'.”

Farther along in the fields we met a group of young negresses who were carrying huge baskets of a reddish herb. On questioning the girls I found the baskets to contain sassafras roots which they had spent the entire afternoon in gathering. A favorite banjoist in the quarters was sick and only sassafras tea would cure him—therefore, the root gathering.

Suddenly, I noticed their ears! At first I thought myself crazy and then them. Through the lobes of both ears of each girl projected a short straw. I stared and realized it, but I continued to stare just the same. Why such "tom-foolery" of wearing straws in your ears? And in just such words I asked those negro girls. One "superior soul," wishing more to display her school learning than to enlighten me, proceeded to explain in a thick negro voice.

"We girls are all 'of age' now, Mister Ben, and we're allowed to wear ear-knobs. And there ain't but one way to wear 'em, so we're jest preparing ourselves. Last night our mammies pushed a hot needle through our ears and then stuck these broom straws through; so when the so'ness goes out we'll stick the ear-knobs in."

"And, believe me, they'll stay there even when we's in our graves," a shrill-voiced negro supplied.

I'm through with all negroes; they're too everlasting superstitious and silly. But listen; Uncle Bob—that's the oldest negro on Al's plantation—says that if you don't cross your legs every time you see a funeral pass, you'll have the worst of luck all your life. Now I'm not superstitious, but I *do* believe in being careful. Don't you? And it is so easy to cross your legs!



SILVER BULLET

ANNA LYON

"Whar ye goin', Ephram?"

"I'se travellin' up to Dave Watson's house."

"What ye goin' up thar fer, Ephram?"

"Law help us, man. Hain't ye heard that little Lillie Watson is bewitched?"

"Ye don't mean hit, Ephram?"

"Yeah I do, and that's jest whar I'm goin' right this minute."

"Well, I don't see why ye want to go up thar fer. Them spirits might get atter ye."

"I'm a-goin' jest because a passel of us people air a-goin' up thar to find out what devils air a-botherin' her."

Old Ephram trod on his way up Sunset Mountain, one of the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina. He was not as ignorant as the majority of the people of that section, but he could not live down the superstitions of his ancestors. As he went farther up the mountain, he looked at the misty blue of the horizon which guarded the land beyond the hills. He wondered what his son had become since he had left the mountain school and gone to the city to work. Ephram shook his gray head. He knew that those of the younger generation could go, but he would not leave the familiar, secluded land of the rhododendron and azalea. He reached the rickety cabin of his friend just before dusk.

"Howdy, folks," he said in the slow drawl of the mountaineer.

"We been waiting fer ye, Ephram; none o' your folks sick, air they?"

"No, they hain't. I hain't as young as I once was, ye know, and I can't get up these mountains as quick as I used to. What ye been doin' fer the gal, Dave? Had the doctor fer her?"

"Yeah, an' we done everything fer her that he tol' us to, an' she hain't no better yet."

"What'cha do fer her?"

"We hain't give nobody nothin'. We done got the cardboard and made them silver bullets," chimed in the cracked voice of Sally Watson.

Twilight had let the first of many stars creep in, when the mountaineers had gathered around the fire to decide on the one witch that was the cause of the young girl's illness. One of the old men thought that the witch had the face of a cat; another thought that the witch was Het Collins. After much discussion, they decided that Het was the witch, and that her picture must be made on the piece of cardboard. Het's image, according to the witch doctor, had to be bored by silver bullets (for witches were immune to lead) before the girl would be well.

"Hurry up, though, Elisha, with that picher," growled Dave.

"Here we be with everything, pa," came the answer.

The picture was nailed to the trunk of the nearest chestnut tree. The gun was loaded with the silver bullets which would pierce the witch's spirit. All of the people gathered around Dave, waiting for him to shoot. One, two, three, and the bullets sang as they speedily went to the target.

"Ye got her that time, Dave," shouted Ephram.

"Guess the gal will be all right atter this," commented one of the men.

"Gotta be gittin' to home now," Ephram announced when the excitement was over. The others followed his example, and soon Sunset Mountain was deserted except for its one family.

Perhaps a week had gone by when Ephram and Sam met again. As they started to the village, Ephram broke the news that he could contain no longer.

"Sam, Het Collins has been goin' 'round here braggin' 'bout not being hurt t'other night. Wonder if there's anything to hit."

"Don't know, Ephram. What's doing over thar?" Sam pointed to the field across from the general store. The two men could hear a woman talking as loud as she could. Sam and Ephram hurried to join the rapidly growing crowd.

"Ya! Ya! I hain't been hurt a bit by them silver bullets o' yourn, Dave Watson," the woman cried. "I tell you, I hain't been hurt a bit."

"Well, I'll swar," muttered an old mountaineer.

"I can cure anything you got," Het screamed, as she performed antics that suited her newly-acquired profession.

As Ephram sat on his porch that night, he pitied the witch doctors who were not as they once were. How they would live now in that section, Ephram did not know.

"Wall," he said to himself, "Het Collins can't change me an' them mountaineers if she air all the sperits in this whole wide world."

TEARS

ELLA MAE BARBOUR

Eunice sat by the window looking out upon a cold, gray world. As she bent her gaze to the shining silk in her hand, she mumbled, "Yes, I have always been unhappy. I don't remember a day in my married life that I haven't cried over something. Tomorrow will be Ann's wedding day. It seems more than twenty-five years since I was married. Twenty-five centuries!"

She rose and walked over to the cheerless fire. Eunice had never been pretty, and the years had brought no increasing beauty. She stood there—bent—weeping. It had never occurred to her why she cried so often. Crying was her only relief from the prison of her own personality.

It was five o'clock and Ann would soon be there. Ann—how like her mother! It was a mystery to every one why Razer Kennicott, so desirable a young man, ever chose Ann from the millions. There was nothing unusual about her, except the atmosphere of sameness that she always kept. She was drab, with straight brown hair and watery blue eyes. She always walked with a slow, hesitating step. The gossips nodded their heads and wracked their brains, trying in some way to match the ill-assorted pair.

With her gray coat wrapped loosely about her, Ann came calmly into the room. She was the same—but wait! There was an unmistakable new gleam in her eyes! "Mother," she said, as Eunice hurriedly dried her eyes and put away her gray handkerchief, "some one just told me that if a girl were married on a rainy day, she would cry every day for the rest of her life. How absurd! I won't put off mine just for sunshine."

"But, dear—! Please! No, you must go on with the ceremony. But I do so want *you* to be happy."

* * * * *

Eunice awoke. Was she awake or did she still linger in sleep? What made her heart pound so curiously? Ah—! It was Ann's wedding day. She dared not open her eyes. No, she did not need to—for she could hear the steady drizzle of a cold, gray rain.

THE FLYING DEVIL

CLARENCE BUICE

CHARACTERS:

Pa—Father and head of the house
Ma—Wife.
Jim—Pa's business partner
Girl—Daughter, slightly educated
Mr. Wright—Inventor of aeroplane
Dr. Jones—Physician

SCENE: Kitty Hawk, N. C. A small, two-room cottage in which the bed-room, living-room, and kitchen are combined. The rooms are dingy, poorly lighted and ventilated, with cracked floors and roughly finished walls.

MA: I heard the people over to the city are gonna fly the "Devil" tomorrow.

PA: Yeah, but not if I can help it; I ain't gonna have no devils a-flying around my place. That thar Mayor Jones was out here to see me again today about the field.

GIRL: Ah, pa, you and Jim are crazy. They said over at the school that Mr. Wright could fly in the air just like Dr. Ham flies that buggy over at the city.

PA: Ah, you jest hesh. Since you been going over to that thar city school, you done gone plumb crazy. You ain't even been treating Jim none too good here of late.

GIRL: Well, Jim is all right, but there are some nice boys over at the school, too.

PA: Ma, didn't I tell ye that she would be a-getting too smart if ye let her go over to that thar city school. She'll be marrying one of them dad-busted, lazy, good-for-nothing loafers first thing you know.

MA: Well, pa, it wouldn't be right if she didn't get no education.

PA: Dad-lem the education! I didn't get none, and education ain't of no good purpose, no way. I reckon that fellow Wright is educated and I think that's why he's witched—a-trying to fly around here like a bird. Crazy notion, I calls it.

MA: That fellow Wright has got the devil in him, and I don't think education got nothing to do with it.

PA: Everything in the barn has been hexed, from the cows to the chickens, since he's been around. (*A knock on the door is heard*) Come in.

JIM *enters, pale and frightened.*

JIM: Did you give Mayor Jones permission to use the field?

PA: Naw, and I ain't gonna give him no permission.

JIM: When I was over to the field a-plowing up them 'tatoes I heard a big noise like a thunder bolt. Just thought I would tell ye that the "Devil" is at it again.

PA: What!

JIM: Yeah, and 'tis so; I heard that noise and got plumb scared. See how cloudy the sky is a-getting.

PA: Ma, bring me my gun.

JIM: No! Stop! If ye shoot, the witches will ride us all to death.

PA: (*Hearing the hum of a motor*) Yeah, that's it. I hear it; the witches are riding.

GIRL: That's not a witch, pa; that's Mr. Wright. I'm going out to see him fly his aeroplane.

PA: (*Still frightened*) Stop! Stop! I say! The witches will ride you to death.

Exit GIRL. PA follows with shotgun. A noise is heard as of the landing of a plane. A few moments later a shot is fired, followed by a girl's scream. In another minute MR. WRIGHT rushes in, bearing the figure of a girl in his arms. They are closely followed by PA. MR. WRIGHT puts the girl on the couch in the corner and JIM rushes to her.

MA: My girl, what's happened?

PA: (*Weakly, sobbing*) The gun—the gun. I—I missed him.

MR. WRIGHT: He shot at me, but the shot went wild and hit her. We must hurry. Is there a doctor near?

JIM: Doc Jones, he's nearest, but he lives purt' near four miles.

MR. WRIGHT: It will take at least forty minutes over these muddy roads. I know, I'll get him in my plane. (*Exits.*)

PA: Whar he goin'?

MA: To git Doc Jones.

PA: He kyarn't make it.

MA: He's goin' in the "Devil."

PA: Then he'll be killed, too.

Moans from GIRL. MA, who is weeping silently by the window, goes to her.

MA: What d'ye want, dear?

GIRL: My chest, it hurts.

JIM: Git a cloth to bind it up.

MA goes out and returns with a basin of water and some cloths. She bathes the wound while the GIRL moans.

PA: *(Weakly)* Ter think I done it with my own hand; I shot my little gal.

MA: My little gal—ter think her own pa shot her.

JIM: Why don't he hurry? He'd better come on.

Sounds of an aeroplane, then DOCTOR and MR. WRIGHT hurry in.

MR. WRIGHT: Here she is, Doctor.

DOCTOR: *(Examining the GIRL)* H'm—bad wound. *(To MA)* Here, hold this towel.

THE DOCTOR opens the medicine case and gets to work. MA assists him with cloth, etc. PA, JIM, and MR. WRIGHT hover anxiously over the GIRL. She moans slightly.

PA: Bad place, and I shot her—my little gal.

MR. WRIGHT: Don't take it so hard, sir. She'll get well.

PA: Naw, I done shot her. She's hurt and she's goin' ter die.

DOCTOR: Well, sir, she'll be all right, I think, but you'll have to watch her carefully. I'll be over again late this evening. But before I go, I want to tell you that you owe her life to Mr. Wright. If it hadn't been for him, she might have died.

PA: Fer him?

DOCTOR: Yes, for him. He came for me in the "Devil," and if we had gotten here much later, she might have died.

PA: *(In an odd, half-believing tone)* The "Devil" saved her. *(Goes over to MR. WRIGHT and holds out his hand)* Mister, I want ter thank you. You kin have my field for nothing so you can land on it whenever you wanter with your "Devil." We'uns ain't afraid of it any more, 'cause it helped ter save our little girl.

(Curtain)

BROKEN GROUND

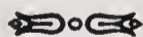
(They plowed up our garden today)

NORMA CARR

Broken ground
Lying fallow in the sun—
It is to the farmer a field
Where green shoots of corn will grow.
Last year corn grew there;
This year it will grow again.
It is natural;
He thinks nothing of it.
When the corn ripens, he will sell it in the market.
Then he will buy salt and sugar,
And say, "Crops are good."

But to the dreamer there is more than rows of corn.
He sees the rich earth
Pregnant with life,
Vibrant with voices of new birth—
Red, the color of life—

Red, the symbol of growth.
The sun shines,
The rain falls,
The corn grows,
And the cycle is nearing completion.



Roses—
Downy-scented pillows
Where butterflies
May pause and rest
When flitting through the air.

Anna Lyon

WARP AND WOOF

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Native Literary Material

IT probably seems rather strange to the older residents of North Carolina that the majority of North Carolina writers look toward some field other than their own state as a source for information and inspiration when there really is such an excellent opportunity for literary development in their native state. One has only to look back over the colorful history of North Carolina, over her widely varied types of settlers, her beautiful scenery, and her many old legends and superstitions to get an idea of the vast

amount of material which lies in wait for some literary genius. Already the work of the Carolina Playmakers has done much to develop an appreciation for, and to attract attention to, these facts.

While we realize that the majority of high school students do not have the ability to write articles which would greatly contribute to literature, nevertheless it is our hope that through this North Carolina issue of HOMESPUN we may bring to light a few new interesting facts that are unknown to our reading public—facts and incidents which, while small and insignificant when taken alone, give an idea of the wealth of material in our state that has never been placed before the public eyes.

Elizabeth Boyst

High School Writers

Many youthful writers labor under the false belief that they must get above their surroundings, that they must choose some lofty subject removed from the commonplace things. Therein they make a grave error. It is only about those things with which one is familiar in one way or another that one can write successfully. The treatment of other subjects will necessarily have an inflated and spurious atmosphere; it will be stiff and unreal—a fatal detraction.

There is in the banal and commonplace of life as much material for good writing as in the pompous and romantic. The high school student who feels that to write he or she must look to the South Sea or the arctic circle is altogether wrong. Unless that writer has been on a world tour, it is far better to depict life in his own backyard. It may only be a description of the next-door neighbor, but it is better writing than a description of some dusky potentate from the "heart of darkness." Because much of literature deals with matters which to us seem romantic and far removed, we must not make the erroneous assumption that it was foreign to the author who successfully treated it.

L. V. B.



TANGLED THREADS

JUST BEYOND OUR BACKYARD FENCE

DIXON THACKER

In a corner of the earth one day
I found a tiny nook—
A shrine where fairies brought their lore
And kissed a crystal brook.
Such kisses brought forth dimples from
The happy, little stream,
And rippling 'long with childish glee,
It led me to a dream—
A room of the world whose only roof
Was a powder-puffed sky,
Whose walls were made of willows green,
Whose carpets, violets shy.
I nestled in their velvet folds
And thought of far-off things;
The world was gone—I dreamed my dreams
Of palaces and kings.
And then a humming, humming drone—
A bee drove me away;
The place was not for human folk;
'Twas made for fairies gay.

THE LACE FAN

KENDALL MAY

The scene is a rather large den, modernly furnished. There is a fire burning in the fireplace. Directly in front of the fire is a large leather chair. The room is dark, save for the lighted lamp above the chair, and the soft glow of the fire. As the curtain rises a man is sitting before the fire reading. For a few moments he remains reading; then with an exclamation he snaps the book shut, and rises from the chair. He stands gazing aimlessly into the fire. With a sigh he turns and starts wandering restlessly about the room. We see his face. It is a wistful face, with sorrowful blue eyes. He seems to be about thirty-five years old. Finally he deposits the book on the table. He resumes his wandering, but when he passes the secretary, he stops. As he stands looking at it, his face brightens, and stooping, he opens the bottom drawer. He pushes back the contents of the drawer and lifts from it a square box. With this in his hands he goes back to the fire and carefully opens the box. With trembling fingers he takes from it a beautiful white lace fan, delicately made. He drops into his chair, and gazes at the fan; the box falls unnoticed to the floor. As he sits staring at the fan, a lovely girl about twenty-one years old suddenly stands before him. Her hair and eyes are dark; her dress of purest white. He is unaware of her presence at first. At last he looks up. The boy, greatly startled, springs from his chair.

THE BOY: Marjorie! Why—why surely it isn't you!

MARJORIE: (*Smiling*) Yes, Robert, it is I.

ROBERT: (*Bewildered*) But Marjorie, it can't be!

MARJORIE: Dearest, I know that it's hard for you to realize, but it is Marjorie.

ROBERT *reaches out to touch her, but she steps back.*

MARJORIE: No, Robert, you must not touch me.

ROBERT: (*Still bewildered*) No, no, Marjorie, it can't be! You are dead! I am dreaming! (*He buries his face in his hands.*)

MARJORIE: (*Smiling sadly*) No, Robert. You are wrong. I am not dead. I remember well people's weeping and saying that I had died, was dead. But, Robert, there is no death. You were overcome with grief. I longed to comfort you, but I could not then. (*She reaches out her hand to touch him, but withdraws it.* ROBERT *raises his head.*) Robert, won't you tell me about yourself now? I have been away, oh, so long.

ROBERT *begins to realize that it is really* MARJORIE.

ROBERT: Oh, Marjorie, I have been so lonely without you. I thought that I couldn't go on, that I too must die. I have somehow struggled along these two years, though. Marjorie, it seems so unfair that you should be taken while you were so young and beautiful, and we were so happy! You were my wife for only six short months, and then—it is unjust!

MARJORIE: Robert, you must not talk like that. I have been unbearably lonesome too, but I have waited, and will wait until we two can be together again.

ROBERT: (*Brightly*) Marjorie, if I killed myself, we—we would be together again!

MARJORIE: (*Horried*) No! Robert, you must not! I could not bear that!

ROBERT: (*Hopelessly*) But, I can't go on living without you, Marjorie!

MARJORIE: Yes, you can, and must. From now on I can be near you always. You must go on and on, and some day we will be together again. (*She notices the fan and smiles.*) Robert, I have often wondered what had become of my fan. Remember, I had it when we first met. I'm glad it's with you. (*She glances about her hurriedly.*) Robert, I must go now! But remember, I am always near.

ROBERT: (*Holding out his arms*) Marjorie——!

Curtain



THE YELLOW GLOW

MARY LEET UNDERWOOD

Margaret Motley stepped back on the curb as the signal changed. There had been a time, not so very long ago, when she could have crossed easily, swiftly, before the cars could start. But now her ankles swayed, and her knees were weak. She was afraid to cross in front of cars because—well, she was getting old! The thought startled her as if she had never known it. Yes, she was getting old, and, oh, what a hideous, horrible old-age she was facing!

She walked through the business district of the little seaport town and out to where the houses had larger yards and the distances grew greater between them. She left the paved streets and kept walking. She was going home—how she hated the word! That was why she worked so late at the fishery; that was why she walked for hours on summer evenings when day lasted longer. She had rather go home after dark; she couldn't see it then. She hated herself for being so weak; yet who could bear so lonely a life as hers?

Fate had been unmerciful to her. First it was John, the oldest. (All of their children had been boys.) When she thought of John, she always saw fat little legs running along the sandy beach; and then, no matter how hard she fought, she saw a stiff, wet body. The sea had taken its toll from these happy fisher-folk, but it was not through. Soon it took Ed. There was a storm, and the boat capsized. They tried frantically to save him, but the hungry sea opened her ugly jaws and swallowed, and he was gone. Then, as if two were not enough, Paul, the youngest, went down. Oh, what a sacrifice for living! Paul's boat hit the rocks one dark night, and they found his body washed ashore the next morning.

These deaths were lashes from the whip of Fate, and each one left a jagged cut in Margaret's heart. Each time she knew she could not stand another, and the night when it stormed so, and Richard, her husband, didn't come home, she dropped down on her knees and prayed that she might close her own eyes forever, before she should see his purple lips.

For days and nights she watched from her kitchen window. At night a yellow flame flickered there, and during the day she sat alone. Somehow the days were even lonelier than the nights—the yellow flame seemed so warm.

They didn't bring him home, but they rang the death-bell from the belfry tower. They said he was dead.

Margaret couldn't be satisfied with their statements. She had seen her other dead. She had touched their wax-like foreheads and their cold hands. She knew they were dead but she couldn't see Richard, and she wouldn't think of his sleeping in a watery grave, so she doubted their statements with a stubborn faith.

She staunchly refused to think of his being dead, but they had rung the death-bell. She began to hate that belfry tower. She began to hate the little white chapel over which it stood. Those bells had uttered falsely.

Margaret started working. She worked savagely. It was the only ease for her sorrow-wracked mind. And it was after one of those working days that she walked home, hoping darkness would fall before she reached her little frame cottage by the sea.

It was not yet actually dark, but a gray, smoky dusk hovered around the little house. Margaret Motley braced her tired body and walked up the flag-stone walk. Grass had grown high between the stones, but Margaret didn't care.

She had just lifted one foot to the lower step when it happened. A low, trembling voice called questioningly, "Margaret?" She was startled! She thought she saw Richard there on the porch. Of course, it was an hallucination, but it pleased her grieved heart.

"Yes," she answered. "Is that you, Richard?"

Richard came toward her. He grasped her wrinkled hands. That queer feeling left Margaret and she was stunned by the realization of what was happening. Richard was whispering to her, and she was fighting with her senses. She raised her hand to his forehead and like those men of long ago she knew him by a scar.

Margaret never knew what happened then, but soon Richard was rousing her with a whispered command to listen. She listened, and from the belfry tower there came the soft cooing of doves.

Such a pleasing sound! It erased from Margaret's heart all hatred for that tower whose bells had rung untruly for Richard's death.

Then the story was told—the storm and the wreck—the endless night—the washing to a strange shore—the fever—the hunters—and at last—home.

The moon had risen. It shone through the leaves and shimmered in warm yellow patches everywhere. The doves still cooed softly from the belfry tower. There was happiness and love—laughing love everywhere. And over all was that warm yellow glow that Margaret loved.



THE WISHING MOON

RANDOLPH FREEMAN

Oh, did you see the wishing moon
God placed in the sky last night?
And did you think of me, my love,
And wish with all your might?

Once when we walked in the long ago,
You scoffed at the new moon's charm,
But I begged you wish once more, for luck;
It could surely do no harm.

Since then, when we are far apart,
All the new moon bids me do
Is wait, and love, and wish, dear heart,
Just wish your wish comes true.

GRANDMA

KATHERINE NOWELL

Quaint little Grandma softly but securely closed the screen door to the tiny vine-covered cottage. She walked briskly down the gravel path toward the small white gate. The morning sun shone bright on the clusters of marigolds as they lifted their golden heads to the sun. Haltingly she stooped to touch them with her toil-worn hands. At the gate she stopped to pick pink hollyhocks to lay across the snowy napkin that covered her small basket.

"O, Grandma, look," squealed a tiny voice as two grimy hands held up a brilliant bit of broken china. "Ain't it pretty, Grandma?" Grandma kissed the muddy little face and handed out a gingerbread man with raisin eyes.

In a heap of pink checked gingham in the green grass was blue-eyed Marelyn sobbing, "It hurts so bad," and nursing a stumped toe on a little bare foot. Grandma bestowed another cookie and received another grin.

Old Jim Mayhew, not caring how he or his house looked, was propped contentedly on his shady porch, wiggling his bare toes.

"O, Grandma, what's good to cure hives?"

"Just don't eat any more tomatoes or sweets," replied Grandma as she lifted the cloth to offer him a ginger cake.

She tripped along under the blue sky and summer sun as if she were still sixteen. Little Jim Mayhew trotted along beside her, knowing well the coveted contents of that little basket.

Grandma turned into a well-worn path leading to a well-worn shack. Grimy children scattered like chickens as she passed in at the broken gate and up the tumbled-down doorstep. In her smile and covered basket she carried to that sick room cheer and sunshine. With her thoughtfulness she helped that sick woman to want to feel again the joy of being well and of being able to help others.

SPRING

GRACE HOBBS

When lilacs burst
And pink azalea blooms,
When purple mountains
Stretch into rifts of clouds
Like maids in gay sun bonnets,
And roses nod from the roadside—
It is spring—
SPRING—
My thought—
My feeling—
My desire—
My poetry.



THE FIRST BREATH OF SPRING

LOUISE CHEEK

I found a flower that the spring had lost
One night beneath the pines. Half-hidden by
Last autumn's leaves, it lay there, fearing most
Its own rare beauty. On a morning did I,
Before the day had gathered from the sky
The stars and locked them in a box of gold,
Go through the winding paths and trails and by
A stream of rippled gold 'til in the fold
Of dying leaves—new beauty from the old—
The flower, sweet with the first breath of spring, behold.

TEENY AGAIN

DIXON THACKER

Teeny asked to go barefooted today—in fact, he asked sixty times in sixty minutes. Mother held her course strongly until the sixtieth time; then she said yes, and you may imagine how she said it!

It was after Teeny had obtained this great objective of the hour, namely “barefootedness,” that he asked to go to the baseball game. Now baseball used to be mother’s favorite sport, and it still is. For that reason Teeny had to ask only once to be allowed to go to the game. And on receiving the desired permission, he was so elated that he rushed headlong out of the house and did not stop until his tender feet hit the untimely hot sidewalk. Then he took his steps more gingerly, and gingerly I saw him walking along in the midst of a group of older boys. Now mother does not approve of Teeny’s chumming with older boys—especially those who go to baseball games—but I hadn’t the heart to tell mother whom Teeny was going with and thus spoil his afternoon’s fun.

He was not quite a block from the stadium when Teeny realized that in his mad rush he had quite forgotten to get his admission fee from mother. But it seemed that some of the other boys had forgotten their money, too—at least Teeny says they forgot it—and were going over the fence. Now I don’t blame Teeny for wanting to be a good sport, but I *do* blame him for deciding to go over the fence, too. Teeny says he had to do one to be the other, but he naturally wouldn’t be able to see my side of the question—he never can see the right way! Anyway, Teeny went over the fence—at least he started over!

Tom, Dick, and Harry—in other words, the big boys—were over in perhaps four big steps, but Teeny’s legs are short, and it took quite a dozen steps for him to reach even the top. When he finally did get there, the big boys had entirely forgotten him and were in the grandstand shouting with one accord. “Shorty” Kilpatrick had hit a “homer”! Teeny, perched on the top of the

fence, saw all, and forgot that he had been forgotten. He shouted like—O, I don't know what he shouted like; he just shouted! Suddenly a warm hand—Teeny says it was "plumb hot!"—touched his bare foot. Teeny knew the touch and reluctantly let his big, brown eyes meet the cop's.

"And what are you doing a'straddle o' that fence, may I ask?" asked the policeman.

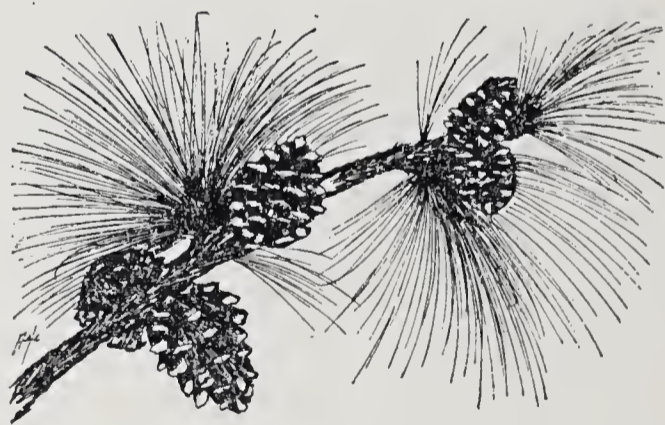
Teeny was as usual prepared to give answer. "I'm trying to get out. The gravel in there hurts my feet."

The cop, sorry for the poor little feet, helped Teeny down and carried him along to the smooth sidewalk. There he set him down and advised him, "Now go on home where you belong, and get your ma to put your shoes on your tender, little feet."

Teeny was about to reply that he could put his shoes on himself when he remembered the hole in the fence. Forgetting the cop, he was soon racing around the block. In less than two minutes he was at the end of the stadium and searching for the well-remembered hole. It wasn't there any more!

"One-sixteenth!" declared Teeny.

Teeny says that Webster says "damn" means "one-sixteenth."





PATTERNS

Poems—ALAN SEEGER

In English literature I think that there are three poets who stand out as lovers of and seekers after beauty—Byron, Keats, and Shelley. Since that Romantic Age in which these poets lived, there have at times appeared other writers who were also seeking beauty. In our own country and in our day one of these lovers of beauty has appeared, whose works, it seems, are gradually obtaining the approval of the whole reading world.

Although one could not say that Alan Seeger had reached that standard of beauty in thought and style set by the three English poets of the Romantic Age, it is evident from his book entitled *Poems*, published shortly after his death, that he had begun something which, had he lived longer, might have proved itself to have been just as valuable to literature. The book is divided into three groups of poems—Juvenilia, Translations, and Last Poems. In all of these one sees that he was looking for beauty and that he found it—in nature, in love, in women, and on the battlefield. In “An Ode to Antares” he says:

“I cannot rest
While aught of beauty in my path untrod
Swells into bloom and spreads sweet charms abroad
Unworshiped of my love.”

Passionate indeed was Seeger’s love for beauty.

One notices a difference in Seeger’s first poems and the ones that he wrote during the war. Both groups are sincere, but in his later works it seems that he has grown up just a little. Although he loved war and the glory of war, he had become a fatalist in his

acceptance of it. Thus we find in the conclusion of his poem "The Hosts":

"Some sat and watched how the action veered—
Waited, profited, trembled, cheered—
We saw not clearly nor understood,
But yielding ourselves to the master hand,
Each in his part, as best he could,
We played it through as the author planned."

Nevertheless, both groups give us the picture of youth, a lover of joy and beauty; both make us wish we could have known the man who wrote:

"And aught the world contends for to mine eye
Seemed not so real a meaning to success
As only once to clasp before I die
My vision of embodied happiness."

One cannot say what Alan Seeger's vision of embodied happiness was. It might have been what he actually succeeded in finding—a glorious death—then life. Regardless of this, one can say that Seeger met his death as if he found real beauty in it—as if he really were clasping his vision in outstretched arms.

It would be most fitting to close almost any discussion of Alan Seeger and his works with the last stanza of what has probably been his best-known poem, "I Have a Rendezvous With Death."

"God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous."

The Lyric South—DR. ADDISON HIBBARD

The compilation of such a book of verse as Dr. Hibbard's *The Lyric South* is an important and significant step in the promotion of Southern literature. It is an unusual anthology in that only those who write in their native South and those few who have adopted the land for their creative workshop are represented. The title of the book does not necessarily mean that all the poems contained within are lyrics; however, Dr. Hibbard feels that the characteristic form of Southern poetry is lyric.

Because of the strict line of discrimination followed by the collector, many capable writers are not included; nevertheless, the thirty or so who are in the list are well selected.

Dr. Hibbard has rather conveniently divided the book into various chapters headed: "Local Color and Legendary," "Nature and the Seasons," "People and Portents," "The Negro," "Poems of Childhood," "The Searching Spirit," "The Classics and Travel," "Journey's End in Lover's Meeting," "Cool-Enfolding Death," and "The Fever Called Living." With such an arrangement the reader can easily turn to verses in sympathy with a mood without having to read at length.

One of the most outstanding figures in Southern literature today is DuBose Heyward. He is represented by some of his sketches of mountaineers and negroes in poetry and pictures of local color. "Dusk," belonging to the last group, has such lines as this:

" . . . and the stir
Of hidden music shaping all my songs,
And these my songs, my all, belong to her."

with which to sum up the author's love for his city.

In Grace Noel Crowell's poetry there is found a hint of rare, elusive beauty. Her "Silver Poplars" is a delicate treatment of the much used theme, trees; yet she has handled it with charm, as is evinced by the following:

"Mist-green and white against a turquoise sky,
A-shimmer and a-shine they stood at noon;
A misty silver loveliness at night,
Breathless beneath the first small, wistful moon."

One of the most interesting features of the anthology is the collection of poems of childhood, all of which are by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Delightful lines as the "Firefly" are from her pen.

"A little light is going by,
Is going up to see the sky,
A little light with wings.

* * * *

I never could have thought of it
To have a little bug all lit
And made to go on wings."

Dr. Hibbard was very wise to include William Alexander Percy, for there is a pleasing dignity about his poems. One enjoys reading when the author displays such a style as is exhibited by him—

"Autumn as autumn comes in my dim-lustered land—
Of that be my dreaming under the fennel-crusted sand."

Not all of the writers mentioned in this volume cling to the old standards of poetry; many have ventured from the road of convention and tradition.

It is not necessary for this anthologist to make any apologies, for one feels that the collection is significant of a new awakening and appreciation for Southern poetry by Southern poets.

Louise Cheek



SOMEWHERE

Sometime, maybe the morrow,
Some way, maybe a snare,
Are youth and love and sorrow,
Always these three, somewhere.

Kendall May

RAVELINGS

BRYANT TRESPASSES

GRACE HOBBS

"Hum! What a sign," Bryant mumbled to himself as he paused musingly before an inscription at the entrance to a wood near Greensboro.

Curious, with the blood of the young reporter surging through my veins, I crept closer.

The sign read:

NO TRESPASSING

"Indeed," continued the illustrious one. With a proud fling of his head, and with ungraceful movements, he started over the barbed-wire fence, only to find himself securely held.

"Oh, 'tis like one that loves thee (not)
Nor will let thee pass."

Several minutes later, with a withheld chuckle, I watched the victim slide to the ground, free to haunt the woods; but, alas, not alone, for I kept close trail.

"A cell within the frozen mold,
A coffin born through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled—

* * * * *

Oh, away! I will not think of these,"

I heard the poet say; then in a soft voice,

“Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death.
Oh, freedom! freedom!”

Quite surprised at these last words, I slipped over a log, and fell in a heap at the poet's feet.

“Aha!” he exclaimed.
“Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.”

Then he helped me from my rather uncomfortable seat.

“Oh, a maid of fairness,
The delicate forest flower,
With scented breath
And look so like a smile,
I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee.”

I felt blushes surging over my face. I knew I was not a flower; but this, a poet, saw beauty even in the wind.

“Yes,” I answered, abashed. “It is indeed beautiful here.”

“But the entrance,” and the poet wagged his head knowingly; “’tis a comely device. Methinks ’tis even better than my poem.”

“We have azalea blooming now,” I said, pointing to a cluster of pink flowers, “and spring beauty. These are strawberry flowers. And that is dogwood.”

“Oh, yes, I have seen them. ‘I often come to this quiet place
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face.’ ”

This will be some news item, I thought to myself as I again saw the man crawl over the barbed wire, this time with humorous carefulness.

“I shall see thee again,” he called after me, as I turned a bend of the sun-flecked lane.

An echo wandered across a distant hill. The hollow voice said,

“I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene.”

“LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN”

RICHARD HOLYFIELD

“London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady.”

An old, old woman, with hair gray and back bent with age, stood near the edge of a public park watching a group of children play “London Bridge.” Finally the game ended, and the old woman drew nearer.

“Children,” she said, “would you like to hear the story of London Bridge?”

“Yes, yes, please tell it to us.”

“Very well, I’ll tell it. When I was a little girl about the age of some of you, I lived with my dear old grandmother near London, England. At night grandmother would tuck me in bed and tell me stories until I went to sleep. Mind you, children, it was a different story every night. Once I was very ill with the fever and couldn’t find my sleep. Grandmother always held my hand when she was telling me stories and this night she was holding my hand, so I asked her to tell me a story. This is the story she told me:

“Long, long ago, when I was just a little girl, a war began in England. During this war the large bridge which spans the Thames River was destroyed. This gave the already distressed people an additional cause of grief; they mourned for their bridge.

“Then the question arose as to how it would be replaced. Most of the suggestions came from the fair ladies of the town. Some said it would be built again with rock and stone, and others said it would be built of iron bars. However, one witty young man from Gotham said: ‘Build it up with silver and gold, my fair ladies.’ To this, those who heard him added their ‘epilaughs’ about London Bridge.

“So, children, you have heard my story. Every time I hear the story played and sung, I forget the modern times and allow myself to enjoy a few pleasant moments with my grandmother.”

Without giving the spellbound children a chance to answer or to comment on her story, she quickly hobbled away, leaning heavily on a crooked stick, and was soon swallowed up in the distance.



Pines—
The tall and stately
Incense burners
That perfume
The North Carolina air.

Mary Leet Underwood





THE SHUTTLE

Edited by HAROLD CONE

IT was the first thought of the editor of this department to carry out the general idea of a North Carolina issue by describing magazines printed in this state. Unfortunately, in HOMESPUN's mail there was not a sufficient number of publications of that nature to make such a project worthwhile. Perhaps there have been no recent issues in this vicinity, or is this, perhaps, an indication that there is a lack of interest in the literary field to be found in North Carolina schools? Whether the latter statement is true or not, it is most important that HOMESPUN and other publications in this state should make a special effort to revive, or rather continue, to hold on a high level the literary interests in the various schools.

The Towers, Overbrook High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

The "Adventure Number" of *The Towers* is in our opinion one of the most outstanding issues that has come into our hands. Perhaps the fact that this magazine is published in one of the larger cities is responsible for the wealth of literary material filling its pages. The two articles in the editorial section are worth mentioning. Surely as editors they are above the average. We believe this is true because they treat appropriate subjects thoroughly and embody some well-expressed thoughts. Unlike most of the articles found in editorial columns, they are based on interesting and original subjects. Both are at least four hundred words in length. Surely this is better than the short editorial, embracing a subject which has been treated over and over again.

The other departments of *The Towers* by no means fall behind the editorial section. There are more than ten unusually well-

written stories and sketches, and the poems, although scarce, are worthy of comment. Even the illustrations are clever and not too frequent. This magazine is well-balanced and thus has unity, an element rarely found in school publications.

The Wissabickon, Roxborough High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

It so happened that two Philadelphia publications fell into our hands this time. We have reason to believe that here is a city of pleasant publications. *The Wissabickon* has many original features. Underneath the heading of each department is a quotation which sums up well the idea which prevails in that particular section. The department headings consist of clever drawings which, as the quotations, illustrate the type of material that follows. We were interested to notice that these drawings are the only illustrations in the publication. The individual selections are not separately illustrated. There are several long articles in this magazine. Such articles seem to be lacking in most publications, but we always have believed them to be desirable. *The Wissabickon* is an enjoyable magazine!



THE WEAVERS' GUILD

Edited by LUCY CROCKER

AN ADVENTURE ASTRIDE A MULE

EUGENIA ISLER

ALL day it had threatened to rain. There always seemed to be some moisture lurking in the fickle sky. About the time one, utterly despondent, was on the point of abandoning all plans for the day, out would pop the sun as if to say in glee, "Ah ha! Ah ho! And how I fooled you that time!" The weather seemed to be playing a most inconvenient and provoking game of "peek-a-boo" with the sullen clouds as a camouflage and the sun for a disconcerting jester. Despite all, braving even the protests of "Weather Bill," we started our ride. To brave "Weather Bill's" protests was a deed in itself; for, according to the natives, he was the only weather bureau of the section. "Better far," they said, "than all those new-fangled telegiscopes."

For those skillful equestrians who will scorn me when I complain of our discomfort, I shall say emphatically that "muleback riding" with only a tow sack for a saddle and the fat sides of the mule for stirrups, gives the rider no uplifted, heavenly feeling. It seemed a freak of nature to me that the beasts should have such fat sides and yet have such skinny, "see-saw" backbones. I soon realized between bumps that the "arch is the strongest, most rigid of all curves." Most assuredly this mule's backbone did not bend.

Our first turning-point was at the little red school house on the hill, a structure typical and suggestive in every respect of former times. It had long given way to the new school farther on for

modern educational purposes; but it still stood on this hill, deserted and desolate with more holes than glass in its windows, and its red paint curling off like wood shavings. The low, broad steps were crumbling in sickly decay instead of cracking and breaking down wholesomely from over-use. We turned and went up the mountain.

After we ceased to hear the clatter of the mules' hoofs on the bridge, we reached a shady, uphill stretch of road. To us it seemed queer that the mountain road should be shaded and moist, for we had always associated cool, sheltered places with hollows and meadows, and had thought of mountains as being high and dry. Our mules' hoofs made soft, mucky prints in the path; and at each step we could hear the sucking sound the water made when the hoof was lifted out of the tiny holes. Because of our hot, sunny ride to the school house, we fully appreciated this chilly, shadowed trail.

Presently we came to a flat mound and knew that our climbing trials were over. On one side of the road there was a field grown up in weeds and bushes, an "honest-to-goodness" briar-patch, which looked as if it harbored many of the "bunny" tribe; on the other side there was a small, frame house penned in by a fence. Like the yards of many country houses, this yard was completely covered with shrubs and high bushes and small trees. There were no open spaces at all in this fenced-in place, no room for grass, would it have grown there. The three-foot-wide porch was bordered by many ferns growing pleasantly in tin cans. Most of the advertising labels had worn off the cans, but here and there some had clung and were still absurdly flaunting pictures of ripe, red tomatoes, and huge, yellow pumpkins. Suddenly I thought how dependent even the farmers were getting to be on the city and its factories. It seemed a queer procedure for the growers of food to be using canned products, but it showed how rapidly customs and set routines are changing. With a graciousness equal to that of a Southern mistress in plantation times, a small, old woman, with bent shoulders and her scant hair screwed up tightly in a knot, bade us, "Alight an' come in now, warn't you? Or ef'n you jest warn't do that, do be havin' a gourd o' drink with us." Our ride

had made us thirsty; so we eagerly accepted the mountaineer's offer and drank the water greedily. Drink we did readily, but alight? Never! Had I once got off my ridgy perch, I should never have been able to mount again. Inventing some trivial excuse about the "sky looking sort of black," we thanked her for the refreshment and hastened back down the mountain.

Again we came to the little school house, turned into another road, and began to explore; but, indeed, I soon learned I had untruthfully called it a road. It was no more than two ruts on a hill, two deep ruts winding around one rocky mountain. We did jostle and bounce about terribly, but we saw clearly and distantly. While we were going down an unusually steep and rocky slope, I chanced to look aside. Not a tree hindered my view. Before me lay unblurred and distinct a valley, a patchwork of fields, pastures, woods, and one farmhouse. A stream ran across the patchwork like a blue stripe; and like blurred polka dots on the blue, ducks swam along the water's surface.

Our two mules were different. Mine was quick-tempered and fiery (if a mule might be so described); at any rate, he approached a fiery state. The other was slow, a mule that required continuous prodding to make her go. Each step she took was the result of infinite patience and persuasion on the part of her rider. "Slow Beck" they called her, and rightly.

Both of us were riding along as confidently as could be, enjoying the scenery and utterly undisturbed, when unexpectedly a lumber wagon rumbled around the curve in the road. Instantly our calm was scattered to the winds; we became alert, quick to notice any strange movements of our animals; for although mules are not usually sensitive, ours quivered and started at train whistles or the sight of a wagon or a car. We passed the wagon safely, breathed a sigh of relief, and relaxed. We had reached a shady, wooded part of the road where on either side there were banks, some strips covered with moss and lichens, others with only red clay. My friend stopped to pick some gooseberries while I waited, my mule pawing impatiently at the clods of mud. After several moments my friend handed me a prickly branch of the berries. Fatal gooseberries! They brushed across my mule's nose; and down the

path he ran, frightened and alarmed, with me sliding from side to side on his back. The strain was too great. I jumped off (deciding that jumping was nobler than sliding) and landed happily and unhurt on a mossy side of the bank.

I shall always remember the day's ride and my ignominious fall as a wealthy experience of a "muleback" rider.



