

HOMIE SIPUN





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HOMESPUN

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THE WEAVE

AGELESS

LAURA BROWN

I am wedded to the mountain
And the bridesmaid is the sea;
Each ripple of the brooklet
Is a bridal symphony.

My gown is made of West Wind
And rustles through the trees
Like a skirt of swishing taffeta
Tugging at the loose-hung leaves.

For I'm the rushing river
Whose heart nobody sees;
And I'm wedded to the mountain
For a thousand centuries.

EBONY LAMB

A One-Act Play

RHEA GAYNELLE SIKES

CHARACTERS: VIRGINIA STORM, RODNEY HINES, FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, THREE POLICEMEN.

TIME: Late one June afternoon during a terrific thunderstorm.

PLACE: An old, dilapidated, deserted farmhouse.

The curtain rises on a dimly-lighted, moldy-smelling parlor of a deserted farmhouse. Through the paneless window, one can see an occasional streak of lightning shattering the black heavens into sharp-edged pieces. At the back center is an old fireplace, half-filled with crumbling bricks, which have fallen from the chimney above. The ceiling is circled in places by the rain which has poured through the sieve-like roof. The walls show their ribs here and there. The door sags dejectedly and there is a closet door a few feet from the fireplace. On stage left, there is a door that leads into the remainder of the house. Through a protesting door, stage right, which hangs on one rusty hinge, enters a beautiful, sophisticated girl dressed in the latest riding tweeds from London. She is limping, and a tall young man dressed in threadbare riding pants and scratched-up, muddy boots, is supporting her.

RODNEY: How is the ankle, VIRGINIA?

VIRGINIA: It feels better. I hope it isn't broken.

RODNEY: So do I. Here, let me help you sit down. (*Awkwardly, the girl sits down on the dusty floor.*)

VIRGINIA: (*With a faint trace of sarcasm in her voice*) This is a very cozy room, isn't it?

RODNEY: Yes, but it is the best I can do under the circumstances.

RODNEY *begins removing VIRGINIA's boot and examines her ankle.*

VIRGINIA: Well?

RODNEY: Just a bit of a sprain. After I bind it up, you will be as good as new.

VIRGINIA: Perhaps I should have listened to you, and not tried to ride Flashing Jade.

RODNEY: Let's forget it. It was as much my fault as yours. (RODNEY removes his handkerchief from his pocket. He finds it is not strong enough to bind the ankle.)

RODNEY: Mind if I borrow your stock?

VIRGINIA: Well, I suppose if you must have it, you must. (VIRGINIA removes her stock from her neck.)

RODNEY: I hate to do this, but here goes! (RODNEY tears the stock into several strips, ties them to his handkerchief and begins binding the ankle.)

RODNEY: (Very gently) I'll try not to hurt you.

VIRGINIA: Please.

RODNEY: But, VIRGINIA —

VIRGINIA: RODDY, you know that it is impossible for, for — (she hesitates.)

RODNEY: (Decisively) For you to be seen escorted by a stable-boy, even if he does have a college sheepskin and applications in eighteen states for an engineer's job. You used to be seen with him when he made the All-American football team!

VIRGINIA: Don't be nasty!

RODNEY: I'm not being nasty, and you know it! You know how I feel, Virginia, and —

VIRGINIA: You have said that before. Please, I prefer not to discuss the matter. After all —

RODNEY: (Interrupting) Listen to me! For once someone is going to tell you a thing or two! Your millions —

VIRGINIA: (In a bored tone) Yes, I know. You are going to say that money doesn't make one happy. Well, let me tell you something! It goes farther toward a good time than you think!

RODNEY: But, VIRGINIA! There is so much more to be enjoyed and to be used to advantage than money.

VIRGINIA: (Tartly) And blue-blooded ancestors, I suppose?

RODNEY: Yes! Listen, VIRGINIA, you will find that love is greater than —

VIRGINIA: (Interrupting) Must we go over this another time?

RODNEY: Then, tell me why you continue to torment me to death? Why —

VIRGINIA: (*Interrupting*) Oh, really? I was unaware that I was tormenting you to death.

RODNEY: Oh, yes, you are! You know that you have been hurting me ever since — ever since, well, you remember that night. You were so lovely, and —

VIRGINIA: Merely an infatuation.

RODNEY: (*Quietly*) Perhaps for you, but not for me.

VIRGINIA: RODNEY, the past is past, and, well — Oh, let's forget the whole thing now. We can fight it out some other time.

RODNEY: Very well — but I will always maintain that you love me just as much as I love you. But you are letting your social position and your name stand between us.

VIRGINIA: RODNEY, I've got to be shown that I am not right before I will ever back down. Just remember that. (*Her tone lightens.*) Now, what about building a fire and drying out a bit? I'm soaked.

RODNEY: Very well. Can you walk? (*RODNEY helps her to her feet. She bobbles about and tries to appear as if she has forgotten their recent quarrel. She attempts a feeble joke with —*)

VIRGINIA: Well, the old grey mare isn't what —

RODNEY: (*Cutting in*) Fine! Now, you hold up the ceiling while I go search the rest of this shack for some dry wood.

VIRGINIA: All right, but do hurry back, RODDY, I —

RODNEY: You are not afraid, are you?

VIRGINIA: No, but, well, it is rather desolate here, isn't it?

RODNEY: Oh, I see! I will be back in a jiffy! (*RODNEY exits through door on stage left. VIRGINIA bobbles to the window and stares at the pouring rain. She is, it can be clearly seen, thinking about her conversation with RODNEY. Suddenly, she shakes her head as if to thrust away her memories, and she spies the closet door beside the fireplace. Her curiosity gets the better of her, so she crosses to door and opens it. A man is crouching inside. VIRGINIA screams.*)

RODNEY: (*Off stage*) VIRGINIA! What's the matter?

VIRGINIA: (*She can't speak for a moment, then she gasps —*) There is a man in this closet!

RODNEY: (*Running in*) What! A man! You're crazy!

VIRGINIA: (*Gulping*) If I am, I'll leave for Dix Hill tomorrow. (*During the preceding conversation, the man in the closet has remained silent. He is an elderly, rather well-dressed person, with the air of a gentleman. Nevertheless, there seems to be a touch of recklessness in his manner. Throughout the play, he is unruffled by his embarrassing position, and he has the studied coolness of a gambler.*)

RODNEY: (*Seeing the man and yanking him out of the closet by his collar*) Well, sir! Explain yourself! What were you doing in there?

FUGITIVE: If you don't mind, this collar is a bit small as it is, and —.

RODNEY: Explain yourself!

FUGITIVE: My dear boy, have you no respect for your elders? Give me time, and I will offer a most plausible explanation.

VIRGINIA: Well, be sure and take time enough to make it a good one while you're at it!

FUGITIVE: (*Staring at VIRGINIA*) I, I —.

RODNEY: Quit stalling, sir! What were you doing in that closet?

FUGITIVE: (*Finally managing to take his eyes off VIRGINIA'S face*) Hiding.

RODNEY: That was quite apparent.

VIRGINIA: Hiding from whom? Surely, not from us?

FUGITIVE: No — from someone else. But I can assure you that I will do neither of you any harm. On my word of honor.

VIRGINIA: (*Echoing with slight emphasis on last word*) Word of honor?

FUGITIVE: Yes, on the honor of the inevitable black sheep of a well-to-do family.

RODNEY: (*Seriously*) I may be a fool, but I believe you.

FUGITIVE: I, I — Thanks. That is the first time in years —. Oh, well, suppose we build a fire. Agreed?

VIRGINIA: Let's do. I'm frozen.

RODNEY: I found some shingles in the kitchen. If you will wait here, I will go and get them.

VIRGINIA: No, no. You stay here. I will go!

She exits hurriedly. The ankle is forgotten in her haste to see that she is not left alone with the intruder.

FUGITIVE: (*Watching her closely*) She is lovely.

RODNEY: So?

FUGITIVE: I could not help overhearing your quarrel.

RODNEY: Well?

FUGITIVE: You are right, and she is wrong.

RODNEY: If only I could make her see it my way. — But I'd rather not discuss it.

FUGITIVE: Of course, it is none of my business, but, maybe I can make her get your point of view.

RODNEY: Really?

FUGITIVE: (*Slyly*) For a ten-spot, I will make everything O.K.

RODNEY: A gambler, aren't you? Well, the odds are against you, fellow. I have been trying for several years.

FUGITIVE: Let me try. You have nothing to lose.

RODNEY: (*Hesitantly*) Well — you can't make matters much worse —.

FUGITIVE: Good. If I win your girl for you, you pay me. If I lose, well, then we are even.

RODNEY: Hmmm, this is queer business. But —.

FUGITIVE: Sh — here she comes! (*Virginia enters with an armful of shingles.*)

VIRGINIA: Why didn't you tell me how to get to the kitchen, RODDY. Honestly, I needed a road map!

RODNEY: You should have let me go.

VIRGINIA: (*Quickly*) Oh, no! I enjoyed it. Old houses fascinate me.

Rodney lays the shingles in the fireplace and succeeds in making them burn.

RODNEY: Ah, success! Gather 'round, folks, and dry out.

The three begin warming at the fire. There is silence for a moment.

RODNEY: Suppose we make one another's acquaintance. After all, we are sharing a fire and shelter together.

FUGITIVE: Very well.

RODNEY: My name is HINES. RODNEY HINES, and this is my fiancéé, Miss Storm.

FUGITIVE: Miss — Miss who?

VIRGINIA: Storm, without the fiancéé.

FUGITIVE: Oh, I see! (*There is an uncomfortable pause.*)

RODNEY: Well, sir?

FUGITIVE: I, well, my name is ERIC, JONATHAN ERIC.

VIRGINIA: My! What a poetic name for a, a —.

FUGITIVE: Fugitive from justice.

VIRGINIA: Well — yes.

RODNEY: For what reason?

FUGITIVE: Smuggling. Had some Oriental rugs that cost less than the tariff, so to speak, so I sent them in the night before we docked.

RODNEY: And they caught up with you?

FUGITIVE: Yes, but it is not so bad. Black Sheep make a habit of getting into the mud and — getting blacker.

VIRGINIA: It must be thrilling.

FUGITIVE: To be a black sheep? Oh, no. We keep up a nonchalant front, but behind it all — well — don't let it fool you.

RODNEY: You know, it is a theory of mine that no one is born a black sheep. I think it is caused by something that goes wrong—some pain.

FUGITIVE: If only more people could see it that way.

VIRGINIA: What caused you to change color?

FUGITIVE: Cherchez la femme as usual. A beautiful lady. I loved her dearly from childhood up . . . but she loved my brother . . . I did desperate things to get her attention . . . until I became so radical that she . . . well . . . she became my sister-in-law.

VIRGINIA: (*Seriously*) How terrible it must be to love someone, and not to have them for your own.

RODNEY: Darling, I have been trying to tell you that!

FUGITIVE: (*Slyly*) If I were you, I would listen to him.

VIRGINIA: (*In a bored tone*) Oh, really! Why should you be so interested?

FUGITIVE: (*Smiling*) For reasons known only to myself.

RODNEY: (*Bitterly*) My family is not good enough, MR. ERIC. They were probably the servants of VIRGINIA'S noble ancestors a thousand years ago. That is the whole trouble.

FUGITIVE: (*Laughing*) Oh! Well, take me. I'm from one of the foremost families in America — and look at me now. Money and ancestry are small factors toward making life worth while.

VIRGINIA: I am not so sure about that.

FUGITIVE: MISS STORM, we live in the present. We have no control over the past. But our future is more or less up to us.

VIRGINIA: Oh, sure, I see what you mean, still —

FUGITIVE: Money and ancestors are fast becoming enemies, instead of friends of the American people.

RODNEY: And before the depression, many of us had more than we do now.

FUGITIVE: Yes, but it is in times of trouble like the depression, that one shows his real self. By the way, what do you do for a living?

RODNEY: Keep saddle horses. Used to be my hobby — now my livelihood. I am supposed to be a constructor of bridges and buildings, and —

FUGITIVE: Keep trying. You will be a better man for your experience.

VIRGINIA: See? He is encouraging you, RODNEY.

RODNEY: (*Significantly*) In more ways than one!

FUGITIVE: Just remember this. The more trials a person is confronted with, and the more trials a person overcomes, the more he will get out of life and the more he will want to live.

VIRGINIA: (*Incredulously*) Do you mean that people who work and slave away enjoy life more than people who don't?

FUGITIVE: *Exactly*, MISS STORM, I imagine that you are groping about in the dark, clutching first at this, then at that, in an effort to find a reason for living. Aren't you?

VIRGINIA: Why — yes! (*She doesn't bide her amazement at his knowledge.*)

FUGITIVE: Just as I thought. I was bored once, for I did nothing but play all the time. And when the crisis came . . . I couldn't face it. And here I am . . . a wreck.

VIRGINIA: I . . . see.

FUGITIVE: Don't let tradition, or ancestors, or public opinion, or prejudices, or anything stand in the way of your happiness.

Just decide which —. (*He is interrupted by the sound of scraping feet on the porch outside, and three policemen burst through the door.*)

FIRST POLICEMAN: All right, STORM, we've got you covered!

VIRGINIA: There must be some mistake! I have done nothing!

FIRST POLICEMAN: Oh, we don't mean you, Miss. That man's name is STORM. (*He sees RODNEY.*) Why, hello, MR. HINES, what are you doing here with, with —.

RODNEY: MISS STORM met with an accident. Her horse threw her, and this was the only shelter we could find.

FIRST POLICEMAN: O.K., MR. HINES. Don't bother this couple, fellows. They are all right. Handcuff that other guy.

FUGITIVE: Put your guns down, gentlemen, I will submit quietly. (*He turns to VIRGINIA*) I'm sorry, VIRGINIA, I did not mean for you to know. You see, I, well — I am your uncle. . . . I don't guess Gilbert or your — your mother ever mentioned my name . . . I'm a pretty rotten sort of fellow.

VIRGINIA: (*Bewildered, she whispers*) My uncle. Myuncle!

SECOND POLICEMAN: I say, Miss, has he hurt you? (*Pointing to the bandaged ankle.*)

VIRGINIA: Oh, no, I sprained it. Fell off a horse.

THIRD POLICEMAN: (*Examining the ankle*) Hmmmm. Suppose you come out to the car and let me put some splints on it. We have a first aid kit out there.

RODNEY: Yes, do, VIRGINIA. It will help a lot.

VIRGINIA: Well, all right. But I'm coming back.

She goes out with the THIRD POLICEMAN. RODNEY turns to the other policemen who have the FUGITIVE between them.

RODNEY: Say, Captain, would you mind letting me talk to this man alone for just a moment.

FIRST POLICEMAN: Well, it's slightly irregular, MR. HINES . . . but —.

RODNEY: It's important!

FIRST POLICEMAN: Well, seeing it's you, MR. HINES, and if you will be responsible, I guess you can.

RODNEY: I'll be responsible.

FIRST POLICEMAN: I can't give you but a minute.

RODNEY: That's all I want.

FIRST POLICEMAN: All right. Come on, Page. (*The two exit to kitchen.*)

RODNEY: You did it, fellow! You made her see! Even if it did take some lying!

FUGITIVE: Lying?

RODNEY: Sure! About the uncle!

FUGITIVE: (*Quietly*) I wasn't lying.

RODNEY (*After a pause*) You mean —?

FUGITIVE: Yes.

Another pause.

RODNEY: Oh . . . I see. Well, here is your ten dollars.

FUGITIVE: Thanks. I need it.

Policemen re-enter. RODNEY stands completely bewildered.

FIRST POLICEMAN: Time is up, MR. HINES. Come on STORM!

RODNEY: But, but —.

The trio exit, RODNEY stares at the door. VIRGINIA runs in as best she can.

VIRGINIA: RODDY, we will have to stay here awhile. There wasn't room in the police's coupe for us. They are going to send a car after us!

RODNEY: You seem happy about it.

VIRGINIA: I am! (*A pause*) RODNEY, I've been thinking. Money doesn't mean everything, does it?

RODNEY: No, it doesn't.

VIRGINIA: Or family names, or family trees studded with coronets?

RODNEY: No.

VIRGINIA: I'm so glad!

Curtain

REVERIES

MARIBELLE GUIN

What are reveries? There are almost as many answers to the question as there are individual personalities in the world. A reverie may be defined as a loose or irregular train of thought, occurring in musing or meditation; a daydream; a dreamy abstraction; a chimera; a vision; a wild, extravagant conceit of the fancy or imagination. However we may hear it defined, it still has its own particular meaning for each of us, one that we can never fully express in words.

What do we call that quiet time when we lie under a tree, on the cool dark earth, under a blinding summer sky and dream? When we sit on the porch on a summer evening and listen to the noises of the night and find our minds soothed and filled with bitter-sweet reminiscences? When we sit in the dimly lighted church and gaze at the radiance pouring from the stained glass windows? When we forget our studying and find ourselves lost in meditation, completely oblivious of the books and pens which surround us? When we sit by the fire on a winter night, snug and secure, and stare at the peaks of flame which seem ever anxious to escape from the impressing chimney? All these are reveries.

A tired mother calls the quiet hour which she has at night, after the children have been tucked away, her "dream hour"; a busy father closes his eyes behind his newspaper and, while the world thinks he is asleep, takes time for the dreams which he, like every other warm-blooded human personality, has. These, too, are reveries.

Everyone has reveries — the times when we forget the things about us and dwell in a world of the past, the future, or the present as we would like to have it. These reveries are as much a part of our lives as the food we eat and the clothes we wear, if we but realize it.

AIR CASTLES — IN PROSE

CHRISTINE ALLEN

There dwells in the heart of every human being, in wealth or poverty, in happiness or despair, be he churchman or criminal — a secret hope — a cherished dream, a thing unrealized, but eternally striven for in hours of solitude.

The vision of a surgeon slaving to save a life, a judge pronouncing acquittal, a great artist painting his masterpiece, a danseuse at the conclusion of a beautiful ballet, a young woman — “The Richest Girl in the World,” a traveler visiting foreign countries, a family and a rose-covered cottage — such are the dreams of the world!

These hopes are the world as it should be; they are like a life-buoy to a drowning man. They are the things that hold men together, that restrain men in desperation, that give renewed aspirations in hours of darkness.

Everyone visualizes, everyone dreams, everyone builds castles in the air. Until the end of time, man will continue to live in the shadows of his dreams, for in reality, dreams are the foundation of life.



ECHOES

NANCY O'BRIEN

Centuries of thoughts, years and years of dreams — all are now but echoes — echoes whose varied melodies still vibrate on the gong of years. Once, their full swelling tones rang merrily or harshly in the presence of their creation — now — now their glory has lessened to a thin and tapered echo, and has lost itself among a million little silver bits that have dwindled into nothingness.

These — the dreams of man — are silenced in the echoes of the years, but the vision of the Omnipotent still glories in eternal tone — in creation — its living truth.

I DREAMED

NANCY O'BRIEN

I thought,
And as I thought,
A dream cloud drifted down,
Descended on your beauty,
Your image to surround.

I smiled,
And as I smiled,
The dream cloud lifted up —
Where you had stood, the dream cloud
Had left a buttercup.

I wept,
And as I wept,
The cloud came down again —
It shed upon the flower
Its tears of clearest rain.

I slept,
And as I slept,
Returned the mist of dream.
You stood there with the buttercup
Beside a tear-filled stream.

Again I smiled,
And as I smiled,
You gave the flower to me.
I could not take the flower, for
The tear stream was — a sea.

WHITE ASHES

RUTH HEFFNER

Snow covers the road now, I think,
And makes all the trees look just as if
They'd been dipped into a bucket of white paint
And hung, right-side-up, to dry.
Yes, there are numberless trees on both sides of the road,
And one wouldn't know, just looking at them,
That once they were green.
Sentinels —
Leading the way down a trail that was alive
With silvan murmurings of sturdy shrubs and fragrant flowers.
And over all, an indescribably blue sky.
No, one wouldn't know all this,
And one wouldn't know, either,
That on this road we met, loved, and were united, once long ago.
Our hair is white this day, as all the trees,
And just as they have, so have we
Lived our lives in peace,
And remembering,
Look back upon a stretch of years
That have had their burning moments, ecstasy, and pain,
And now all faded — white —
So are the trees.





COLORS IN THE WEAVE

AIR CASTLES

JANE MURRAY

For weeks, months, years,
I planned — built air castles,
Oh, so grand and lofty. I lived
Among the clouds.
My playmates were the raindrops,
The autumn leaves, snow —
Summer breezes.
I was happy.
So happy that I never once looked
Down to earth, until
My castles were finished. Then
I painted them all over
With future dreams.
But soon, the fatal day did come —
A strong, cold, ruthless wind
Swept over my castles — mercilessly
Tumbling them down — shattering
Them into millions of tiny pieces —
Soon to melt into space.
They're gone —
He's gone —
And I am here — ever to be ruled by
those haunting winds.

BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB

CAROLYN BALLOW

She was so tall, slim, and stately. Her gown of clinging black satin, with a dash of vermilion at the throat, was of the latest fashion. Her long tapering fingers were outstretched: One noticed flaming red tips. Her make-up, suitable for the bright lights of a big night on Broadway, brought out glassy blue eyes, striking but expressionless. Her hair gave the impression of having been coiffured only recently by "science". Jet black curls piled high on her head. Although her diminutive feet were practically hidden by folds of satin, one could detect uneasily high heels of silver. On her beautifully molded white arms were an abundance of sparkling gems. Surely this superb creature, this acme of femininity, was on her way to do a swank club — but no, she stood alone far into the night. With appealing outstretched hands, waiting — for morning to dawn on her window at Macy's.



TELEPHONE MONOLOGUE

CAROLYN BALLOW

"Hello!

"Well, could I speak to Bill?

"Hello, Bill, is that you. Why haven't you phoned me up?

"You've been busy — well not too busy to walk with that Smith girl.

"Yes, I saw you.

"Oh, you did — Well one does meet up with people like that sometimes.

"Oh, Bill, why don't you come over sometime? I've got something to tell you.

"What? Oh, I can't, not now. You'll have to wait till you come over.

“When? Oh Friday? Oh, I’m sorry but I have a date with that good looking Wesley boy; you know the one with the long car and simply oddles of mon —

“Huh? Oh you don’t want to hear about him. Well, why not, he’s a darn cute bo——

“Well, I don’t care if you don’t care, I saw you with the Smith girl besides—

“What? Why not? You could come over Saturday and—

“WHAT? You’ve got a date — with that Smith girl. Why William Carlotus Pope III. I hate you! I’ll never speak to you again as long as I live.

“You’ll what! You will not.

“GOOD-BY!!!!

“Bill—uh—Bill, uh—what did you say?”



TIME MARCHES ON

JANET CAMPBELL

Whenever I saw my kin
After quite a while,
It was, to me, a sin
For them to say and smile,
“Is this little Janet?”

You can imagine my discouragement
When I was growing up,
I couldn’t even argument —
“Is this little Janet!”

But after quite a while
I changed my so sad plight.
They finally changed their style.
Their mouths were shut very tight.
I wasn’t “little Janet!”

AN ARTISTIC ROMANCE

ANNE HAYES

Marie Carlton was completely happy as she boarded the homeward-bound train. After all, hadn't her vacation been a success? Hadn't she painted a picture of which she was very proud? As she relaxed on the hard seat of the day coach, she gazed out of the window and thought of the many incidents that had happened during the few preceding days.

On that lovely July afternoon, Bellmont, the renowned resort hotel of Pine Springs had seemed lovelier than ever, as it stood high beside the enormous lake. Indeed the afternoon was so radiantly beautiful that peasant and artist alike instinctively turned to the outdoors. Marie, who was an artist, was no exception, as she came down the broad marble steps that led to the pier. She was eager to paint the lovely picture of the setting sun above the blue water. After having set up her stand, Marie painted soft colors on her canvas.

When the last stroke had been brushed on the painting, the sun dropped deep into the water, as if it had been tired of waiting for the artist to finish. Satisfied, her inner craving appeased, Marie folded up her stand and hurried toward the hotel.

After Marie had reached her room, she decided to have her dinner served there; however, when her food came, she could eat only a small amount. She was interested only in her work. As she gazed critically at her painting, she realized that it was not good. It didn't even resemble that afternoon's sunset! What was the matter with her? Why couldn't she paint a convincing picture?

The artist soon went to bed, and when she arose the next morning from a restless night, she once more took her canvas to the pier. While she was sitting there quietly, contemplating the horizon, she suddenly noticed a funnel of tiny bubbles in the blue reflection. In a moment, a bronze young man spluttered from the depths and lazily climbed upon a raft nearby. Marie watched him attentively, as he lay there motionless, sunning his lithe body. "That's just my picture!" she thought excitedly to herself, as she quickly

mixed her paints and set to work. When she had sketched only a bare outline of the scene, the young man arose. Was he going to leave before she could finish? Yes, he dived into the cool water and began swimming toward the pier.

Marie was greatly disturbed. She must finish this painting! Nevertheless, she hurriedly gathered up her materials and was hastening to the hotel when she slipped on the uneven steps of the pier and — was caught — caught by the man who had unknowingly been her model. She wanted to thank him, but was so confused she could not summon the words; therefore, she rushed to her room.

The next day Marie anxiously took her stand on the pier. After patiently waiting for a short time, she was rewarded: her model again made his appearance on the raft. Marie went to work instantly with swift, sure strokes, until she completed her picture and returned to the hotel.

In her room once more the girl contentedly gazed upon her finished work. She knew it was good! She was grateful to her model but wished she had thanked him.

Now, realizing she was only day-dreaming on the hard seat of the train, she mused: "Why must I keep thinking about him?" After a short interval had elapsed, the girl glanced around the car and was suddenly attracted by the face of the man who was sitting opposite her. It was her model! "Success! Now would be the most opportune time to thank him," Marie thought to herself.

An hour, two, and then three passed, and still no word was exchanged. He fumbled with his paper, while she glanced at her book. She was watching him covertly, waiting for him to speak.

Suddenly the train stopped with a grinding jolt and Marie arose and reluctantly stepped on the platform. Although outwardly she smiled, she was very downhearted as the train carried him away. Marie turned, hastily brushing a tear from her eye, and slowly wandered away.

It was a pity that neither of them ever knew that the other was mute.

NATURE'S MAKE-UP KIT

RUTHE O'CONNOR

The thistle is a powder puff
In nature's make-up box;
She lightly dusts the rosy cheeks
Of dainty hollyhocks.

She dips into a darker hue
To tint the poppy red,
And when this task's completely done,
She paints the tulip bed.

She takes eye-shadow then to dress
The iris, stately blue;
And then her brush still wet with it
She colors gentians, too.

And after fixing nature's face,
She gently flutters down,
Her silv'ry petals, soft as silk,
Fall each without a sound.



A DREAM

CHRISTINE ALLEN

Lace,
Heavy velvets,
Stiff silk brocades,
Rustling taffeta and moire
The court of Marie Antoinette.

STARTER

MARY ELIZABETH WYRICK

In spite of the rain a great crowd was gathering at the stadium. The bright, eager faces of the huge mob presented a decided contrast to the grim unhappy face of the tall lanky youth huddled in a corner. He seemed to be in deep thought . . .

"These people sure act like they have something to live for," reflected Jeffery. "I'll bet they wouldn't be so happy if their girl had just run off with another guy. She was mine. Ain't I been a-courting her for ten years. Of course I ain't never said anything to her about getting married, but I thought that it was an understood fact, as soon as my ship comes in (of course it ain't never gone out yet) but she could have had a little patience with a fellow.

"I'll get even with her yet, though. There can't any female make a fool out of Jeffery Simpson and get by with it. It may hurt me more than it does her, but I'll get even with her if I have to kill myself.

"I'll get this job over with as quick as I can, and then she'll be sorry. This ain't my idea of a man's job at all, but a fellow has got to do something. It is easy, just one shot and then it is all over with. I wish I wasn't so nervous."

As he gazed around him into the tense strained faces of the people grouped about him, no one made a move to stop him. He placed a .38 revolver at his temple and pulled the trigger.

As he slowly lowered the smoking gun, amid the cheers of the crowd, fifteen brawny athletes, constituting the Harlem High School Leapers, sprang down the track.



MEMORIES

JANE WEBB

A fragment of an old love letter,
A refrain from a once-popular song,
A petal of a crushed gardenia,
Bring back memories long gone.

ONCE MORE
(A Double Cinquain)

NELLE BOOKOUT

Twilight,
Pink clouds in the
Western sky fade as night
Lowers his shades quietly down o'er
The earth.

The dawn
Comes, as the light
Of day lifts her brother's
Dark shades and gaily makes way for
The sun.



AN ARMY IN THE SKY

RUTHE O'CONNOR

I love to watch the clouds on high
Against the heaven's blue,
Like soldiers march across the sky
I love to watch the clouds on high
In lock-step slowly passing by
Like soldiers, two by two
I love to watch the clouds on high
Against the heaven's blue.

WARP AND WOOF

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Carolyn Ballow
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Art Editor

Rhea Sikes

Business Manager

Perrine Bilyew

Faculty Advisers

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Dream Tapestry

It was only a short time ago, five years to be exact, that Greensboro High School held the highest position in the nation with her literary magazine, HOMESPUN. The critics and the people of Greensboro and other cities who had occasion to read this student publication, agreed that these young writers had possibilities — that HOMESPUN had possibilities. Today we look with pride upon those ambitious numbers that made their magazine all that it was, for many of them have gone far. A little more sadly we permit our glance to stray backward to those not far-away years when HOMESPUN no longer was alive; except, perhaps, in the soul of everyone who had had some share in its existence. But at this moment, all those darker years do not exist, for HOMESPUN has had

a rebirth, and we, its parents, are intensely proud and happy over the appearance of our offspring. Though we cherish it as it is today, our hopes and visions are for the HOMESPUN, not of the past, but of the present, and of the future.

Because we would-be writers are so often reminded of the dream-like note that our work possesses, we of the creative writing class, decided to run true to form and bestow the theme of "Dreams" to the first issue of our magazine. The theme, "Dreams," is significant, not only because our efforts are imaginative fancies, but in accordance with the fact that the rebirth of HOMESPUN is our dream come true. And so, just as the Oriental on the cover weaves his fancies into the tapestry and finds contentment in the design that he creates, so do we weave our dreams into the texture of HOMESPUN, making, instead of mere fragments of hope, completed visions. Dreams — realized.

Ruth Heffner



Illusions

Illusions — of the grandeur that was Spain; of the power that was Rome; of the infinity, love and might of God.

Illusions, the power of dreams, that plod men onward. Illusions upon which the world and creation was built.

Perhaps it was God's first illusion that waded Him on to create us for His own glory. Perhaps it was and is illusion that has led men to dream of accomplishments — wars that would bring peace, unity without universal love, nations without liberty, human bondage of heart and soul, children being brought into the world without true sacrifice; yes, he has dreamed of universal joy and prosperity — without God.

Whatever these illusions, they live forever to drive men onward.

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but heaven."

(MOORE)

Virginia Vache.

Great Dreamers

In the land beyond the horizon there lived between the ages of the Old and the New Testament a great prophet. It was his custom to meditate in the day, and when shadows were long on the grass, the people of the village came to his garden to hear him speak. Wise and kind was this prophet, and unto him was revealed that which others were weak to receive. In the cool of the evening, a scholar spoke:

“Master, what is man?”

And the prophet replied, “Man is the creation of God.”

But still the scholar was puzzled, for he asked, “Master, you say that man is an idea of God, and you teach that God is truth and love, incapable of thinking sin, yet man is evil.”

“Dear friend,” the master replied, “A man is not God, but of God. Man lives on the earth and increasingly becomes of the earth.”

“Master, must it be thus? Are we doomed to corruption then?” cried the student.

“No, my son,” spoke the master. “It is written that one known by the star and remembered by the cross shall redeem the world.”

“And the world will end with the Son?”

“The world will continue long after His coming,” Zarus replied, “So long that some shall forget, and still shall man be of the earth.”

“Is there then no hope for man?” asked the scholar.

“My son, there will be a tribe among men which shall know many things. They shall tell of things that are past, and things that are, and things that are yet to come, but the world shall not call these prophets. The tribe shall be known as dreamers, and the visions of its people, the world will call the dreams. The seers shall teach and man shall be saved from forgetfulness and from the dust. When the Son is gone back, through dreams shall man see God, and through dreams shall He be known. There shall be poets who write the dream, painters who paint the dream, and workers who work the dream, thinkers who think the dream, and lovers who love the dream; and all are blessed. Even as Jacob who has seen the ladder stretched to Heaven, shall the dreamers have visions. And they shall not be as Pharaoh who must have the dream interpreted, but as Joseph who interprets. Their dreams shall concern the land,

even as Pharaoh's, for God shall direct His people. Even so shall the Lord give His commandments. Tribes shall be saved from affliction as the tribe was led to Canaan by the vision of its leaders. Through visions shall cities rise, even as tabernacles rise. And I say unto you, greater things shall dreams do. The Lord shall not be silent when His people call. As Moses delivered from bondage, shall the dream deliver man from the world. Great things shall be done by dreamers, and greater things shall be dreamed. There shall be a war, a strong land against a weak, and a maid shall receive a vision. Into the battle shall she go, dressed in the pure armor of God to save her country. Yea, the land shall be saved through a dream.

"Always, my son, shall there be mockers and scorners, but the prophets shall see the truth, and the truth shall make them free."

And as it grew dark, the people returned to the village, the scholar to thought, and the prophet to prayer.

Doris Sharpe.



Loose Ends

In a few weeks, about three hundred of you will leave this school for the last time, as students. As you weave in the finishing threads of this section of your life, your eye is caught by the story that is told of your earlier years.

Most authorities say that the two most interesting cities of Italy are Pompeii and Ravenna. Every one has heard of Pompeii — of its one-time beauty and majesty — how it was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius. Few have an idea of its present condition — forlorn, dead, ruled by sorrow.

Then, there is Ravenna which was once the capital of the country. Life and love, one time, lingered lazily in its bounds. It laid claim to many of the beauty spots of the world — now, it is deserted. Its cathedrals are crumbling into decay; it is a chaos of desolation. After all these years, the two cities are empty tombs, pathetic in their deaths.

As you ravel the threads of your life, you are struck by the similarity of it to the two cities, above. You find aspirations never

reached; you find enthusiasms that have lost their color. Hours that were once full and fiery are now hollow sepulchres. There are ambitions that will never be realized. There are great joys and heart-rending sorrows — all of these are the raveled threads of the tapestry.

But the story is unfinished. You are still young; you can still plan and create. Each of you, in yourself, is a replica of this world—many with your own inner ruins and crumbling walls. Despite this, you have a sunny future.

Forget your raveled past. It lies behind you, scarred by your cruelty, or beautiful because of your goodness. It may be a broken Pompeiian street, or a crumbling pillar of a temple of Ravenna. If you will allow it, yesterday will strangle and smother you. Regrets and sorrows linger behind. Don't look back at them with fear, but use them — these time-worn experiences — to face the future. Use them as an index of what has happened and of what is to come. Do this, and you will be happy, for as you struggle onward and upward, the *Tree of Life*¹ approaches nearer completion, and finally — nearer to the ultimate goal of living — perfection.

¹ *Tree of Life* is the most popular pattern of a Persian tapestry.

Willa Jean Hayes.



Fancies

Idea, notion, opinion, whim — whatever may be your definition of “Fancy,” the editors of HOMESPUN sincerely hope that they have included in these selections at least one article which holds a personal interest for you as an individual and thus appeals to your fancy.

We have, however, taken the liberty of adopting this dictionary explanation of the word “Fancy” — “creative imagination”; and in our efforts to exemplify its possibilities as a theme to be developed, we submit our “Fancies” for your criticism.

Jean Berbert

Acknowledgment

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TANGLED THREADS

MADRID

DORIS SHARPE

Corpse of an era,
Haunted-house city,
Mourner,
Waif.

You were once serenaded,
Toasted, envied,
An ebony-haired sorceress
Enticing, beguiling,
Danseuse exhilarant,
Enchantress delusive.
Senors you charmed
Intrepidly heedless,
Wine-robed,
Precipitate.

Then you were wounded;
Carmine blood flowed.
You paled
And fainted
And aged.
Friendless,
Grayed,
Destitute you lie;
Your red geraniums bloom
Tauntingly.

ELUSIVE

RUTHE O'CONNOR

Once a song wrapped in silver,
Drifted lightly to the earth,
Found the soul of some musician,
Coaxed his heart to give it birth.

Just a touch of hidden laughter
Sparkled in its softened tune;
Chord by chord it gained in splendor,
Fairy wings across the moon.

Faint cascades of wistful tones,
A quickened melody;
Like the waves that gently rippled,
Beauty, fanciful and free.



NUIT NOIRE

DORIS SHARPE

Oh my goodness!
God hasn't turned on His shop-lights yet,
And it's really quite dark.
But perhaps he decided
He wouldn't advertise Heaven tonight —
Or could a fuse
Have blown out?

KUSTROV'S ENIGMA

PERRINE BILYEW

The slap was given at a ball at the governor's, ten days before Whitsuntide.

It was the direct result of an insulting remark which the young Count Kustrov had made to Captain Skouloro, of whom he was extremely jealous. He — the Count — had become infatuated with a certain young lady. Skouloro had turned his attentions in the same direction, and, moreover, was receiving encouragement, so . . . Swords were drawn on the spot, but the two men were reported by friends. Thus thwarted, they exchanged cards and arranged to settle their differences on the morrow, bowing and clicking their heels in the prescribed manner.

Skouloro, uneasy, perhaps, as to the coming contest, set out almost immediately for his quarters . . . Kustrov remained a while longer for the sake of appearance, but he had lost all interest in dancing, and what he drank only made his head ache. He too soon left.

As the wheels of his carriage rattled over the cobble-paved streets, the young nobleman fidgeted irritably, and slipped from side to side with the rocking, swaying motion of the vehicle. He fingered his faultlessly trimmed imperial and wondered at what had happened, for his head was only beginning to clear. A shadow of unrest passed through his mind, and was portrayed on his thin, pale face, the face of a pampered dandy: girlishly arched brow, nose aquiline, a slight chin. . . . Surely, he was not afraid? But then perhaps he was tended to be a little . . . er . . . apprehensive at times . . . Hmm, the duel — he wondered whom he should get to act for him, and finally decided on his half-brother, Kalin Efimych.

Now this personage of semi-fraternity was one of that species with which, it seems, every prominent family must be cursed. That is to say, a dark sheep — for at best, Kalin Efimych had proved himself to be the most dissolute of prodigals. He was some five years younger than the Count. But in spite of his youth, his father had, three years before, obtained him a commission in one of the hussar

regiments, where he went by the name of Grognoff. Until lately transferred back to his regimental depot in Perm, he had been stationed in the Caucasus. . . . Kustrov had seen this brother only once since his return, and felt that having him as second would help to break the ice between them.

This matter decided, he tried to think of other things: how charming old Zurin's niece had been, — the good qualities of the governor's cellar, — snipe shooting on his estate . . . But a troubling question kept repeating itself in his mind, — will I be alive at this time tomorrow? . . . Perhaps it was the depressing effect of this thought, or it may have been, as he told himself, that the carriage was really quite stifling — but whatever, he called his man to a halt.

“Foma,” he said, “do you drive on to the hotel — I feel the need of some air . . . And,” he added, “send Fedor to the cavalry barracks with this message, which he is to give to Lieutenant Grognoff of the —th.”

Handing the coachman a note which he had scribbled on the back of an envelope, Kustrov turned and walked slowly down the deserted boulevard. The conveyance was quickly swallowed up in the gloom. . . . As the Count made his way along the dimly lit thoroughfare, the cool night air cleared the remaining fumes from his brain, and with them ebbed the poor remnants of his valor. Kustrov was afraid, knew it, and no longer tried to deceive himself. He shivered, and drew his cloak close about his shoulders . . . It was not so much the thought of getting killed which phased him, though that was bad enough, but more the thought of living just before getting killed, and of what he might do in those last minutes to disgrace himself.

He realized, without mortification, that he was an irrevocable coward, that he had challenged Skouloro for two reasons only: one, his environment expected it of him, and two (This one carried the most weight), he had been very, very drunk . . . Odd, wasn't it, to go out and get shot for society, rather than to continue life for Count Kustrov?

So engrossed had he become, that he failed to notice a figure outlined in the faint glow of a nearby street lamp, — the figure of a man of medium height and square military build, but slumped

against the post with such an air of complete dejection as to appear almost ludicrous. Not seeing this figure, then, until too late, Kustrov walked headlong into the man, whose back was turned.

“Oh! . . . I beg your pardon,” the Count began, “I—”

“My fault entirely,” interrupted the other, as he faced about, “you see, I——”

And then, as they confronted each other, the dim light shown full on the stranger’s face, and he was a stranger no longer. Yes, the man was Skouloro! The two stood as if frozen in their respective tracks. Skouloro was utterly confounded. His mouth — so late the very exponent of righteous indignation — hung largely open, the tongue lolling within.

Kustrov was equally astonished, but immediately recovered himself, as he grasped the drollery of the situation. Immediately, too, he sensed that there were two cowards present, and not one — that Skouloro was as craven as he. Kustrov sensed this and determined to act; he came quickly to the point, speaking of that which was uppermost in the mind of each.

“My friend,” said he, “I have no great wish to shoot you or to be shot by you . . . Let us call this absurd business off.”

The Captain spluttered in blank amazement, but his manner smacked not at all of cheated justice. Far be it! . . . He continued in a perfunctory front, however.

“Know, sir, that I am a gentleman and true son of one . . . I—” and this next was accompanied by a wholesome swallow of vanity— “and I accept your proposal only because I wish no man’s blood on my hands . . . Then, too, we have just offered our mutual apologies, have we not?”

The Count bowed stiffly.

“We are of one mind then, Captain? . . . But wait! What of the people who know of this thing? Everyone who matters will have heard by now. . . . We cannot well divulge our . . . er . . . true views of the situation.

“Quite right, Count, but . . . Ah! I have it! We shall fight — but our pistols will be charged with powder only . . . The appearance will be genuine. The discharge will appease our friends, and no one be the wiser.”

“Most excellent, Captain! . . . It is agreed, then?”

“Agreed, your excellency! . . . I go now to call upon a friend, a fellow officer who will be glad to repay a service.”

“Very well, then . . . Until tomorrow!”

They shook hands and parted.

As he walked on through the night, Kustrov was in the most buoyant of spirits. He felt like a man who had cheated the gallows and returned to laugh at the hangman. . . . When he came to his residence, however, he found that Fedor had been unable to get in touch with Kalin, — out with some friends, his orderly had said . . . Never mind, it was just as well. Nothing could disturb his tranquility after such a satisfactory settlement of things.

It was still early, and he could send to Colonel Artshev and young Nihlivitch. They would just be home from the ball, and their names would sound well in the notices. They would accept, of course. Artshev — the Governor’s attaché — had been a friend of his father’s, and Nihlivitch, who revelled in this sort of thing, would be there anyway . . . Kalin was an ungrateful wretch, after all! . . . The Count lit his pipe with a sigh of contentment, and watched the blue smoke curl slowly upward. He retired soon after, and rested most excellently well.

Kustrov rose early and breakfasted with his friends. Then mounting their horses, they set off through the silent streets at a stiff canter. The sound of steel on stone echoed hollowly, and seemed strangely out of place; a venerable beggar and two peasants hauling fagots turned to stare, and a street gamin called out after them as they clattered across the Kama. On the opposite banks they quickened their pace, and after a short while came to the appointed ground.

The sun had not yet risen, but several spectators were there before them. The air was quite chilly, and as he awaited his adversary, Kustrov lit a cheroot, smoking with evident enjoyment and joking with his seconds, as though the affair were no more than an afternoon tea.

“Ah, look! . . . There is the young Count,” someone whispered, “see how calmly he is taking it all . . .”

Dawn was just breaking, and the sky was streaked with red and yellow. The gray-white building of Perm could be seen across the waving fields, and from the river a bittern called faintly . . . Finally Skouloro, accompanied by one second, was seen coming on foot. Like the Count, he was dressed in a suit of dull gray, so as not to present an easy mark. His second was in uniform, and carried a case of pistols under his arm. There seemed something strangely familiar about the man, too . . . Could it be? — yes it was, it was Kalin, — Kalin Efimych, by all holy!

The men approached, and greetings were exchanged.

“My comrade, Lieutenant Grognoff,” Skouloro said.

The two brothers looked at each other, the black sheep and the sheep of no true color at all. . . . Colonel Artshev was speaking to Skouloro, but loud enough so that all might hear.

“This is a most unfortunate affair, my friend. . . . You have both acted rather hastily—cannot we arrange the matter peaceably?”

Skouloro drew himself up proudly: “Arrangement? I cannot say that I wish for one . . . Let us proceed.”

Kustrov, to carry on the ruse, assumed his doughtiest manner: “I agree, sir, that the sooner this business is over, the better for all.”

The seconds measured off twelve paces, and the principals took their stand, looking most amazingly like men who truly wish to finish each other. Care was taken that neither should have the advantage of the sun, and Colonel Artshev, who was to give the signal to fire, went over the final instructions:

“I shall say ‘are you ready?’, and if neither of you speak, I shall give the signal. . . . The man who moves his gun beforehand, I will shoot down without hesitation.”

A tense moment, then, “Are you ready?” A white handkerchief fluttered to the ground. The Count leveled his weapon at Skouloro’s middle, but the other led him by a split second, and . . . What was that! Could he have imagined? Impossible! There was no mistaking that low, plaintive whine as it passed his ear . . . Kustrov’s hand had jerkey violently as he heard it, so that his own pistol was discharged into the air . . . It was true! Skouloro’s gun had been loaded!

Kustrov suddenly became furious, — rage swelled up within him . . . Why the wretch had tried to murder him! He clenched his hands spasmodically. The color had gone from his face, a scarlet spot, only, burning on each cheek. His eyes glittered as he strode toward his opponent . . . Eight hours ago, Kustrov had been very much afraid, but he was now very, very mad. . . . He would slash Skouloro's face, spit upon him, and denounce him publicly as a liar and a vicious churl!

But suddenly he stopped, — if he exposed Skouloro, the true terms of the duel would become known . . . It had been neither more nor less than a sensible compromise, a gentleman's agreement, but would his friends accept it as such? He thought not . . . No, he could not afford to have the thing brought to light. He would nurse his wrath, and then — vengeance!

Skouloro's face, as they bowed, was bland, non-committal, and though Kustrov searched it carefully, it told him nothing. He turned to go.

At first, he was convinced that Skouloro had intended to kill him. What else? . . . But after sleeping on this idea, he realized that his own brother, Kalin, might have charged the weapon without the principal's knowledge. In the event of his death, Kalin would succeed him to his title and what remained of the family properties, — was this not a sufficient motive for the penniless young officer? . . . The Count could not say, for he had never been in a position to acquaint himself with his brother's true character . . . Perhaps Skouloro had chosen Kalin for the very reason that the young lieutenant had a motive for killing the Count. If in this case Kalin had put a ball into the gun, the Captain might, in a way, feel free of conscience. The two might even have planned the thing together, the one for revenge and the other for gain . . . But on the other hand, Skouloro might have been unaware that Kalin and the Count were even related. The question was, how much had each of these men known and done?

As Kustrov tried to unravel the ambiguous matter, he found that he became more and more hopelessly entangled in a maze of conflicting possibilities. . . . The subject crowded his mind, pushing

out concern for all else . . . He went over every detail of that memorable half-hour: every action, every word, every change of expression, — everything, in fact, that might lend a clue. He found none. The puzzle gripped him like a vice, so that he went on and on, searching for a correct conclusion.

Was it possible that Skouloro had suspected that his — the Count's—own gun was loaded, and had acted accordingly? Kustrov hardly thought that he had given himself away, but in this conglomeration of fact and fancy, anything might seem possible. Why it was even possible that Skouloro had fired a bullet and missed purposely, foreseeing the profound doubt which would overwhelm his enemy . . . But then could he have foreseen?

Of these many things, Kustrov often wondered. . . . He wondered for thirty years, and then died. But on his death-bed, he received the following note, written in a palsied hand:

“On a certain day, you know well which, my pistol was loaded. It was loaded because yours was. You were a very bad actor. I watched your every move, and guessing your treachery, I tried to kill you. You are a great rascal, Kustrov, and you die at this time because I was too nervous to hit you thirty years ago.”

Strange as it may seem, Kustrov was elated with this epistle. The burden of his life, it seemed, had been lifted. He cared not at all that his infamy was known; indeed, he hardly thought of it. . . . It was such a relief to know. He sank back upon the pillow, grasping the paper in his wrinkled hand. Then suddenly a terrible thought came to him, a thought which rent his long-sought bliss asunder. . . . Could he, after all, be sure? Had Skouloro really discovered his secret, or had he sent the note as a blind stab at the truth, an effort to render his last minutes miserable?

Doubt and Death advanced. . . . The old man shivered, and groped in the dark . . .

SYMPHONIES

A Sonnet

EDNA CAVENESS

A tree is all the beauty to me
Of life's song at its very best.
Her strength and height are the best
Of music — wild, sought-after, carefree.
She directs the humming of the bee,
And welcomes musicians as her guests;
For robins, jays, and all the rest
Help form her symphony.
The wind's deep cells fill the air
In harmony with a whip-poor-will —
The leaves' soft rustle inserted there
The drummer's part to fill.
You see, life's sweetest symphonies
Are all embodied in the trees.





PATTERNS

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

LAURA SPENCE

The Life and Death of a Spanish Town, by Elliot Paul. Random House. New York.

If you are one of those persons who for some time has been nursing a desire to knock your fist through every news sheet carrying a press dispatch on the Spanish Civil War, this book is a definite cure for you; for here is a stirring life and blood account of a typical Spanish village and its reaction to General Franco's rebellion. This story is no cut and dried press report; this is the actual experience of an American citizen, Mr. Elliot Paul, who was living in Santa Eulalia, a small town on the Spanish coastal island of Ibiza, when the outbreak of the insurrection occurred. Fortunately, Mr. Paul is not a press reporter turned writer à la Walter Duranty — all of which has a most happy effect upon the literary quality of the story.

Most of us have a mental picture of Spain as it was described to us in grammar school; all of us have a vivid idea of the ruinous condition of that country today. These are the two Spains of which Mr. Paul writes. Dividing his story into two parts, he terms the first "4000 B.C. to 1936 A.D." and the second "July 14 to September 15, 1936." However, he might easily have named the two divisions "Before" and "After"; for the first part is a description of carefree Santa Eulalia of pre-revolution days and its lazy, contented natives; the second part is a grim, harrowing account of war ridden Santa Eulalia with inhabitants turned harsh and bitter in the face of death and destruction.

We cannot say whether the author's account is prejudiced, since we know too little about conditions in Spain to judge. The author himself swears his story is authentic, and we like to think of him as an honest man. Mr. Paul makes no secret of the fact that his sympathies are entirely with the Loyalist forces. As a guarantee that he is convincing in his views, we would volunteer to rise now and sing the Spanish national anthem if we knew the words. We think it would be a small tribute to those brave fighters who are at this writing making a last desperate stand against the might of the insurgent sword.




REALIZATION

MARY SWAIN AND JACKSIE WALSER

Realization carries a multitude of meanings. To many, realization is bitter. When one has built his life upon one desire, and suddenly knows that, while he has waited, the dream cloud has drifted out of reach, the hope becomes a crumbled air castle. It is to these that that ancient adage, "if at first, you don't succeed — try, try again," applies. Failure depends upon whether or not they build up their dreams anew. To others, realization is the supreme joy that comes of knowing they have done their best. This joy serves to spur one on to greater ideals, and consequently to greater successes.

Realization, in its true sense, means the awakening of a mind to its surroundings; the down-to-earth, solid feeling that is often more welcome than it is distasteful.



RAVELINGS

LOST ROMANCE

MARGARET LEWIS

Romance came by in shabby coat
With sun and rain-drenched hat.
With eyes like burning coals, he smote
Mine with a lifeless glance.

He passed on by and ne'er looked back
To see if still I stood,
But yet I'm sure 'twas just the fact
He wasn't in the mood.

Light grew to darkness; day to night,
And night to approaching dawn.
But lest the vision fade from sight,
I waited all alone.

They picked me up just two days hence
And covered me in black.
Romance passed by on the other side of the fence,
And forgot to tip his hat.

TRANSITION

NANCY O'BRIEN

The twilight is transition
Between the night and day.
From glaring bright to blackness
Is the softness of the gray.
As day and night are different,
So are you and I.
But we *have* transition,
For the bridge from me to you
Is a little pointed arrow
That the infant April threw.



